



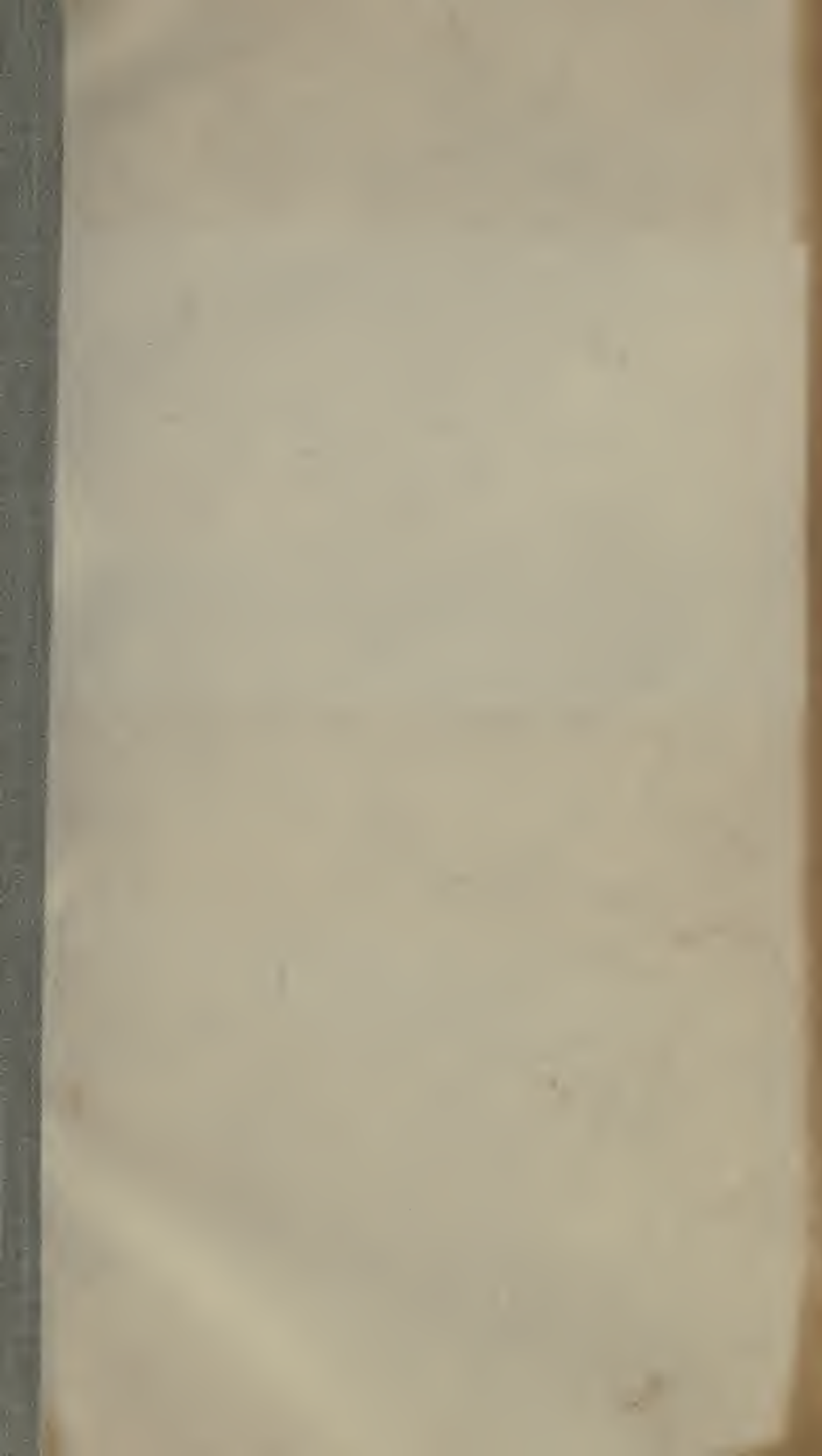
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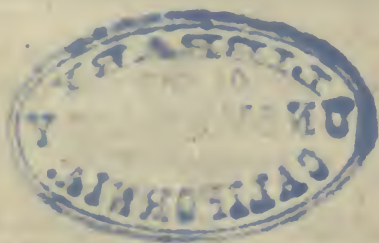
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*John Quincy Adams*



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## PREFACE.

THE design of this work is, to furnish a text-book for the systematic teaching of reading and declamation. Of the reading books already in general use, some, though possessed of high literary merit, afford no aid to instruction in elocution; while others offer but a few desultory remarks, and disconnected rules, which do not insure either an adequate knowledge of principles, or a regular progress in the art of reading.

These defects in existing compilations, are, to teachers generally, the grounds of just objection and complaint; and the compilers of the present work have been repeatedly solicited to prepare a volume such as is now offered. Speaking with reference to a work of this nature, the late Rev. Dr. Porter, of Andover Theological Seminary, in his 'Analysis of Rhetorical Delivery,' says, "The man who shall prepare a schoolbook, containing proper lessons for the management of the voice, will probably do a greater service to the interests of elocution, than has yet been done by the most elaborate works on the subject, in the English language." And, in a note appended to this passage, "Since this remark was made in my pamphlet on Inflections, several small works, well adapted to the purpose above mentioned, have been published; and one is now in press, entitled, Lessons in Declamation, by Mr. Russell, of Boston, concerning the utility of which, high expectations are justified by the skill of the author, as a teacher of elocution."\*

To some persons, the 'Rhetorical Reader,' founded on Dr. Porter's 'Analysis,' may seem to occupy the ground claimed for the present publication. The compilers would offer, in explanation, not merely their own impressions, but the express objections made by many teachers, when requesting the aid of a book more exactly adapted to the wants felt in actual instruction. The Rhetorical Reader contains, it is admitted, many excellent suggestions on elocution, and many pieces of eminent merit as to their matter. But the marking of inflections, in particular, contravenes, in many parts of that book, the rules and principles

\* The publication of the book mentioned above, of which the late Dr. Porter had seen the proofs of the first half of the volume, was unavoidably suspended, in consequence of a change of business, on the part of the publishers who had undertaken it. But the substance of that work is embodied in Part I. of this Reader.

of the work itself, and is wholly at variance with appropriate style in reading. The pieces are, to a great extent, of a character better suited to adults and professional readers, than to young persons at school; and the style of language, in some, is equally negligent and incorrect.

A single word of explanation, perhaps, is due, in relation to the apparent coincidence of plan and rule, in some parts of the present work, with those of the 'Rhetorical Reader.' The 'Analysis,' on which the 'Rhetorical Reader,' was founded, was compiled, to a considerable extent, as regards rules and examples, from materials handed, for that purpose, to the Rev. Dr. Porter, by one of the editors of the present volume; and the latter's mode of teaching, as an elocutionist, being, of course, modified by the principles embodied in these materials, a manual of instruction, if prepared by him, must necessarily produce a partial resemblance of method to that of a work partly constructed on the same data.

The compilers of the following work, have drawn, it will be perceived, to a considerable extent, from that invaluable source of instruction in elocution, the *Philosophy of the Human Voice*, by Dr. James Rush, of Philadelphia. The clearness of exposition, and the precision of terms, in that admirable work, have greatly facilitated, as well as clearly defined, the processes of practical teaching, in whatever regards the discipline of the organs of speech, or the functions of the voice. in utterance and articulation, in emphasis, inflection, modulation, and every other constituent of elocution.

The pieces for practice in reading and speaking, which form the larger portion of this volume, have been selected with great care, as regards their character, not only in relation to the purposes of practice in reading, but with reference to the influence of, a high standard of excellence,—both in subject and style,—on the mind and taste of young readers. Regard, also, has constantly been paid to the effect which the pieces seemed adapted to produce, as favoring the cultivation of elevated sentiment, and of practical virtue.

The preparation of the pieces for the purpose of applying the rules of elocution, has been regulated by a regard to the importance of placing before the reader, but one principle or rule at a time, of presenting it clearly, and of repeating it with sufficient frequency to fix it firmly on the mind. The marking by which the modifications of the voice are indicated, is, accordingly, restricted, principally, to one subject in each; so as to avoid confusion, and to secure a full and lasting impression of each rule or principle. In modulation and expression, however, where there exists a natural complexity in the subject itself, the marking is, of course, more intricate. Still, it will be found, we trust, clear and defi-

nite. The suggestive notation has been limited to such a number of pieces, as seemed requisite to fix the prominent principles of elocution permanently in the memory. But most of the lessons have been left unmarked, in order to have the reader exert his own judgment in applying the rules, with the aid, when necessary, of the teacher.

The propriety and the advantage of any system of notation, for the purposes of study in elocution, have been, by some writers, considered doubtful. On this subject, Dr. Porter has made the following just observations :

"If there could at once spring up in our country a supply of teachers, competent, as living models, to regulate the tones of boys, in the forming age,—nothing more would be needed. But, to a great extent, these teachers are to be themselves formed. And to produce the transformation which the case demands, some attempt seems necessary to go to the root of the evil, by incorporating the principles of spoken language with the written. Not that such a change should be attempted with regard to books generally ; but in books of elocution, designed for this single purpose, visible marks may be employed, sufficient to designate the chief points of established correspondence between sentiment and voice. These principles being well settled in the mind of the pupil, may be spontaneously applied, where no such marks are used."

Objections are made by some authors,—whose judgment and taste, on other subjects, are unquestionable,—not only to any system of notation indicating the modifications of voice which characterize appropriate reading, but to any systematic instruction in the rules and principles of elocution themselves.

Persons, even, who admit the use of rules on other subjects, contend, that, in reading and speaking, no rules are necessary ; that a correct ear is a sufficient guide, and the only safe one. If, by a 'correct ear,' be meant a vague exercise of feeling or of taste, unfounded on a principle, the guidance will prove to be that of conjecture, fancy, or whim. But if, by a 'correct ear,' be meant an intuitive exercise of judgment or of taste, consciously or unconsciously recognizing a principle, then is there virtually implied a latent rule ; and the instructor's express office, is, to aid his pupil in detecting, applying, and retaining that rule.

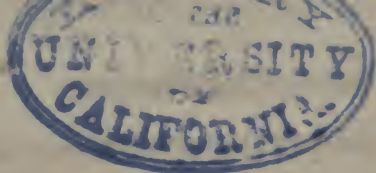
Systematic rules are not arbitrary ; they are founded on observation and experience. No one who is not ignorant of their meaning and application, will object to them, merely because they are systematic, well defined, and easily understood : every reflective student of any art, prefers systematic knowledge to conjectural judgment, and seizes with avidity on a principle, because he knows that it involves those rules which are the guides of practice.



“When a skilful teacher,” says Dr. Porter, “has read to his pupils a sentence for their imitation, is there any *reason* why he should have read it as he did?—or why he or they should read it again in the same manner? Can that reason be made intelligible? Doubtless it may, if it is founded on any stated law. The pupils, then, need not rest in a servile imitation of their teacher’s manner, but are entitled to ask *why* his emphasis, or inflection, or cadence, was so, and not otherwise: and then they may be able to transfer the same principles to other cases.”

“Should some still doubt whether any theory of vocal inflections can be adopted, which will not be perplexing, and, on the whole, injurious, especially to the young, I answer, that the same doubt may as well be extended to every department of practical knowledge. To think of the rules of syntax, every sentence we speak, or of the rules of orthography and style, every time we take up our pen to write, would indeed be perplexing. The remedy prescribed by common sense, in all such cases, is, not to discard correct theories, but to make them so familiar as to govern our practice spontaneously, and without reflection.”

J. G.  
W. R.



# AMERICAN COMMON-SCHOOL READER AND SPEAKER.

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## PART I.—RULES OF ELOCUTION.

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### ANALYSIS OF THE VOICE.

IF we observe attentively the voice of a good reader or speaker, we shall find his style of utterance marked by the following traits. His voice pleases the ear by its very sound. It is wholly free from affected suavity; yet, while perfectly natural, it is round, smooth, and agreeable. It is equally free from the faults of feebleness and of undue loudness. It is perfectly distinct, in the execution of every sound, in every word. It is free from errors of negligent usage and corrupted style in pronunciation. It avoids a measured, rhythmical chant, on the one hand, and a broken, irregular movement, on the other. It renders expression clear, by an attentive observance of appropriate pauses, and gives weight and effect to sentiment, by occasional impressive cessations of voice. It sheds light on the meaning of sentences, by the emphatic force which it gives to significant and expressive words. It avoids the "school" tone of uniform inflections, and varies the voice upward or downward, as the successive clauses of a sentence demand. It marks the character of every emotion, by its peculiar traits of tone; and hence its effect upon the ear, in the utterance of connected sentences and paragraphs, is like that of a varied melody, in music, played or sung with ever-varying feeling and expression.

\* The analysis of the voice, for the purposes of instruction and practice in reading and declamation, may be extended, in detail, to the following points, which form *the essential properties of good style, in reading and speaking.*

- |                                 |                               |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Good 'Quality' of Voice;     | 6. Appropriate Pauses;        |
| 2. Due 'Quantity', or Loudness; | 7. Right Emphasis;            |
| 3. Distinct Articulation;       | 8. Correct 'Inflections';     |
| 4. Correct Pronunciation;       | 9. Just 'Stress';             |
| 5. True Time;                   | 10. 'Expressive Tones';       |
|                                 | 11. Appropriate 'Modulation'. |

\* The larger type distinguishes those portions of Part I. which are most important to the learner, and which should be, in substance, im-  
pressed on the memory.

## § I.—QUALITY OF VOICE.

The chief properties of a good voice are,

- |                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Roundness,  | 3. Versatility, |
| 2. Smoothness, | 4. Right Pitch. |

1. *Roundness.*

This property of voice is exemplified in that ringing fulness of tone, which belongs to the utterance of animated and earnest feeling, when unobstructed by false habit. It is natural and habitual, in childhood; it is exhibited in all good singing, and in the properly cultivated style of public reading and speaking.

To obtain roundness and fulness of voice, it is exceedingly important that the student observe the following suggestions. Be attentive to the position of the body. No person can produce a full, well-formed sound of the voice, in a lounging or stooping posture. The attitude of the body required for the proper use of the voice is that of being perfectly upright, without rigidity. The head must never be permitted to droop; it should be held perfectly erect. The back must be kept straight, and the shoulders pressed backward and downward. The chest must be well expanded, raised, and projected; so as to make it as roomy as possible, in order to obtain full breath and full voice. Breathe freely and deeply; keep up an easy fulness of breath, without overdoing the capacity of your lungs. Make your utterance vigorous and full, by giving free play to the muscles situated below the bony part of the trunk; these should move energetically, in order to drive the breath upward with due force, and thus give body to the sounds of the voice. Keep the throat freely open, by free opening of the mouth, so as to give capaciousness and roundness to every sound. A round voice can never proceed from a half-shut mouth.

The large and full effect of vocal sound, produced by the due observance of the preceding directions, forms what Dr. Rush, the great authority in elocution, terms the 'orotund' (round, or, literally, round-mouthed) voice, which he describes as the ample style of oratory, or public reading, in contrast with the limited utterance of private conversation. The attitude of body, and the position and action of the organs, demanded by 'orotund' utterance, is likewise highly favorable to health, and to easy use of the voice; while stooping and lounging postures, a sunken chest, and drooping head, tend both to suppress the voice and injure the organs, besides impairing the health.

Practice, in the style of vehement declamation, is the best means of securing a round and full tone. The following exercise should be repeatedly practised, with the attention closely directed to the management of the organs, in the manner which has just been described. as producing the 'orotund', or resonant quality of voice.



*Exercise on the 'Orotund'.*

"Who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize, and associate to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of this barbarous war, against our brethren?—My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence!"

*2. Smoothness of Voice, or 'Purity' of Tone.*

Smoothness of voice, in reading and speaking, is the same quality which, in relation to vocal music, is termed 'purity' of tone.

This property of voice consists in maintaining an undisturbed, liquid stream of sound, resembling, to the ear, the effect produced on the eye, by the flow of a clear and perfectly transparent stream of water. It depends, like every other excellence of voice, on a free, upright, and unembarrassed attitude of the body,—the head erect, the chest expanded. It implies natural and tranquil respiration, (breathing;)—full and deep 'inspiration', (inhaling, or drawing in the breath;) and gentle 'expiration', (giving forth the breath;) a true, and firm, but moderate exercise of the 'larynx', (or upper part of the throat;) and a careful avoiding of every motion that produces a jarring, harsh, or grating sound.

'Pure' tone is free from, 1. the heavy and hollow note of the chest;—2. the 'guttural', choked, stifled, or hard sound of the swollen and compressed throat;—3. the hoarse, husky, 'harsh', 'ree-ly', and grating, style, which comes from too forcible 'expiration', and too wide opening of the throat;—4. the nasal twang, which is caused by forcing the breath against the nasal passage, and, at the same time, partially closing it;—5. the wiry, or *false* ring of the voice, which unites the guttural and the nasal tones;—6. the affected, mincing voice of the mouth, which is caused by not allowing the due proportion of breath to escape through the nose. The natural, smooth, and pure tone of the voice, as exhibited in the vivid utterance natural to healthy childhood, to good vocal music, or to appropriate public speaking, avoids every effect arising from an undue preponderance, or excess, in the action of the muscles of the chest, the throat, or any other organ, and, at the same time, secures all the good qualities resulting from the just and well-proportioned exercise of each. A true and smooth utterance, derives resonance

from the chest, firmness from the throat, and clearness from the head and mouth.

Without these qualities, it is impossible to give right effect to the beauty and grandeur of noble sentiments, whether expressed in prose or in verse.

Childhood and youth are the favorable seasons for acquiring and fixing, in permanent possession, the good qualities of agreeable and effective utterance. The teacher cannot exert too much vigilance, nor the pupil take too much pains, to avoid the encroachments of faulty habit, in this important requisite to a good elocution.

The subjoined exercise should be frequently and attentively practised, with a view to avoid every sound which mars the purity of the tone, or hinders a perfect smoothness of voice.

*Exercise in Smoothness and 'Purity' of Voice.*

"No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all  
 The multitude of angels, with a shout,  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet,  
 As from blest voices uttering joy ;—heaven rung  
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled  
 The eternal regions ;—lowly reverent,  
 Towards either throne they bow ; and to the ground,  
 With solemn adoration, down they cast  
 Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold.—  
 Then crowned again, their golden harps they took,  
 Harps ever tuned,—that, glittering by their side,  
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
 Of charming symphony, they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high."

*Note.* The various passions and emotions of the soul, are, to a great extent, indicated by the 'quality' of the voice. Thus, the malignant and all excessive emotions, as *anger*, *hatred*, *revenge*, *fear*, and *horror*, are remarkable for 'guttural quality', and strong 'aspiration', or 'expiration', accompanying the vocal sound, and forming 'impure' tone ; substituting a 'harsh', husky, aspirated utterance, for the 'orotund', or the 'pure' tone ; while *pathos*, *serenity*, *love*, *joy*, *courage*, take a soft and smooth 'oral', or head tone, perfectly pure, or swelling into 'orotund'. *Awe*, *solemnity*, *reverence*, and *melancholy*, take a deep, 'pectoral' murmur ; the voice resounding, as it were, in the cavity of the chest, but still keeping perfectly 'pure' in tone, or expanding into full 'orotund'.—See Section on '*Expressive Tones*.'

Young persons cannot be too deeply impressed with the importance of cultivating, early, a pure and smooth utterance. The excessively deep 'pectoral' tone sounds hollow and sepulchral ; the 'guttural' tone is coarse, and harsh, and grating to the ear ; the 'nasal' tone is ludicrous ; and the combination of 'guttural' and

'nasal' tone, is repulsive and extremely disagreeable. Some speakers, through excessive negligence, allow themselves to combine the 'pectoral', 'guttural', and 'nasal' tones, in one sound,—for which the word *grunt* is the only approximate designation that can be found. Affectation, or false taste, on the other hand, induces some speakers to assume an extra fine, or double-distilled, 'oral' tone, which minces every word in the mouth, as if the breast had no part to perform in human utterance.

The tones of serious, serene, cheerful, and kindly feeling, are nature's genuine standard of agreeable voice, as is evinced in the utterance of healthy and happy childhood. But prevalent neglect permits these to be lost in the habitual tones of boys and girls, men and women. Faithful teachers may be of much service to young persons, in this particular.

### 3. *Versatility, or Pliancy of Voice,*

Signifies that power of easy and instant adaptation, by which it takes on the appropriate utterance of every emotion which occurs in the reading or speaking of a piece characterized by varied feeling or intense passion.

To acquire this invaluable property of voice, the most useful course of practice is the repeated reading or reciting of passages marked by striking contrasts of tone, as loud or soft, high or low, fast or slow.

The following exercises should be repeated till the pupil can give them in succession, with perfect adaptation of voice in each case and with instantaneous precision of effect.

#### *Exercises for Versatility, or Pliancy of Voice :*

##### *Very Loud.*

“ And dar'st thou, then,  
To beard the lion in his den,—  
The Douglas in his hall ?  
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go ?  
No ! by St. Bride of Bothwell, no !—  
Up, drawbridge, groom ! What ! warder, ho .  
Let the portcullis fall ! ”

##### *Very Soft.*

‘ I've seen the moon climb the mountain's brow,  
I've watched the mists o'er the river stealing,—  
But ne'er did I feel in my breast, till now,  
So deep, so calm, and so holy a feeling :—  
'T is soft as the thrill which memory throws  
Athwart the soul, in the hour of repose.”



*Very Low.*

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream,  
The bright sun was extinguished; and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless; and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air."

*Very High.*

"I woke:—where was I?—Do I see  
A human face look down on me?  
And doth a roof above me close?  
Do these limbs on a couch repose?  
Is this a chamber where I lie?  
And is it mortal, yon bright eye,  
That watches me with gentle glance?"

*Very Slow.*

"Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old, like a garment; as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed: but Thou art the same; and Thy years shall have no end."

*Very Quick.*

"I am the Rider of the wind,  
The Stirrer of the storm!  
The hurricane I left behind  
Is yet with lightning warm;—  
To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea  
I swept upon the blast."

*4. True Pitch of Voice.*

The proper pitch of the voice, when no peculiar emotion demands high or low notes, is,—for the purposes of ordinary reading or speaking,—a little below the habitual note of conversation, for the person who reads or speaks. Public discourse being usually on graver subjects and occasions, than mere private communication, naturally and properly adopts this level.

But, through mistake or inadvertency, we sometimes hear persons read and speak on too low a key for the easy and expressive use

of the voice, and, sometimes, on the other hand, on a key too high for convenient or agreeable utterance.

The following sentences should be repeated till the note on which they are pitched is distinctly recognized, and perfectly remembered, so as to become a key to all similar passages.

### *Exercise on Middle Pitch.*

“In every period of life, the acquisition of knowledge is one of the most pleasing employments of the human mind. But in youth, there are circumstances which make it productive of higher enjoyment. It is then that every thing has the charm of novelty; that curiosity and fancy are awake, and that the heart swells with the anticipations of future eminence and utility.”

Contrast this pitch with that of the pieces before quoted, as examples of ‘high’ and ‘low’.

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### § II. DUE QUANTITY, OR LOUDNESS.

The second characteristic of good reading, is the use of that degree of loudness, force, ‘volume’, or ‘quantity’, of voice which enables those to whom we read or speak, to hear, without effort, every sound of the voice; and which, at the same time, gives that degree of force which is best adapted to the utterance of the sentiments which are read or spoken.

All undue loudness is a great annoyance to the ear, and an injury to the expression; while a feeble and imperfect utterance fails of the main purposes of speech, by being partly or entirely inaudible, and consequently utterly unimpressive.

The failure, as regards loudness, is usually made on passages of moderate force, which do not furnish an inspiring impulse of emotion, and which depend on the exercise of judgment and discrimination, rather than of feeling.

It is of great service, however, to progress in elocution, to possess the power of discriminating the various degrees of force which the utterance of sentiment requires. The extremes of very ‘loud’ and very ‘soft’, required by peculiar emotions, have been exemplified in the exercise on ‘versatility’ of voice.

There are three degrees of loudness, all of great importance to the appropriate utterance of thought and feeling, required in the usual forms of composition. These are the following: ‘moderate’, ‘forcible’, and ‘empassioned’. The first, the ‘moderate’, occurs in the reading of plain narrative, descriptive, or didactic composition, addressed to the under-

standing, rather than to the feelings: the second, the 'forcible', is exemplified in energetic declamation: the third, the 'empassioned', occurs in the language of intense emotion, whether in the form of poetry or of prose.

The teacher's watchful attention will be required, in superintending the pupil's practice on the following examples, so as to enable him to detect, and fix definitely, in his ear, the exact degree of loudness appropriate to each passage. The exercises should be repeated till they can be executed with perfect precision, so as to form a standard for all similar expression, in subsequent reading.

*Exercise in 'Moderate' Force.*

"An author represents Adam as using the following language. 'I remember the moment when my existence commenced: it was a moment replete with joy, amazement, and anxiety. I neither knew what I was, where I was, nor whence I came. I opened my eyes: what an increase of sensation! The light, the celestial vault, the verdure of the earth, the transparency of the waters, gave animation to my spirits, and conveyed pleasures which exceed the powers of utterance.'"

*'Declamatory' Force.*

"Advance, then, ye future generations! We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies, and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government, and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science, and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendant sweets of domestic life to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth!"

*'Empassioned' Force.*

"Shame! shame! that in such a proud moment of life,  
Worth ages of history,—when, had you but hurled  
One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife  
Between freemen and tyrants, had spread through the  
world,—



That then,—Oh! disgrace upon manhood!—e'en then  
You should falter,—should cling to your pitiful breath,—  
Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men,  
And prefer a slave's life, to a glorious death!

It is strange!—it is dreadful!—Shout, Tyranny, shout  
Through your dungeons and palaces, 'Freedom is o'er!'—  
If there lingers one spark of her fire, tread it out,  
And return to your empire of darkness, once more."

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### § III.—DISTINCT ARTICULATION.

"Correct articulation is the most important exercise of the voice and of the organs of speech. A reader or speaker, possessed of only a moderate voice, if he articulate correctly, will be better understood, and heard with greater pleasure, than one who vociferates. The voice of the latter may, indeed, extend to a considerable distance; but the sound is dissipated in confusion: of the former voice not the smallest vibration is wasted,—every sound is perceived, at the utmost distance to which it reaches; and hence it even penetrates farther than one which is loud, but badly articulated.

In just articulation, the words are not hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion: they are neither abridged, nor prolonged; nor swallowed, nor forced, and, if I may so express myself, shot from the mouth; they are not trailed nor drawled, nor let slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They are delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight."\*

This department of correct reading, belongs, properly, to the stage of elementary lessons. But as negligence in general habit, and remissness in early practice, are extensively the causes of an imperfect articulation, it may be of great service to young readers to review the elements of the language, in successive practical exercises, as embodied in a manual prepared by one of the editors of the present work.† For facility of practice in difficult combinations of letters and syllables, some of the exercises in Tower's 'Gradual Reader', will also be found very serviceable. The preliminary Ex-

\* Austin's 'Chironomia,' pp. 37, 38.

† 'Russell's Lessons in Enunciation; comprising a Course of Elementary Exercises, and a statement of Common Errors in Articulation, with the Rules of Correct Usage in Pronouncing. Boston, Jenks & Palmer.'

ercises in Articulation and Pronunciation, prefixed to the volume prepared as an 'Introduction' to the present work, are designed to serve the purpose of an extensive discipline in this department of elocution. A brief course, of a similar nature, but adapted to juvenile readers, is contained in an elementary book compiled by one of the editors of this Reader.\*

A page or a paragraph of every reading lesson, should, previous to the regular exercise, be read *backward*, for the purpose of arresting the attention, and securing every sound in every word.

The design of the present volume, does not admit of detail, in the department of elocution now under consideration. The importance, however, of a perfectly distinct enunciation can never be impressed too deeply on the mind of the pupil. An exact articulation is more conducive than any degree of loudness, to facility of hearing and understanding. Young readers should be accustomed to pronounce every word, every syllable, and every letter, with accuracy, although without labored effort. The faults of skipping, slighting, mumbling, swallowing, or drawling the sounds of vowels or of consonants, are not only offensive to the ear, but subversive of meaning, as may be perceived in the practice of several of the following examples.

1. "That lasts till night: that last still night."
2. "He can debate *on either* side of the question: he can debate *on neither* side of the question."
3. "The steadfast stranger in the forests strayed."
4. "Who ever imagined such *an ocean* to exist?—Who ever imagined such *a notion* to exist?"
5. "His cry moved me: his *crime* moved me."
6. "He could pay nobody: he could pain nobody."
7. "Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone."
8. "Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire."
9. "Heaven's first star alike ye see."

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#### § IV.—CORRECT PRONUNCIATION.

That pronunciation is correct which is sanctioned by good usage, or custom. Good usage implies the habit of persons of good education, as regulated by the decisions of learning and taste, exemplified in standard dictionaries,—a style which is equally free from the errors of uneducated or negligent custom, and the caprices of pedantry,—which falls in

\* 'Russell's Primary Reader: a Selection of easy Reading Lessons, with introductory Exercises in Articulation, for Young Children. Boston: Tappan & Dennet.'

with the current of cultivated mind, and does not deviate into peculiarities, on the mere authority of individuals. Good taste in pronunciation, while it allows perfect freedom of choice, as to the mode of pronouncing words liable to variation in sound or accent, requires a compliance with every fixed point of sanctioned usage.

The subject of pronunciation, like the preceding one,—articulation,—belongs properly to the department of elementary instruction.\* But as this branch of elocution does not always receive its due share of seasonable attention, many errors in pronunciation are apt to occur in the exercise of reading, as performed by even the advanced classes in schools. To avoid such errors, it will be found useful to discuss closely and minutely, the correct pronunciation of every word which, in any lesson, is liable to be mispronounced. The standard of reference, in such cases, ought to be Walker's Dictionary, Worcester's edition of Johnson and Walker combined, or the same author's edition of Dr. Webster's Dictionary.

All reading lessons should, if practicable, be read to the class, by the teacher, one day beforehand, so as to allow opportunity for careful and critical study, at home, previous to the exercise of reading, on the part of the pupils. Seasonable information will thus be obtained, and errors avoided, instead of being merely corrected after they have occurred, and when it is too late to secure good habit or avoid bad.

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#### § V.—TRUE TIME.

By true time, in elocution, is meant, an utterance well-proportioned in sound and pause, and neither too fast nor too slow. We should never read so fast as to render our reading indistinct, nor so slow as to impair the vivacity, or prevent the full effect, of what is read.

“Every thing tender, or solemn, plaintive, or grave, should be read with great moderation. Every thing humorous or sprightly, every thing witty or amusing, should be read in a brisk and lively manner. Narration should be generally equable and flowing; vehemence, firm and accelerated; anger and joy rapid; whereas dignity, authority, sublimity, reverence, and awe, should, along with deeper tone, assume a slower movement. The movement should, in every instance, be adapted to the sense, and free from all hurry, on the one hand, or drawling on the other.” The pausing, too, should be carefully proportioned to the movement or rate of the voice; and no change of movement from slow to fast, or the reverse, should take place in any clause, unless a change of emotion is implied in the language of the piece.

\* The subject of Pronunciation forms a large part of the Elementary Exercises contained in the ‘Introduction’ to this Reader.



*Exercises on Time.*

The 'slowest' and the 'quickest' rates of utterance, have been exemplified under the head of 'versatility' of voice, and need not be repeated here. They occur in the extremes of grave and gay emotion.

There are three important applications of 'time' in connexion with 'rate', or 'movement', which frequently occur in the common forms of reading and speaking. These are the 'slow', the 'moderate', and the 'lively'. The first of these, the 'slow', is exhibited in the tones of *awe*, *reverence*, and *solemnity*, when these emotions are not so deep as to require the slowest movement of all: the second, the 'moderate', belongs to *grave* and *serious* expression, when not so deep as to require the 'slow' movement; it belongs, also, to all unempassioned communication, addressed to the understanding, more than to the *feelings*; and it is exemplified in the utterance of *moderate*, *subdued*, and *chastened emotion*: the third rate, the 'lively', is perhaps sufficiently indicated by its designation, as characterizing all *animated*, *cheerful*, and *gay expression*.

All the exercises on 'time', should be repeated till they can be exemplified perfectly, and at once. Previous to practising the following exercises, the pupil may be aided in forming distinct and well-defined ideas of 'time', by turning back to the example under 'versatility', marked as 'very slow', and repeating it, with close attention to its extreme slowness. He will observe that, in the repeating of this example, the effect of 'time', or proportion of movement, is to cause a remarkable lengthening out of the sound of every accented vowel; an extreme slowness in the succession of the sounds of all letters, syllables, and words: and, along with all this, an unusual length in all the pauses. It is this adjustment of single and successive sounds and their intermissions, which properly constitutes the office of 'time' in elocution: although the term is often indefinitely used rather as synonymous with the word 'movement', as applied in music.

The 'slow' movement differs from the 'slowest', in not possessing the same extreme prolongation of sound in single vowels, or the same length of pause. The slow succession of sounds is, however, a common characteristic in both.

*Example of 'Slow' Movement.*

“THOU, who did'st put to flight  
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,  
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;



O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck  
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul ! ”

‘ *Moderate* ’.

“ There is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have a strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and a friendship for the hardy and glorious scns of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought, connected with this part of rural economy. It is worthy of liberal, and freeborn, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak, looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade, and enjoy its shelter ; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth, shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.”

‘ *Lively* ’.

“ How does the water come down at Lodore ?

Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling ;  
Here smoking and frothing,  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
It hastens along, conflicting and strong,  
Now striking and raging,  
As if a war waging,  
Its caverns and rocks among,—  
Swelling and flinging,  
Showering and springing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting  
Around and around,—  
Collecting, disjecting,  
With endless rebound.”

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§ VI.—APPROPRIATE PAUSES.

The grammatical punctuation of sentences, by which they are divided into clauses by commas, although sufficiently dis-

tinct for the purpose of separating the syntactical portions of the structure, are not adequate to the object of marking all the audible pauses, which sense and feeling require, in reading aloud. Hence we find, that intelligible and impressive reading depends on introducing many short pauses, not indicated by commas or other points, but essential to the meaning of phrases and sentences. These shorter pauses are, for distinction's sake, termed 'rhetorical'.

Powerful emotion not unfrequently suggests another species of pause, adapted to the utterance of deep feeling. This pause sometimes takes place where there is no grammatical point used, and sometimes is added to give length to a grammatical pause. This pause may be termed the 'oratorical', or the pause of 'effect'.

*Note.* The length of the rhetorical pause depends on the length of the clause, or the significance of the word which follows it. The full 'rhetorical pause' is marked thus ||, the 'half rhetorical pause', thus |, and the short 'rhetorical pause', thus <sup>1</sup>.

### *Rules for 'Rhetorical' Pauses.*

The 'rhetorical' pause takes place, as follows:

**RULE I.** Before a verb, when the nominative is long, or when it is emphatic.—*Ex.* "Life || is short, and art || is long."

**RULE II.** Before and after an intervening phrase.

*Ex.* "Talents || without application || are no security for progress in learning."

**RULE III.** Wherever transposition of phrases may take place.

*Ex.* "Through dangers the most appalling || he advanced with heroic intrepidity."

**RULE IV.** Before an adjective following its noun.

*Ex.* "Hers was a soul || replete with every noble quality."

**RULE V.** Before relative pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, or adverbs used conjunctively, when followed by a clause depending on them.—*Ex.* "A physician was called in || who prescribed appropriate remedies." "The traveller began his journey || in the highest spirits || and with the most delightful anticipations."

**RULE VI.** Where ellipsis, or omission of words, takes place.

—*Ex.* "To your elders manifest becoming deference, to your companions || frankness, to your juniors || condescension."

**RULE VII.** Before a verb in the infinitive mood, governed by another verb.—*Ex.* “The general now commanded his reserved force || to advance to the aid of the main body.”

*Exercise on ‘Rhetorical Pauses.’*

“Industry || is the guardian | of innocence.”

“Honor || is the subject | of my story.”

“The prodigal || lose many opportunities | for doing good.”

“Prosperity || gains friends, adversity || tries them.”

“Time || once passed || never returns.”

“He | that hath no rule | over his own spirit, is like a city | that is broken down, and without walls.”

“Better | is a dinner of herbs || where love | is, than a stalled ox || and hatred | therewith.”

“The veil || which covers | from our sight | the events | of succeeding years, is a veil | woven by the hand of mercy.”

“Blessed || are the poor in spirit.”

“Silver | and gold || have I none.”

“Mirth || I consider | as an act, cheerfulness || as a habit | of the mind. Mirth || is short | and transient, cheerfulness || fixed | and permanent. Mirth || is like a flash of lightning, that glitters | for a moment : cheerfulness || keeps up a kind of daylight | in the mind.”

“Some || place the bliss | in action, some || in ease :

Those || call it pleasure, and contentment || these.”

The habitual tendency of young readers being to hurry, in reading, their pauses are liable to become too short for distinctness, or to be entirely omitted. In most of the above examples, the precision, beauty, and force of the sentiment, depend much on the careful observance of the rhetorical pauses. The teacher may impart an idea of their effect, by allowing each sentence to be read, first, without the rhetorical pauses,—secondly, with pauses made at wrong places,—thirdly, with the pausing as marked.

*Rule on the ‘Oratorical’ Pause.*

The ‘oratorical’ pause is introduced in those passages which express the deepest and most solemn emotions, such as naturally arrest and overpower, rather than inspire, utterance.

*Examples.* “The sentence was—DEATH !” “There is one sure refuge for the oppressed, one sure resting-place for the weary,—THE GRAVE !” [Application—See page 76.]



## § VII.—RIGHT EMPHASIS.

Emphasis distinguishes the most significant or expressive words of a sentence.

It properly includes several functions of voice, in addition to the element of force. An eriphatic word is not unfrequently distinguished by the peculiar 'time', 'pitch', 'stress', and 'inflection' of its accented sound. But all these properties are partially merged, to the ear, in the great comparative force of the sound. Hence it is customary to regard emphasis as merely special force. This view of the subject would not be practically incorrect, if it were understood as conveying the idea of a special force superadded to all the other characteristics of tone and emotion, in the word to which it applies.

Emphasis is either 'absolute' or 'relative'. The former occurs in the utterance of a *single* thought or feeling, of great energy: the latter, in the correspondence or contrast of *two* or more ideas.

'Absolute' emphasis is either 'empassioned' or 'distinctive'. The former expresses strong emotion.—*Example*. "*False wizard*, AVAUNT!"\*—The latter designates objects to the attention, or distinguishes them to the understanding.—*Ex*. "The *fall of man* is the main subject of Milton's great poem."

'Relative' emphasis occurs in words which express comparison, correspondence, or contrast.—*Example*. "*Coward*, die *many* times; the *brave*, but *once*."

*Rules on Emphasis.*

RULE I. Exclamations and interjections usually require 'empassioned' emphasis, or the strongest force of utterance.

*Examples*. "Woe! to the traitor, WOE!"—"UP! comrades UP!"—"AWAKE! ARISE! or be for EVER FALLEN!"

"Ye icefalls!——"

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,

Beneath the keen full moon?—

\* Three degrees of emphasis are usually thus denoted in type. the first, by Italic letters; the second, by small capitals; and the third, by large capitals. Thus, "You shall DIE, BASE DOG! and that before you *cloud* has passed over the *sun*!"—Sometimes a fourth, by Italic capitals,—thus, "NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!"



GOD! GOD! the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Utter : the ice-plain bursts, and answers, God!  
The silent snow-mass, loosening, thunders, GOD!"

RULE II. Every new *incident* in a narration, every new *object* in a description, and every new *subject* in a didactic passage, requires 'distinctive' emphasis, or a force of utterance sufficient to render it striking or prominent.

*Examples.* "Their frail bark was, in a moment, *overset*, and a watery grave seemed to be the inevitable doom of the whole party."—"The eye rested with delight on the long, low range of beautifully tinted *clouds*, which skirted the horizon."—"The power of *faith* was the subject of the preacher's discourse."

RULE III. All correspondent, and all antithetic, or contrasted words, require a force sufficient to distinguish them from all the other words in a sentence, and to make them stand out prominently. When the comparison or contrast is of equal force, in its constituent parts, the emphasis is exactly balanced, in the words to which it is applied: when one of the objects compared or contrasted, is meant to preponderate over the other, the emphasis is stronger on the word by which the preponderance is expressed.

*Examples.* "The gospel is preached equally to the *rich* and to the *poor*."—"Custom is the *plague* of *wise* men, and the *idol* of *fools*."—"The man is more KNAVE than *fool*."

### *Exercises in 'Relative' Emphasis.*

1. "VIRTUE || is better than *riches*."
2. "Study || not so much to *show* knowledge, as to *acquire* it."
3. "They went out *from* us, but they were not *of* us."
4. "He | that cannot *bear* a jest, should not *make* one."
5. "It is not so easy to *hide* one's faults, as to *mend* them."
6. "I | that denied thee *gold*, will give my *heart*."
7. "You *have* done that | you *should* be sorry for."
8. "Why beholdest thou the *mote* || that is in thy *brother's* eye, but considerest not the *beam* || that is in thine *own* eye?"
9. "As it is the part of *justice* || never to do *violence*; so it is the part of *modesty* || never to commit *offence*."
10. "A *friend* || cannot be *known* || in *prosperity*; and an *enemy* || cannot be *hidden* || in *adversity*."

NOTE. Emphatic clauses, (those in which every word is emphatic,) are sometimes pronounced on a lower, sometimes on a higher key, but always with an intense force.

### Examples.

1. "Heaven and earth will witness,—

IF <sup>1</sup> ROME <sup>1</sup> MUST <sup>1</sup> FALL,—that *we* <sup>||</sup> are innocent.'

2. "This state had then *not one ship*,—NO, NOT <sup>1</sup> ONE <sup>1</sup> WALL!"

3. "But youth, it seems, is not my only crime: I have been accused <sup>||</sup> of *acting a THEATRICAL part*."

4. "As to the *present* ministry, I cannot give them my confidence. Pardon me, gentlemen: *Confidence is a plant of SLOW growth*."

*General Remark.* Young readers are commonly deficient in emphasis, and, hence, feeble and unimpressive, in their style of reading. Teachers should exert much vigilance on this point. At the same time, an overdone emphasis is one of the surest indications of defective judgment and bad taste. Faults which result from study are always the most offensive. [Application—See page 87.]

## § VIII.—CORRECT INFLECTIONS.

'Inflection' in elocution, signifies an upward or downward 'slide' of voice, from the average, or level of a sentence.

There are two simple 'inflections', or 'slides',—the upward or 'rising', and the downward or 'falling'. The former is usually marked by the acute accent, [<sup>ˈ</sup>]*—*the latter, by the grave accent, [<sub>ˋ</sub>].

The union of these two inflections, on the same syllable, is called the 'circumflex', or 'wave'.—When the circumflex commences with the falling inflection, and ends with the rising, it is called the 'rising circumflex',—[marked thus <sup>ˆ</sup>,]*—*when it begins with the rising, and ends with the falling, it is called the 'falling circumflex',—[marked thus, <sub>˘</sub>].

When the tone of the voice has no upward or downward slide, but keeps comparatively level, it is called the 'monotone',—[marked thus <sup>ˉ</sup>].

EXAMPLES: RISING INFLECTION,—'Intensive', or high, upward slide, as in the tone of surprise, "Há! Is it possible!"—in the usual tone of a question that may be answered by *Yes* or *No*, "Is it réally so?"—'Moderate' rising inflection, as at the end of a clause which leaves the sense dependent on what follows it. "If we are sincerely desirous of advanc-

ing in knowledge, we shall not be sparing of exertion.”—‘Slight’ rising inflection, as when the voice is suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted: “When the visitor entered the room” \* \* \* \*

*Note.* The last mentioned inflection, may, for distinction’s sake, be marked as above, to indicate the absence of any positive upward or downward slide, and, at the same time, to distinguish it from the intentional and prolonged level of the ‘monotone.’

‘FALLING’ INFLECTION,—‘intensive’, or bold and low downward slide, as in the tone of anger and scorn: “Dòwn, *soothless insulter!*”—The ‘full’, falling inflection, as in the cadence at a period: “All his efforts were in v<sup>à</sup>in.”

The ‘moderate’ falling inflection, as at the end of a clause which forms complete sense: “Do not presume on weàlth; it may be swept from you in a moment.” “The horses were hàrnessed; the carriages were driven up to the dòor; the party were s<sup>è</sup>ated; and, in a few moments, the mansion was left to its former silence and solitude.”

The ‘suspensive’, or slight falling inflection, as in the members of a ‘series’, or sequence of words and clauses, in the same syntactical connexion: “The f<sup>ò</sup>rce, the s<sup>ì</sup>ze, the w<sup>è</sup>ight, of the ship, bore the schooner down below the waves.” “The irresistible f<sup>ò</sup>rce, the vast s<sup>ì</sup>ze, the prodigious w<sup>è</sup>ight of the ship, rendered the destruction of the schooner inevitable.”

The ‘suspensive’ downward slide, is marked as above, to distinguish it from the deeper inflection at the end of a clause, or of a sentence.

#### TABLE OF CONTRASTED INFLECTIONS

##### *The Rising followed by the Falling.*

1. “Will you g<sup>ò</sup>, or st<sup>à</sup>y?”
2. “Will you r<sup>í</sup>de, or w<sup>à</sup>lk?”
3. “Did he tr<sup>à</sup>vel for h<sup>è</sup>alth, or for pl<sup>è</sup>asure?”
4. “Does he pr<sup>ò</sup>nounce corr<sup>è</sup>ctly, or inc<sup>ò</sup>rrectly?”
5. “Is it the r<sup>í</sup>sing, or the f<sup>à</sup>lling inflection?”

##### *The Falling followed by the Rising.*

1. “I would rather g<sup>ò</sup> than st<sup>à</sup>y.”
2. “I would rather w<sup>à</sup>lk than r<sup>í</sup>de.”
3. “He tr<sup>à</sup>velled for h<sup>è</sup>alth, not pl<sup>è</sup>asure.”
4. “He pr<sup>ò</sup>nounces corr<sup>è</sup>ctly, not inc<sup>ò</sup>rrectly.”
5. “It is the f<sup>à</sup>lling, not the r<sup>í</sup>sing inflection.”



## EXAMPLES OF CIRCUMFLEX.

*Tone of Mockery.* "I've caught you, then, at lâst!"

*Irony.* "Courâgeous chief!—the first in flight from pain!"

*Punning.* "And though heavy to wêigh, as a score of fat  
sheép,

He was not, by any means, heavy to sleêp."

## EXAMPLE OF MONOTONE.

*Awe and Horror.*

"I could a tãle unfôld whose lĩghtest wôrd  
Would hãrrow ûp thy sôul, frêeze thy young blôod,  
Mãke thy twô êyes, like stãrs, stãrt from their sphêres,  
Thy knôtted and combinêd lôcks to pãrt,  
And êach particular hãir to stãnd on ênd,  
Like quills upon the frêtful pòrcupine."

*Rules on the Rising Inflection.*

RULE I. The 'intensive' or high rising inflection, expresses *surprise* and *wonder*.—*Example.* "HÁ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scórn?"

RULE II. The 'moderate' rising inflection takes place, where the sense is incomplete, and depends on something which follows.—*Ex.* "As we cannot discern the shadow moving along the dial-plate, so we cannot always trace our progress in knowledge."

*Note.* Words and phrases of address, as they are merely introductory expressions, take the 'moderate rising inflection.'—*Example 1.* "Fríends, I come not here to talk."—2. "Sír, I deny that the assertion is correct."—3. "Sóldiers, you fight for home and liberty!"

*Exception.* In emphatic and in lengthened phrases of address, the falling inflection takes place.—*Example 1.* "Ôn! ye brãve, who rush to glory or the grave!"—2. "Sòldiers! if my *standard* falls, look for the *plume upon your king's helmet!*"\*—3. "My fríends, my fôllowers, and my children! the field we have entered, is one from which there is no retreat."—4. "Gentlemen and knĩghts,—commoners and sòldiers, Edward the Fourth upon his throne, will not profit by a victory more than you."

RULE III. The 'suspensive', or slight rising inflection, occurs, when expression is suddenly broken off, as in the following passage in dialogue.

\* Shouting tone.



*Ex. Poet.* "The poisoning dame—*Friend.* You mean—*P.* I don't. *F.* You do."

*Note.* This inflection, prolonged, is used in the appropriate tone of reading verse, or of poetic prose, when not emphatic, instead of a distinct rising or falling inflection, which would have the ordinary effect of prosaic utterance, or would divest the expression of all its beauty.

*Ex. 1.* "Here waters, woods, and winds in concert join."

2. "And flocks, woods, streams around, repose and peace impart."

3. "The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;  
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;  
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried  
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide,  
The clamorous horn, along the cliffs above;  
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;  
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,\*

And the full choir that wakes the universal grove."

4. "White houses peep through the trees; cattle stand cooling in the pool; the casement of the farm-house is covered with jessamine and honeysuckle;\* the stately green house exhales the perfume of summer climates."

**RULE IV.** A question which may be answered by *Yes* or *No*, usually ends with the rising inflection.—*Example.* "Do you see yon cloud?"

*Exception.* Emphasis, as in the tone of impatience, of extreme earnestness, or of remonstrance, may, in such cases as the above, take the falling inflection.—*Example.* "Can you be so infatuated as to pursue a course which you know will end in your ruin!"—"Will you blindly rush on destruction?"—"Would you say so, if the case were your own?"

**RULE V.** The penultimate, or last inflection but one, is, in most sentences, a rising slide, by which the voice prepares for an easy and natural descent at the cadence.—*Example.* "The rocks crumble, the trees fall, the leaves fade, and the grass withers."

*Exception.* Emphasis may sometimes make the penultimate inflection fall, instead of rising; as the abruptness of that slide gives a more forcible effect.—*Example.* "They have rushed through like a hurricane; like an army of lo

\* The penultimate inflection of a sentence, or a stanza, usually rises, so as to prepare for an easy cadence. See **RULE V.**

custs, they have devoured the éarth ; the war has fallen like a water spòut, and deluged the land with blood."

### *Rules on the Falling Inflection.*

RULE I. The 'intensive, downward slide', or 'low', falling inflection, occurs in the emphasis of *vehement emotion*.—*Example*. "ÒN! ÒN! to the *just* and the *glorious strife*!"

RULE II. The 'full' falling inflection usually takes place at the cadence, or close, of a sentence.—*Example*. "No life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind."

*Exception*. When the meaning expressed at the close of one sentence, is modified by the sense of the next, the voice may rise, instead of falling.—*Examples*. "We are not here to discúss this question. We are come to àct upon it."—"Gentlemen may cry 'peàce, péàce!' But there is no peace."

RULE III. The 'moderate' falling inflection occurs at the end of a clause which forms complete sense, independently of what follows it.—*Example*. "Law and order are forgòtten: violence and rapine are abróad: the golden cords of society are loosed."

*Exception*. Plaintive expression, and poetic style, whether in the form of verse or of prose, take the 'slight' *rising* inflection, in its prolonged form.

*Example 1*. "Cold o'er his limbs the listless languor grèw;  
Paleness came o'er his eye of placid blúe;  
Pale mourned the lily where the rose had díed;  
And timid, trembling, came he to my side."

2. "The oaks of the mountains fáll: the mountains themselves decay with yéars; the ocean shrinks and grows agàin; the moon herself is lost in héaven;\* but thou art for ever the sàme, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course."

RULE IV. The 'suspensive', or slight falling inflection, takes place in every member but one of the 'series', or successive words and clauses, connected by the same conjunction, expressed or understood.

*Note 1*. A succession of *words* is termed a 'simple series',—a succession of *clauses*, a 'compound series.' A succession of words which leave sense *incomplete*, is termed a 'commencing series', that which leaves *complete* sense, a 'concluding series'.—A 'commencing series' is read with

\* Rising slide, for contrast to the following clause.

the 'suspensive', or slight falling inflection, on every member but the last; a concluding series, with the 'suspensive' slide on every member, except the penultimate, or last but one.

*Examples.* 'Simple Commencing Series': "The áir, the éarth, the wáter, teem with delighted existence."—"Simple Concluding Series": "Delighted existence teems in the áir, the éarth,\* and the wáter."†—"Compound Commencing Series": "The fluid expanse of the áir, the surface of the solid éarth, the liquid element of wáter, teem with delighted existence."—"Compound Concluding Series": "Delighted existence teems in the fluid expanse of the áir, the surface of the solid éarth,\* and the liquid element of wáter."†

*Exception 1.* Emphatic, abrupt, and disconnected series, may have the 'moderate' or the 'bold' downward slide, on every member, according to the intensity of expression.

*Examples:* 1. "His succèss, his fàme, his life, were all at stake."—2. "The roaring of the wind, the rushing of the wáter, the darkness of the night, all conspired to overwhelm his guilty spirit with dread."—3. "Eloquence is àction, nòble, sublìme, gòdlike action."—4. "The shore, which, but a few moments before, lay so lovely in its calm serenity, gilded with the beams of the level sun, now resounded with the roar of cànnon, the shouts of bàttle, the clash of àrms, the curses of hàtred, the shrieks of àgony."

*Exception 2.* Light and humorous description, gives the 'moderate' upward slide to all the members of a series.

*Example.* "Her bóoks, her músic, her pápers, her clóthes, were all lying about the room, in 'most admired disorder.'"

*Exception 3.* The language of pathos, (pity,) tenderness, and beauty,—whether in verse or prose,—takes the 'suspensive', or slight rising inflection, except in the last member of the 'commencing', and the last but one of the 'concluding' 'series', which have the usual 'moderate' rising inflection.

*Ex.:* 1. "No mournful flówers, by weeping fondness laid,  
Nor pink, nor róse, drooped, on his breast displayed."

2. "There rapt in gràtitude, and jòy, and lóve,  
The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon."

3. "There, (in the grave,) vile insects consume the hand  
of the ártist, the brain of the philòsopher, the eye which

\* 'Penultimate' rising inflection, preparatory to the cadence, or closing fall of voice, at the end of a sentence.

† 'Full' falling inflection, for the cadence of a sentence.



sparkled with celestial fire, and the lip from which flowed irresistible eloquence."

*Note 2.* All series, except the plaintive,—as by their form of numbers and repetition, they partake of the nature of 'climax', or increase of signification,—should be read with a growing intensity of voice, and a more prominent inflection on every member.

*Example.* "The splendor of the firmament, the verdure of the earth, the varied colors of the flowers which fill the air with their fragrance, and the music of those artless voices which mingle on every tree; all conspire to captivate our hearts, and to swell them with the most rapturous delight."

This remark applies, sometimes, even to the rising inflection, but, with peculiar force, to cases in which the language is obviously meant to swell progressively in effect, from word to word, or from clause to clause, and which end with a downward slide, on every member, as in the following instance.

"I tell you though *yòu*, though all the *wòrld*, though an angel from *HÈAVEN*, should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it."

**RULE V.** All questions which cannot be answered by *Yes* or *No*, end with the falling inflection.

*Ex.:* 1. "When will you cease to trifle?"

2. "Where can his equal be found?"

3. "Who has the hardihood to maintain such an *assèr* tion?"

4. "Why come not on these victors *pròud*?"

5. "What was the object of his ambition?"

6. "How can such a purpose be *accòmplished*?"

*Exception.* The tone of real or affected surprise, throws such questions, when repeated, into the form of the rising inflection.—*Example.* "How can such a purpose be *accòmplished*!—To the diligent *àll* things are possible."

*Both inflections,—the Rising and the Falling,—in connexion.*

**RULE I.** When negation is opposed to affirmation, the former has the rising, the latter the falling inflection, in whatever order they occur, and whether in the same or in different sentences.

*Examples:* 1. "He did not call *mé*, but *yòu*."

2. "He was esteemed not for *wéalth*, but for *wìsdom*."

3. "Study not for *amúsement*, but for *impròvement*."



4. 'He called yòu, not mé."
5. "He was esteemed for wisdom, not for wéalth."
6. "Study for impròvement, not for amúsement."
7. "This proposal is not a mere idle cómpliment. It proceeds from the sincerest and deepest feelings of our hèarts."
8. "Howard visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of témples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grándeur; not to form a scale of the curiosities of modern árt; not to collect medals or collate mánuscripts; but to dive into the depth of dùngeons; to plunge into the infection of hòspitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pàin; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, dépréssion, and contèpt; to remember the forgòtten, to attend to the neglècted, to visit the forsáken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

*Note.* A similar principle applies to the reading of concessions and of unequal antitheses, or contrasts. In the latter, the less important member has the rising, and the preponderant one, the falling inflection, in whatever part of a sentence they occur, and even in separate sentences.

*Example:* 1. "Science may raise you to éminence. But virtue alone can guide you to hàppiness."

2. "I rather choose  
To wrong the dèad, to wrong myself and yòu,  
Than I will wrong such hónorable men."

*Exception.* When negation is emphatic or preponderant, it takes the falling inflection.—*Example* 1. He may yield to persuásion, but he will never submit to fòrce."—2. "We are troubled on every síde, yet not distrèssed; perpléxed, but not in despàir; pérsecuted, but not forsàken; cast dówn, but not destròyed."

**RULE II.** In question and answer, the falling inflection ends as far below the average level of the sentence, as the rising ends above it. In this way, a certain exact correspondence of sound to sound, in the inflections, is produced, which gives to the full downward slide of the answer, a decisive and satisfactory intonation, as a reply to the rising slide of the question.

*Examples:* 1. "Are they Hébrews?—So am 'I. Are they Ísraelites?—So am 'I."

2. "What would content you, in a political leader?—Tálent? Nò!—Ënterprise? Nò!—Cóurage? Nò!—Répu-

tation? Nò!—\* Virtue? Nò!—The man whom you would select, should possess not óne, but àll of these."

RULE III. When a question consists of two contrasted parts, connected in syntax, by the conjunction *Or*, used in a disjunctive sense, the former has the rising, and the latter, the falling inflection.

*Ex.*: 1. "Does he mean yóu, or mè?"

2. "Is this book yóurs, or mìnè?"

3. "Did you see hím, or his bròther?"

4. "Are the people vírtuous, or vícious; intélligent, or ignorant; áffluent, or ìndigent?"

*Note.* When *Or* is used *conjunctively*, the second inflection does not fall, but rises higher than the first.—*Example.* "Would the influence of the Bible,—even if it were not the record of a divine revelation, be to render princes more tyránical, or subjects more ungóvernable; the rich more ínsolent, or the poor more disórderly; would it make worse párents, or children,—húsbands, or wíves,—másters, or sérvants,—fríends, or néighbors?—or† would it not make men more vírtuous,† and, consequently, more hàppy, in èvery situation?"

#### *Rule on the Circumflex, or Wave.*

The circumflex, or wave, applies to all expressions used in a peculiar sense, or with a double meaning, and to the tones of mockery, sarcasm, and irony.

*Examples*: 1. "You may avoid a quarrel with an íf."—"Your íf is the only peacemaker: much virtue in an íf."

2. "From the very first night,—and to say it I'm bold,—I've been so very hòt, that I'm sure I've caught còld!"

3. "Go hang a cãlfskin on these recreant limbs!"

4. "What a bêautiful piece of work you have made by your carelessness!"

5. "The weights had never been accused of líght conduct."

#### *Rule on the Monotone.*

The tones of grand and sublime description, profound reverence, or awe, of amazement and horror, are marked by the monotone, or perfect level of voice.

\* In successive questions, the rising inflection becomes higher at every stage, unless the last has, as in the above example, the falling inflection of consummating emphasis.

† The last *Or* is used disjunctively, and forms an example to the Rule, and not to the Note.

*Note.* A monotone is always on a lower pitch than the preceding part of a sentence; and, to give the greater effect to its deep solemn note,—which resembles the tolling of a heavy bell,—it sometimes destroys all comma pauses, and keeps up one continuous stream of overflowing sound.

*Exam. 1.* “His form had not yet lost

All her original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess  
Of glory obscured. Ās when the sūn, nēw-risen,  
Lōoks thrōugh the horizōntal mīsty āir,  
Shorn of his béams, ōr from behīnd the mōon,  
In dīm eclīpse, disāstrous twīlight shēds  
On hālf the nātions, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs.”

2. “And I sāw a grēat whīte thrōne and Hīm that sāt on  
it, from whōse fāce the hēavens and the ēārth flēd awāy;  
and there was fōund nō plāce for them.”

3. “Upon my secūre hōur thy ūncle stole,  
With jūice of cūrsed hēbenon in a vīal,  
And in the pōrches of mine ēars did pōur  
The lēperous distīlment: whose effēct  
Hōlds such an ēnmity with blōod of mān,  
That swīft as quīcksilver it cōurses thrōugh  
The natural gātes and ālleys of the bōdy,  
And, with a sūdden vīgor, it doth pōsset  
And cūrd, like ēager drōppings into mīlk,  
The thīn and whōlesome blōod; sō did it mīne;  
And a most īstant tētter barked abōut,  
Most lāzar-like, with vīle and lōathsome crūst,  
All my smōoth bōdy.”

### *Rule on ‘Harmonic’ Inflections.*

‘Harmonic’ inflections,—or those which, in emphatic phrases, are intended to prevent the frequent occurrence of emphasis in the same phrase, from becoming monotonous to the ear,—are applied in clauses of which every word is emphatic, and is marked by a distinct and separate inflection.

*Example* “He has been guilty of one of the most *sháme-ful* ācts || that *éver* *dégràded* | the NÀTURE || or the NÁME || of MÀN.”

*Note.* In such cases the inflections usually alternate, in order to give the more vivid and pungent force to vehement emphasis.



*Rule on Repeated Words, Phrases, and Sentences.*

Words, phrases, and sentences which are repeated for effect, rise higher, or fall lower in inflection, besides increasing in force, at every repetition.

*Example 1.* "From these walls a spirit shall go forth, that shall survive when this edifice, shall be 'like an unsubstantial pageant, faded.' It shall go forth, exulting in, but not abusing, its strength. *It shall go forth*, remembering, in the days of its prosperity, the pledges it gave in the time of its depression. IT SHALL GO FORTH, uniting a disposition to correct abuses, to redress grievances. IT SHALL GO FORTH, uniting the disposition to improve, with the resolution to maintain and defend, by that spirit of unbought affection, which is the chief defence of nations."

2. "What was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to Lafayette his spotless fame?—*The love of liberty*. What has consecrated his memory, in the hearts of good men?—THE LOVE OF LIBERTY. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel?—THE LIVING LOVE OF LIBERTY. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself?—TO THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW."

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EXERCISES ON INFLECTIONS.

RISEING INFLECTION. RULE I.\*—'High Rising Inflection'.—

1. "Há! say you só?"
2. "Whát!—confer a crówn on the author of the public calamities?"
3. "Indéed!—acknowledge a tráitor for our sovereign?"

RULE II. 'Moderate Rising Inflection'.—*Exercise 1.* "In every station which Washington was called to fill, he acquitted himself with honor."

2. "As the evening was now far advánced, the party broke up."

3. "Where your tréasure is, there will your hèart be 'also."

\* The pupil should repeat each rule from memory, before commencing the practice of the exercises adapted to it.

4. "Though we cannot discern the reasons which regulate the occurrence of évén'ts, we may rest assured that nothing can happen without the cognizance of Infinite Wisdom."

5. "Despairing of any way of escape from the perils which surrôunded him, he abandoned his struggles, and gave himself up to what seemed his inevitable doom."

6. "Had I suffered such enormities to pass unpúnished, I should have deemed myself recreant to every principle of justice and of duty."

*Note and Exception.* 'Words and phrases of address'.—*Exercise.* "Listen, Amèricans, to the lesson which seems borne to us on the very air we brèathe, while we perform these dutiful rights.—Ye wìnds, that wafted the pilgrims to the land of pròmisè, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of frèedom! Blood which our fàthers shed, cry from the gròund;—echoing arches of this renowned hàll, whisper back the voices of other dàys;—glorious Wàshington! break the long silence of that votive cànvas;—spèak, spèak, marble lips;—teach us THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW!"

RULE III. *Note.*—'Poetic Series'.—*Example 1.* "Pòwer, vill, sensàtion, mémory, failed in turn."

2 "Oh! the dread mingling, in that awful hour,  
Of all terrific sounds!—the savage tone  
Of the wild hòrn, the cannon's péal, the shower  
Of hissing dàrts, the crash of walls o'erthrówn,  
The dèep, dúll, tàmbour's beat!"

3. "All the while,  
A ceaseless murmur from the populous town,  
Swells o'er these solitudes; a mingled sound  
Of jarring whéels, and iron hoofs that clash  
Upon the stony wàys, and hammer clàng,  
And creak of engines lifting ponderous bùlks,  
And càlls and cries,\* and tread of eager feet  
Innùmerable, hurrying to and frò."

4. "Onward still the remote Pawnee and Mandan will beckon, whither the deer are flying, and the wild horse rôams, where the buffalo rãnges, and the condor sóars,—far towards the waves where the stars plunge at midnight, and amid which bloom those ideal scenes for the persecuted sáv-

\* See foot note on next page.

age, where white men will murder no more for gold,\* nor startle the game upon the sunshine hills."

RULE IV. 'Questions which may be answered by *Yes* or *No*'.—*Exercise* 1. "Has not the patronage of peers increased? Is not the patronage of India now vested in the crown? Are all these innovations to be made to increase the influence of the executive power; and is nothing to be done in favor of the popular part of the constitution, to act as a counterpoise?"

2. "Your steps were hasty;—did you speed for nothing?"

Your breath is scanty;—was it spent for nothing?"

Your looks imply concern;—concern for nothing?"

*Exception.* 'Emphasis'.—*Exercise* 1. "Tell me not of the honor of belonging to a free country.—I ask, does our liberty bear *generous fruits*?"

2. "Was there a village or a hamlet on Massachusetts Bay, which did not gather its hardy seamen to man the gun-decks of your ships of war? Did they not rally to the battle, as men flock to a feast?"

3. "Is there a man among you, so lost to his dignity and his duty, as to withhold his aid at a moment like this?"

RULE V. 'Penultimate Inflection'.—*Exercise* 1. "All is doubt, distrust,\* and disgrace; and, in this instance, rely on it, that the certain and fatal result will be to make Ireland hate the connexion, condemn the councils of England, and despise her power."

2. "I am at a loss to reconcile the conduct of men, who, at this moment, rise up as champions of the East India Company's charter; although the incompetence of that company to an adequate discharge of the trust deposited in them, are themes of ridicule and contempt to all the world; and, although, in consequence of their mismanagement, connivance, and imbecility, combined with the wickedness of their servants, the very name of an Englishman is detested, even to a proverb, through all Asia; and the national character is become disgraced and dishonored."

3. "It will be the duty of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to omit no occasion of commemorating that illustrious man; and, till time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race made in wisdom and in virtue, be de-

\* The penultimate inflection of a concluding series, or of a clause that forms perfect sense, is the same in kind with that which precedes a period, except in verse and poetic prose, which, in long passages of great beauty, retain the suspensive slide.



rived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

*Exception.* 'Emphasis'.—*Exercise 1.* "Let us bless and hallow our dwellings as the homes of freedom. Let us make them, too, the homes of a nobler freedom,—of freedom from vice, from evil passion,—from every corrupting bondage of the soul!"

2. "If guilty, let us calmly abide the results, and peaceably submit to our sentence; but if we are traduced, and really be innocent, tell ministers the truth,—tell them they are tyrants; and strain every effort to avert their oppression."

3. "Heaven has imprinted in the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies,—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking, watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.—In the heart of man lies this lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his eye looks round, in vain, for such another object on earth."

FALLING INFLECTION. RULE I. 'Intensive Downward Slide.  
*Exercise 1.* "UP! all who love me! BLOW *on* BLOW!"

*And lay the outlawed felons LOW!"*

2. "'MACGRÈGOR! MACGRÈGOR!' he bitterly cried."

3. "ON! countrymen, ON!—for the day,—

The proud day of glory,—is come!"

4. "To ARMS! gallant Frenchmen, to ARMS?"

5. "Oh! SHAME on us, countrymen, shame on us ALL!  
If we cringe to so dastard a race!"

6. "TRÈMBLE, ye traitors! whose schemes

Are alike by all parties abhorred,—

TRÈMBLE! for, roused from your parricide dreams,  
Ye shall soon meet your fitting reward!"

RULE II. 'Full' Falling Inflection, in the cadence of a sentence.—*Exercise 1.* "The changes of the year impart a color and character to our thoughts and feelings."

2. "To a lover of nature and of wisdom, the vicissitude of seasons conveys a proof and exhibition of the wise and benevolent contrivance of the Author of all things."

3. "He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' or see the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath, lest she should break its slumbers,—without a veneration beyond all common feeling,—is to be avoided in every intercourse of life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness, and the solitude of the desert."

*Exception.* 'Modified Cadence'.—*Exercise 1.* "This monument is a plain shaft. It bears no inscription, fronting the rising sun, from which the future antiquarian shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noon-day, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart."

2. "I speak not to you, sir, of your own outcast condition.—You perhaps delight in the perils of martyrdom. I speak not to those around me, who, in their persons, their substance, and their families, have endured the torture, poverty, and irremediable dishonor. They may be meek and hallowed men,—willing to endure."

3. "The foundation on which you have built your hopes, may seem to you deep and firm. But the swelling flood, and the howling blast, and the beating rain, will prove it to be but treacherous sand."

*RULE III.* 'Moderate' Falling Inflection, of complete sense.  
*Exercise 1.* "Animal existence is made up of action and slumber: nature has provided a season for each."

2. "Two points are manifest: first, that the animal frame requires sleep; secondly, that night brings with it a silence, and a cessation of activity, which allow of sleep being taken without interruption, and without loss."

3. "Joy is too brilliant a thing to be confined within our own bosoms: it burnishes all nature, and, with its vivid coloring, gives a kind of factitious life to objects without sense or motion."

4. "When men are wanting, we address the animal creation; and, rather than have none to partake our feelings, we find sentiment in the music of birds, the hum of insects, and the low of kine: nay, we call on rocks and streams and forests, to witness and share our emotions."

5. "I have done my duty:—I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country:—I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it, as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust,—as establishing an infamous precedent, by retaliating crime against crime,—as tyrannous,—cruelly and vindictively tyrannous."

*Exception.* 'Plaintive Expression'.

*Exercise 1.* "I see the cloud and the tempest near,  
The voice of the troubled tide I hear;

The torrent of sorrow, the sea of grief,  
The rushing waves of a wretched life."

2. "No deep-mouthed hound the hunter's haunt betrayed,  
No lights upon the shore or waters played,  
No loud laugh broke upon the silent air,  
To tell the wanderers man was nestling there."

3. "The dead leaves strow the forest walk,  
And withered are the pale wild flowers;  
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,  
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers:—  
Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers,  
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines;  
And Autumn, with her yellow hours,  
On hill and plain no longer shines."

4. "What is human life, but a waking dream,—a long reverie,—in which we walk as 'in a vain show, and disquiet ourselves for naught?' In childhood, we are surrounded by a dim, unconscious present, in which all palpable realities seem for ever to elude our grasp; in youth, we are but gazing into the far future of that life for which we are consciously preparing; in manhood, we are lost in ceaseless activity and enterprise, and already looking forward to a season of quiet and repose, in which we are to find ourselves, and listen to a voice within; and in old age, we are dwelling on the shadows of the past,\* and gilding them with the evanescent glow which emanates from the setting sun of life."

RULE IV. and Note 1. '*Simple Commencing Series.*'

Ex. 1. "The old and the young are alike exposed to the shafts of Death."

2. "The healthy, the temperate, and the virtuous, enjoy the true relish of pleasure."

3. "Birth, rank, wealth, learning, are advantages of slight value, if unaccompanied by personal worth."

4. "Gentleness, patience, kindness, candor, and courtesy, form the elements of every truly amiable character."

5. "Sympathy, disinterestedness, magnanimity, generosity, liberality, and self-forgétfulness, are qualities which universally secure the esteem and admiration of mankind."

'*Compound Commencing Series.*'

Exercise 1. "In a rich soil, and under a soft climate, the weeds of luxury will spring up amid the flowers of art."

\* Falling slide of contrast to the preceding clause.



2. "All the wise institutions of the lawgiver, all the doctrines of the sage, all the ennobling strains of the poet, had perished in the ear, like a dream related, if letters had not preserved them."

3. "The dimensions and distances of the planets, the causes of their revolutions, the path of comets, and the ebbing and flowing of tides, are now understood and explained."

4. "The mighty pyramid, half buried in the sands of Africa, has nothing to bring down and report to us, but the power of kings, and the servitude of the people. If asked for its moral object, its admonition,\* its sentiment, its instruction to mankind, or any high end in its erection, it is silent;—silent as the millions which lie in the dust at its base, and in the catacombs which surround it."

5. "Yes,—let me be free;† let me go and come at my own will; let me do business, and make journeys, without a vexatious police or insolent soldiery to watch my steps; let me think, and do, and speak, what I please, subject to no limit but that which is set by the common weal; subject to no law but that which conscience binds upon me; and I will bless my country, and love its most rugged rocks, and its most barren soil."

*Exception 3. 'Poetic and Pathetic Series'.*

*Ex. 1.* "Wheresoe'er thy lot command,  
Brother, pilgrim, stranger,  
God is ever near at hand,  
Golden shield from danger."

2. "Rocks of granite, gates of brass,  
Alps to heaven soaring,  
Bow, to let the wishes pass  
Of a soul imploring."

3. "From the phantoms of the night,  
Dreaming horror, pale affright,  
Thoughts which rack the slumbering breast,

\* All emphatic series, even in suppositive and conditional expression, being, like enumeration, cumulative in effect, and corresponding, therefore, to climax in style, are properly read with a prevailing downward slide in the 'suspensive' or slight form, which belongs to incomplete but energetic expression, and avoids, accordingly, the low inflection of cadence at a period.

† Emphasis, and length of clause, may substitute the 'moderate falling slide for the slight 'suspensive' one. But the tone, in such cases, will still be perfectly free from the descent of a cadence, which belongs only to the period.

Fears which haunt the realm of rest,  
And the wounded mind's remorse,  
And the tempter's secret force,  
Hide us 'neath Thy mercy's shade."

4. "From the stars of heaven, and the flowers of earth,  
From the pageant of power, and the voice of mirth,  
From the mist of the morn on the mountain's brow,  
From childhood's song, and affections' vow;  
From all save that o'er which soul \* bears sway,  
There breathes but one record,—'passing away!'"

5. "When the summer exhibits the whole force of active nature, and shines in full beauty and splendor; when the succeeding season offers its 'purple stores and golden grain,' or displays its blended and softened tints; when the winter puts on its sullen aspect, and brings stillness and repose, affording a respite from the labors which have occupied the preceding months, inviting us to reflection, and compensating for the want of attractions abroad, by fireside delights and home-felt joys; in all this interchange and variety, we find reason to acknowledge the wise and benevolent care of the God of seasons."

6. "in that solemn hour, when exhausted nature can no longer sustain itself, when the light of the eye is waxing dim, when the pulse of life is becoming low and faint, when the breath labors, and the tongue falters, when the shadow of death is falling on all outward things, and darkness is beginning to gather over the faces of the loved ones who are weeping by his bedside, a ray of immortal Hope, is beaming from his features: it is a Christian who is expiring."

*Note 2.—Exercise 1.* 'Repeated and heightening Rising Inflection'. "I ask, will you in silence permit this invasion of your rights, at once wanton, mischievous, uncalled for, and unnecessary? Will you patiently tolerate the annihilation of all freedom,—the appointment of a supreme dictator, who may, at his will, suspend all your rights, liberties, and privileges? Will you, without a murmur of dissent, submit to a tyranny which nearly equals that of the Russian autocrat, and is second to that of Bonaparte\*?"

2. 'Repeated and increasing Falling Inflection'.† "Was

\* The inflection of any clause always lies on the emphatic word; and, if that word is a polysyllable, on the accented syllable chiefly, although not always exclusively.

† This inflection both begins higher, and ends lower, every time it is repeated.

it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals;—was it disease,—was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart;—was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?"

3. "Yes, after he has destroyed my belief in the superintending providence of God,—after he has taught me that the prospect of an hereafter is but the baseless fabric of a vision,—after he has bred and nourished in me a contempt for that sacred volume which alone throws light over this benighted world,—after having argued me out of my faith by his sophistries, or laughed me out of it by his ridicule,—after having thus wrung from my soul every drop of consolation, and dried up my very spirit within me;—yes, after having accomplished this in the season of my health and my prosperity, the skeptic would come to me while I mourn, and treat me like a drivelling idiot, whom he may sport with, because he has ruined me, and to whom, in the plenitude of his compassion,—too late, and too unavailing,—he may talk of truths in which he himself does not believe, and which he has long exhorted me, and has at last persuaded me, to cast away as the dreams and delusions of human folly."

### *Simple Concluding Series.*

*Exercise 1.* "It is a subject interesting alike to the old, and to the young."

2. "Nature, by the very disposition of her elements, has commanded, as it were, and imposed upon men, at moderate intervals, a general intermission of their toils, their occupations, and their pursuits."

3. "The influence of true religion, is mild, and soft, and noiseless, and constant, as the descent of the evening dew on the tender herbage, nourishing and refreshing all the amiable and social virtues; but enthusiasm is violent, sudden rattling as a summer shower rooting up the fairest flowers and washing away the richest mould, in the pleasant garden of society."

### *Compound Concluding Series.*

*Exercise 1.* "The winter of the good man's age is cheered with pleasing reflections on the past, and bright hopes of the future."

2. "It was a moment replete with joy, amazement, and anxiety."



3. "Nothing would tend more to remove apologies for inattention to religion, than a fair, impartial, and full account of the education, the characters, the intellectual processes, and the dying moments of those who offer them."

4. "Then it would be seen, that they had gained by their skepticism no new pleasures, no tranquillity of mind, no peace of conscience during life, and no consolation in the hour of death."

5. "Well-doing is the cause of a just sense of elevation of character; it clears and strengthens the spirits; it gives higher reaches of thought; it widens our benevolence, and makes the current of our peculiar affections swift and deep."

6. "A distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, was sometimes a theme of speculation.—How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south\*; diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!"

*Exception 1.*—'Disconnected Series'.—*Exercise 1.* "Youth, in the fulness of its spirits, defers religion to the sobriety of manhood; manhood, encumbered with cares, defers it to the leisure of old age; old age, weak and hesitating, is unable to enter on an untried mode of life."

2. "Let me prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty."

3. "Religion will grow up with you in youth, and grow old with you in age; it will attend you, with peculiar pleasure, to the hovels of the poor, or the chamber of the sick; it will retire with you to your closet, and watch by your bed, or walk with you, in gladsome union, to the house of God; it will follow you beyond the confines of the world, and dwell with you for ever, in heaven, as its native residence."

\* Accidental 'falling' inflection, for contrast.

'Emphatic Series'.—*Exercise 1.* "Assemble in your parishes, villages, and hamlets. Resolve,—petition,—address."

2. "This monument will speak of patriotism and courage; of civil and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind; and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country."

3. "I have roamed through the world, to find hearts nowhere warmer than those of New England, soldiers nowhere braver, patriots nowhere purer, wives and mothers nowhere truer, maidens nowhere lovelier, green valleys and bright rivers nowhere greener or brighter; and I will not be silent, when I hear her patriotism or her truth questioned with so much as a whisper of detraction."

4. "What is the most odious species of tyranny? That a handful of men, free themselves, should execute the most base and abominable despotism over millions of their fellow-creatures; that innocence should be the victim of oppression; that industry should toil for rapine; that the harmless laborer should sweat, not for his own benefit, but for the luxury and rapacity of tyrannic depredation:—in a word, that thirty millions of men, gifted by Providence with the ordinary endowments of humanity, should groan under a system of despotism, unmatched in all the histories of the world."

*Exception 3.*—'Poetic Series'.

*Ex. 1.* "He looks in boundless majesty abroad,  
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,  
High-gleaming from afar."

2. "Round thy beaming car,  
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance  
Harmonious knit, the rosy-fingered Hours,  
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,  
Of bloom ethereal, the light-footed Dew,  
And, softened into joy, the surly Storms."

3. "Hear him compare his happier lot, with *his*  
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,  
A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow  
Beats in his face, and dubious of his paths,  
He stops and thinks, in every lengthening blast,  
He hears some village mastiff's distant howl,  
And sees far streaming, some lone cottage light;  
Then, undeceived, upturns his streaming eyes,  
And clasps his shivering hands, or, overpowered

Sinks on the frozen ground, weighed down with sleep,  
From which the hapless wretch shall never wàke."

4. "There was neither trée, nor shrúb, nor fiéld, nor hóuse, nor living créatures, nor visible remnant of what human hands had réared."

5. "And I, creature of clay, like those here cast aróund, I travel through life, as I do on this róad, with the remains of past generations strewed along my trembling páth; and, whether my journey last a few hours more or less, must still, like those here deposited, shortly rejoin the silent tenants of some cluster of tómb's, and be stretched out by the side of some already sleeping corpse."

RULE V.—[No separate exercises on this rule are deemed necessary; as it is so fully illustrated in the examples to the rule.]

*Both Inflections, in connexion.*

RULE I.—*Exercise 1.* "It is not a parchment pédigree,—it is not a name derived from the ashes of dead men, that make the only charter of a kíng. Englishmen were but slàves, if, in giving crown and sceptre to a mortal like ourselves, we ask not, in return, the kingly virtues."

2. "The true enjoyments of a reasonable being do not consist in unbounded indùlgence,\* or luxurious éase, in the tumult of pássions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amúsements. Yielding to immóral pleasures corrúpts the mind; living to animal and trísfling ones, debàses it: both, in their degree, disqualify it for genuine góod, and consign it over to wrèchedness."

3. "What constitutes a state?—

Not high raised báttlements, or labored móund,

Thick wáll, or moated gáte;

Not clíes proud, with spires and túrrets crowned,

Not báys and broad-armed pórts,

Where, laughing at the storm, proud návies ride;

Not starred and spangled cóurts,—

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride!

No!—mèn,—high-minded MÈN,—

Men who their dúties know,

But know their ríghts, and, knowing, dare maintàin."

*Note.* 'Concession and Unequal Antithesis.'

*Ex.* "The clouds of adversity may darken over the Christian's

\* The penultimate inflection falls, when a sentence ends with the rising slide



páth. But he can look up with filial trust to the guardian care of a beneficent Fàther."

2. "I admit that the Greeks excelled in acuteness and versatility of mind. But, in the firm and manly traits of the Roman character, I see something more nòble,—more worthy of admiràtion."

3. "We war against the lèaders of evil,—not against the helpless tóols: we war against our opprèssors,—not against our misguided bréthren."

4. "Still, still, for ever  
Better, though each man's life blood were a river,  
That it should flow, and òverflow, than creep  
Through thousand lazy channèls in our véins,  
Dammed, like the dull canal, with locks and cháins,  
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,  
Three paces, and then faltering: better be  
Where the extinguished Spàrtans still are free,  
In their proud charnel of Thermòpylæ,  
Than stagnate in our mársh."

*Exception.* 'Emphatic Negation'.

*Exercise 1.* "I'll keep them all;

He shall not have a Scòt of them;

Nò, if a Scot would save his sòul, he shall not."

2. "Do not descend to your graves with the disgraceful censure, that you suffered the liberties of your country to be taken away, and that you were mùtes as well as còwards. Come forward, like mèn: protèst against this atrocious at-tèpt."

3. "I am not sounding the trumpet of wàr There is no man who more sincerely deprecates its calamities, than I do."

4. "Rest assured that, in any case, we shall not be willing to rank làst in this generous contest. You may depend on us for whatever heart or hand can dò, in so noble a cause."

5. "I will cheerfully concede every reasonable demand, for the sake of péace. But I will not submit to dictation."

RULE II. 'Question and Answer'.—*Exercise 1.* "Do you think these yells of hostility will be forgòtten?—Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted còuntry, that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hílls?—Oh! they *will* be heard there:—yès, and they will nòt be forgotten."

2. "I will say, what have any classes of you, in Ireland, to hope from the French? Is it your próperty you wish to pre-

serve?—Look to the example of Hòlland; and see how that nation has preserved its property by an alliance with the French! Is it indepèndence you court?—Look to the example of unhappy Switzerland: see to what a state of servile abasement that once manly territory has fallen, under France! Is it to the establishment of Catholicity that your hopes are directed?—The conduct of the First Consul, in subverting the power and authority of the Pòpe, and cultivating the friendship of the Mussulman in Egypt, under a bòast of that subversion, proves the fallacy of such a reliance.—Is it civil liberty\* you require?—Look to France itself, crouching under despotism, and groaning beneath a system of slavery, unparalleled by whatever has disgraced or insulted àny nation."

3. "Shall I be left forgotten, in the dust,

When Fate, relenting, lets the flówer revive?

Shall Nature's voice,—to man alone unjust,—

Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to líve?

Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive

With disappóintment, pénury, and páin?

Nò: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arríve,

And man's majestic beauty bloom agàin,

Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant rèign."

RULE III. 'Disjunctive "Or"'.—*Exercise 1.* "Will you rise like men, and firmly assert your ríghts, or will you tamely submit to be tràmpled on?"

2. "Did the Romans, in their boasted introduction of civilization, act from a principle of humane interest in the welfare of the wórld? Or did they not rather proceed on the greedy and selfish policy of aggrandizing their own nàtion, and extending its domìnion?"

3. "Do virtuous hábits, a high standard of morálicity, proficiency in the arts and embellishments of lífe, depend upon physical formátion, or the látitude in which we are pláced? —† Do they not depend upon the civil and religious institutions which distinguish the country?"

[The remaining rules on 'inflection,' as they are of less frequent application, are thought to be sufficiently illustrated by the examples appended to each rule. A repetition of these, however, may be useful, as an exercise in review.]

\* In paragraphs constructed like the above, the successive questions rise one above another, in inflection, so as at last to reach a very high note.

† The above rule applies to cases in which the conjunction *Or* is, or may be, understood.



## § IX.—JUST STRESS.

The next characteristic of good reading and speaking, is just 'stress'. This word,—as used by Dr. Rush, in his Philosophy of the voice,—is meant to designate a peculiar modification of force, which distinguishes speech from music. A long drawn musical sound has its most forcible part,—in consequence of 'swell' and 'diminish',—at the middle portion of the note. The tones of speech on the contrary,—although, in a few cases, they approach to this mode of voice,—usually have the chief force of each sound at the opening or the closing part. In music, the increase of force is, comparatively, gradual; in speech and reading, it is frequently abrupt. To these distinctive modes of voice the term 'stress' is applied.

To understand the application of this term, in detail, it becomes necessary to advert to the mode of creating vocal sounds. In vocal music, the result is obtained by full 'inspiration', (inhaling or drawing in the breath,) and, comparatively slight 'expiration', (giving forth the breath.) In this mode, much breath is drawn in, much retained, or withheld, and little given out at a time; and thus are produced those smooth, pure, and gradually increasing tones, which are appropriate to music,—all the breath that is given forth, being converted into sound, and none escaping, that is not vocalized. In notes of very short duration, singing and speech are, it is true, brought nearer to a resemblance. But this resemblance is more apparent than real; as may be observed in the execution of every good singer, which, in the most rapid passages, still produces the genuine effect of song, as differing from speech. The resemblance is owing solely to the brevity of sound, in such cases, which does not afford time for broad and marked distinctions to be drawn by the ear.

The modes of voice which constitute speech, or are exemplified in reading, are the following:

I. RADICAL STRESS. This form of force includes two modes,—'explosion' and 'expulsion'.

1. 'Explosion' is an abrupt and instantaneous burst of voice,—as, for example, in violent *anger*.

This, being an instinctive, unconscious, involuntary, impulsive emotion, does not allow time or disposition for any intentional or deliberate effect, but makes the creation of vocal sound seem an irrepressible, spontaneous, electric production of nature, lying equally out of the reach of the understanding and the will. This tone has its contrast in the deep, calm, and regular swell of the tone of *reverence*, or the ample volume, and deliberate force, of conscious *authority* and *command*, in which the speaker is self-possessed and self-directed, and controls his vocal effects for purposes understood or felt.



Contrast, for instance, the following angry shout of Douglas when enraged by the defiance of Marion, with the examples of *reverential invocation* and *authoritative command*, which occur in subsequent paragraphs.

*Example of 'Explosion'.*

"UP DRÀWBRIDGE! GROOM! What, WARDER, HÒ!  
Let the PORTCÜLLIS FALL!"

The sounds of all the accented vowels, in this style, fall upon the ear with an instantaneous, clear, sharp, abrupt, and cutting force, at the initial or 'radical' part of each.

2. 'Expulsion',—a conscious, intentional, and deliberate force, coming upon the ear with great power; as, for example, in the language of *authoritative command*.

*Example of 'Expulsion'.*

"Vànguard! to right and left the front unfold!"

In this style, bold and forcible as it is, and even sudden as is its commencement, the accented vowels do not startle the ear with the abrupt shock of the tone of anger, exemplified above. There is a partial, though very brief, swell, perceptible, in the 'radical', or initial part, of each sound.—Both of the preceding examples are classed under the head of 'radical' stress; as their chief force lies in the 'radical', or first part of each sound.

II. MEDIAN STRESS. This mode of force is exhibited in,

1. 'Effusion',—a moderate, gentle, and gradual swelling of tone,—as, for example, in the calm and tranquil utterance of *reverential feeling*, in which no disturbing impulse agitates or forces out the breath, but the voice, somewhat as in music, glides out, with a smooth effusive stream of sound, enlarging as it flows, but never bursting out into irregular violence.

*Example of 'Effusion'.*

"But chiefly Thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer,  
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou know'st."

The 'effusive' style avoids every thing abrupt or sudden in the formation of sound, and swells gradually to its 'acmé', (chief point,) at the middle of each sound,—in the manner of music; and from this point 'diminishes', or decreases, to the close. This species of 'stress' is accordingly denominated 'median',—from the word *medium*, or middle.

2. 'Suppression',—a powerful force of 'explosion' or 'expulsion', kept down, in the very act of giving forth the voice, and converted into the 'median' form, as in the case of a person communicating, in great earnestness of feeling, with an-

other, standing at a distance, and yet exceedingly anxious not to be heard by a third person, still farther off,—or, as in the tone of extreme earnestness, uttered by the watcher in the chamber of a sick person.

*Examples of 'Suppression'.*

1. "Hark! James, listen! for I must not speak loud. I do not wish John to hear what I am saying!"

2. "Step softly! speak low! make no noise!"

This mode of voice may be termed a 'half whisper'; it is the 'aspirated' and 'impure' tone, which lies half way between the ordinary tone of the voice and a whisper. It is caused by allowing a vast quantity of breath, not 'vocalized', to rush out along with the sound of the voice. It is, in fact, 'explosion', or 'expulsion', merged, as it were, or drowned, in a stream of 'aspiration', and made to assume the style of 'median stress'.

III. VANISHING STRESS. Besides the 'radical', or initial, and the 'median', or middle, 'stress', there is also a 'vanishing', or final 'stress', which begins softly, swells onward, and bursts out suddenly, and leaves off abruptly, at the very close of a sound, as in the jerking termination of the tone of *impatient feeling*.

Thus, in the language of maddened impatience, as uttered by Queen Constance, in her frenzy of grief and disappointment, at the overthrow of all her hopes for her son, in consequence of the peace formed between France and England:

*Example of 'Vanishing Stress'.*

"War! war!—no peace: peace is to me a war!"

In tones of this class, the voice withholds its force, and delays the explosion or expulsion, till the last moment of the emphatic sound, and then throws it out with an abrupt, wrenching force, which resembles that of a stone suddenly jerked from the hand. This species of stress, as it lies at the 'vanish', or last point, of a sound, is termed 'vanishing stress'.

IV. COMPOUND STRESS. The designation of 'compound stress', is applied to that mode of forming tones, which throws out the force of the voice in such a manner as to mark, with great precision, the 'radical' and the 'vanish', or the beginning and the end, of each accented or emphatic sound.

Thus, in the tone of *surprise*, which is marked by a bold, 'upward slide', beginning very low, and ending very high, the voice strikes with peculiar force on the first and last points of the slide, in order to stamp it more distinctly on the ear, as the vehicle of intense emotion. A striking example again occurs in the language of Queen

Constance, in the situation mentioned before, when overwhelmed with astonishment at the news she has just received.

*Example of 'Compound Stress'.*

"Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !  
Gone to be friends !"

V. THOROUGH STRESS. This designation is applied to that species of force, which marks all the forms of 'stress', 'radical', 'median', and 'vanishing', with intense power, on the same sound ; so as to cause the character of all to be deeply felt, as in a bold *shout*, or any other very impressive form of voice, which indicates intense emotion.

*Example of 'Thorough Stress'.*

"Awake ! arise ! or be for ever fallen !"

In this shout of the arch-fiend to his fallen host, the tone, it will be perceived, is not that of mere volume or quantity, of mere loudness or physical force, as in the mechanical act of calling, or the voice of a public crier. It has the wide 'falling inflection' of *authority* and *command*, and the forcible 'radical' stress and 'expulsive' utterance of *courage* ; and to preserve the effect of all these, it must not only begin and close vividly, but exhibit a 'median' 'swell', and a distinct 'vanish'. It must, in other words, give distinctive force and character to the beginning, the middle, and the end of each accented sound.

VI. INTERMITTENT STRESS, OR TREMOR. The 'tremor', (trembling,) or 'intermittent' stress, takes place in the utterance of all those emotions which *enfeeble* the voice, by their overpowering effect on feeling ; as, for example, in *fear* and *grief*, and sometimes *joy*, when extreme. This mode of utterance characterizes, also, the feeble voice of age, or the tone of a person shivering with cold.







Examples of the former will be found in the section on 'Expressive Tones'. Of the latter we have instances in the language, both of the old woman and the farmer, in Wordsworth's ballad, 'Goody Blake and Harry Gill'.

*Examples of Tremor.*

1. "She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,  
While Harry held her by the arm,—  
[Tremor] { 'God ! who art never out of hearing,  
Oh ! may he never more be warm !'"
2. "No word to any man he utters,  
Abed or up, to young or old ;  
But ever to himself he mutters,  
[tr.] 'Poor Harry Gill is very cold !'"



The following characters may be used to express the different forms of 'stress':

'Explosive radical',		'Expulsive radical',	
'Median',		'Vanishing',	
'Compound',		'Thorough',	
'Tremor',	- - - - -		

### § X.—EXPRESSIVE TONES.

The word 'tone', in elocution, may be used, as in music to signify the interval which exists in successive sounds of the voice, as they occur in the gamut, or musical scale. But it is commonly used as equivalent, nearly, to the term 'expression', in music, by which is meant the mode of voice as adapted, or not adapted, to *feeling*. Thus we speak of the 'tones' of passion,—of a 'false' tone,—of a 'school' tone.

Every tone of the voice implies, 1. a certain 'force', or quantity', of sound;—2. a particular 'note', or 'pitch';—3. a given 'time', or 'movement';—4. a peculiar 'stress';—5. a special 'quality', or character;—6. a predominating 'inflection'. Thus, the tone of *awe*, has a 'very soft force', a 'very low pitch', a 'very slow movement', 'median stress', and 'pectoral quality', or that deep murmuring resonance, which makes the voice seem as it were partially muffled in the chest, together with a partial 'monotone', prevailing at the opening of every clause, and every sentence. All these properties belong to the natural utterance of *awe*; take away any one, and the effect of emotion is lost,—the expression sounds deficient to the ear.

[xx] Example 1. "The bēll | strīkes | òne.—We tāke  
[o.o] nō nōte of tīme,  
[=] But frōm its lōss: to gīve it, thēn, a tōngue,  
[m.s.] Is wīse | in mān. As if an àngel | spoke ||  
[p.q.] I fēcl the sōlemn sòund. If hēard arīght,  
\* It is the knēll of my depàrted hòurs.  
Whēre àre they?—With the yēars beyōnd the fìlood."

\* These marks indicate [xx] 'very soft,' [o.o] 'very low', [=] 'very slow'; [m. s.] 'median stress'; [p. q.] 'pectoral quality'. See *Key to the Notation of 'Expressive Tone'*, on next page.

The first five of the properties of voice which have been enumerated, are the ground of the following classification and notation.

### KEY TO THE NOTATION OF 'EXPRESSIVE TONE.'

#### 'Force'.

[I] 'loud'; [II] 'very loud'; [x] 'soft'; [xx] 'very soft';  
 < ] 'increase'; > ] 'decrease'.

#### 'Pitch'.

[°] 'high'; [°°] 'very high'; [o] 'low'; [oo] 'very low'.

#### 'Key'.

[#] 'lively',—(full tone); [b] 'plaintive',—('semitone').

#### 'Time'.

[v] 'quick'; [v v] 'very quick'; [—] 'slow'; [=] 'very slow'.

#### 'Stress'.\*

[r. s.] 'radical stress'; [m. s.] 'median stress'; [v. s.] 'vanishing stress'; [c. s.] 'compound stress'; [th. s.] 'thorough stress'; [s. s.] 'suppressed stress'; [tr.] 'tremor'; [ef. s.] 'effusive stress'; [expul. s.] 'expulsive stress'; [explo. s.] 'explosive stress'. Or the characters on p. 58 may be substituted.

#### 'Quality'.†

[h. q.] 'harsh quality'; [sm. q.] 'smooth quality'; [a. q.] 'aspirated quality'; [pu. t.] 'pure tone'; [p. q.] 'pectoral quality'; [g. q.] 'guttural quality'; [o. q.] 'oral quality'; [oro. q.] 'orotund quality'.

#### Combinations.

[h. g. q.] 'harsh guttural quality'; [sm. p. q.] 'smooth pectoral quality', &c

The above Key, though, at first sight, intricate, will occasion no serious difficulty to students who have read attentively the Sections on 'Stress' and 'Quality.' The notation will be found of great service, not only by suggesting appropriate 'expression', which a young reader might otherwise overlook, but by enabling the pupil to prepare for the exercise of reading or declaiming, by previous study and practice.

It is a humiliating fact, that, in many schools, the sublimest and most beautiful strains of poetry,—take, for example, Milton's invocation, "Hail holy Light!"—are, from the neglect of 'expressive tone', called out in the same voice with which a clerk repeats the number or the mark on a bale of goods, or read with the 'free and easy' modulation of a story told by the fireside,—or perhaps, with

\* See § IX. 'STRESS'.

† See § I. 'QUALITY'.

the pompous mouthing of the juvenile hero of a 'spouting club', with the languishing tone of a sick person, or with the suppressed, half-whispering utterance of a conscious culprit.

The notation of 'expression' has been adopted with a view to the early formation of correct habit.

#### RULES ON EXPRESSIVE TONE.

RULE I. The tones of *anger*, *vexation*, *alarm*, *fear*, and *terror*, have an utterance 'extremely loud, high, and quick', 'abrupt', and 'explosive',—or, sometimes marked by 'expulsive' and by 'vanishing' stress,—an 'aspirated', 'harsh', and 'guttural' voice, and are characterized, throughout, by the 'falling inflection'.

##### *Example of Anger.*

"He hath *disgràced* me, and hindered me of *half*  
*a million*; *laughed* at my *lòsses*, *mocked* at my *gàins*,  
*scorned* my *nàtion*, *thwarted* my *bàrgains*, *cooled* my  
*frìends*, *heated* mine *ènemies*: and *what's his rèa-*  
 5 *son*? I AM A JÈW.—Hath not a *Jew éyes*, hath not  
 a *Jew hánds*, *órgans*, *diménsions*, *sénses*, *afféctions*,  
*pássions*? *fed* with the same *fóod*, *hurt* with the  
 same *wéapons*, *subject* to the same *diséases*, *healed* by  
 the same *méans*, *warmed* and *cooled* by the same *wìn-*  
 10 *ter and summer* as a *CHRÍSTIAN* is?"

##### *Vexation.*

"*Sáy* you so? *sáy* you so?—I say unto you  
 again, you are a *shàllow*, *cówardly*, *hìnd*, and you  
*liè*. Our *plot* is a *good plot* as ever was *làid*; our  
*frìends true* and *CÒNSTANT*; a *GÒOD PLOT*, *good*  
 5 *frìends*, and *full of expectàtion*: an *ÈXCELLENT plot*,  
*VÈRY good frìends*. What a *FRÒSTY-SPIRITED rogue*  
 is *this*!—An I were now *by* this rascal, I could *brain*  
 him with his *LADY'S FÀN*.—*Oh*! I could *DIVÌDE* my-  
 self, and go to *BUFFETS*, for moving such a *DISH* of  
 10 *SKIMMED MÌLK* with so *honorable an àction*!"

##### *Alarm.*

"Strike on the *tìnder*, *HÒ*!  
 Give me a *TÀPER*; *call up all my PÈOPLE*!  
 Get *MÒRE tapers*;  
*Raise all my KÌNDRED*!—  
 5 *Call up my BRÒTHER*!—  
*Some | ÓNE way, some ANÒTHER*!  
 Get *WÈAPONS*, *HÒ*!  
 And *raise some special officers of nìght*!"



*Fear.*

- "Oh! SÀVE me, Hubert, SÀVE me: my eyes are OUT,  
 Even with the fierce LOOKS of these bloody men!  
*Alàs!* what need you be so boisterous rough?  
 I will not strúggles,—I will STAND | STÓNE | STÍLL.  
 5 For HÈAVEN's sake, Hubert! let me not be BÓUND!  
 Nay, HÈAR me, Hubert! drive these mén away,  
 And I will sit as quiet as a LÀMB;  
 I will not stìr, nor wìnce, nor speak a wòrd,  
 Nor LOOK | upon the irons | ángerly;  
 10 Thrust but these mén away, and I'll FORGÌVE you,  
 Whatèver torments you do put me to."

*Terror.*

- "AWÀKE! AWÀKE!—  
 RING the ALARUM BELL: MÙRDER! and TRÈASON!  
 BÀNQUO, and DONALBÀIN! MÀLCOLM! AWÀKE?  
 Shake off this downy slèèp, death's counterfeit,  
 5 And look on death itsèlf!—UP! UP! and see  
 The great DÒM's image!—MÀLCOLM! BÀNQUO!  
 As from your GRÀVES rise up, and walk like sprìghts,  
 To còuntenance this horror!"

RULE II. *Wonder* and *astonishment* are expressed by 'loud, high, and slow utterance'; 'vanishing stress'; 'aspirated' and slightly 'guttural' 'quality'; and prolonged 'downward slide'. —*Astonishment* exceeds *wonder*, in the degree of these properties.

*Example of Wonder.*

- "What is 't?—a spírit?  
 Sèe! how it looks abòut! Believe me, sir,  
 It carries a bràve form!—but 't is a spírit!—  
 I might call him  
 5 A thing divíne; for nothing natural  
 I ever saw so nòble!"

*Astonishment.*

- "Alonzo. What hàrmony is this?—my good friends,  
 HÀRK!  
 Gonzalo. Màrvellous sweet music!  
 Alon. Give us kind kèepers, HÈAVENS!—What were  
 5 THÈSE?  
 Sebastian. A living dròllery! Now I will believe

That there are *unicorns*: that, in Arabia,  
There is *one trèe*, the *phœnix' throne*; *one phœnix*  
At this hour *rèigning there*.

- 10 *Antonio.* I'll believe *bòth*;  
And what does *èlse* want credit, come to *mè*,  
And I'll be *sworn 't is TRÙE*."

*Note.* *Amazement*, when it does not go to the utmost extreme, has a louder, but lower and slower utterance, than *astonishment*: the other properties of voice are of the same description as those expressed in astonishment, but increased in degree.

*Amazement.*

"*Gon.* I' the name of something hòly, sir; why stand you  
In this *strange stàre* ?

[.] *Alonzo.* Oh! it is MÒNSTROUS! MÒNSTROUS!  
Methought, the *billows* spoke, and *tòld* me of it;

- 5 The WÌNDS did sing it to me; and the THÙNDER,  
*That deep and dreadful organ-pipe* pronounced  
The name of PRÒSPER; it did *bàss* my *trèsspass*!"

RULE III. *Horror* and *extreme amazement* have a 'softened 'force', an extremely 'low' note, and 'slow' movement, a 'suppressed stress', a deep 'aspirated pectoral quality' and a prevailing 'monotone'.

*Example of Horror.*

"Nōw, o'er the òne hālf wōrld  
Nāture sēems dèad; and wicked drēams abùse  
The cūrtained slēeper; witchcraft cēlebrates  
Pāle Hēcate's òfferings; and wīthered mūrder,  
5 Alārumed by his sēntinel, the wōlf,  
Whose hōwl's his wāch, thūs with his stēalthy pāce,  
With Tārquin's rāvishing strīdes, towards his design  
Mōves like a ghòst.—[.] Thōu sūre and fīrm-set ēarth  
Hēar not my stēps which wāy they wālk, for fēar  
10 The vērý stōnes prāte of my whēreabouts,  
And tāke the prēsēt hōrror from the tīme,  
Which nōw sūits with it."

*Extreme Amazement.*

“Oh! answer me:

- Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell  
 Whȳ thȳ canōnized bōnes, hēarsed in death,  
 Have bŭrst their cèrements! whȳ the sēpulchre,  
 5 Wherein we sȳw thee quietly inŭrned,  
 Hath ōped his pōnderous and mārble jāws,  
 To cāst thee ūp again! [◦◦] Whāt mȳ thīs mēan,  
 That thōu, dēad cōrse, agāin, in cōmplete stēel  
 Revisit'st thūs the glimpses of the mōon,  
 10 Māking nīght hīdeous; and we fōols of nāture,  
 So hōrribly to shāke our dīspōsītion,  
 With thōughts beyōnd the rēaches of our sòuls?”

RULE IV. *Awe* has usually a ‘suppressed’ force, a ‘very low’ note, and a ‘very slow’ movement. *Solemnity*, *reverence*, and *sublimity*, have a ‘moderate’ force, a ‘low’ note, and a ‘slow movement’.—All four of these emotions are uttered with ‘effusive median stress’, and deep, but ‘pure’, ‘pectoral quality’; together with a prevalent ‘monotone’.

*Note.* When great force is expressed in the language, the tone becomes ‘loud’ in *awe*.

*Example of Awe.*

- “O Thōu unŭtterable Pōtentate!  
 Through nāture's vāst extēnt, sublīmely grēat!—  
 But hēre, on thēse gīgāntic mountains, hēre,  
 Thy grēatness, glōry, wīsdōm, strēngth, and spīrit,  
 5 In tērrible sublīmity appēar!  
 Thȳ āwe-impōsing vōice is hēard,—we hēar it'—  
 The Almīghty's fēarful vōice: attēnd! It brēaks  
 The sīlence, and in sōlemn wārning spēaks.  
 Thou breathēst! [◦◦—] fōrest ōaks of cēnturies  
 10 Tŭrn their ūprōoted trŭnks tōwārd's the skīes.  
 Thou thŭnderest! [◦◦=] adamāntine mōuntains brēak,  
 Trēmble, and tōtter, and apārt are rīven!  
 [◦◦] At Gōd's almīghty wīll,  
 The affrīghted wōrld fālls hēadlong frōm its sphēre!  
 15 Plānets, and sŭns, and sȳstems dīssapēar!”

*Solemnity.*

“Fāther! thȳ hānd  
 Hath rēared thēse vēnerable cōlŭmns; Thou  
 Didst wēave thīs vērdant rōof. Thōu didst lōok dōwn



- Upon the nāked ēarth, and, fōrthwith, rōse  
 5 All thēse fāir rānks of trēes. Thēy, in th̄ sūn,  
 Būdded, and shōok their grēen lēaves in th̄ brēeze,  
 And shōt tōwards hēaven. The century-living crōw,  
 Whose bīrth was in their tóps, grew old and died  
 Among their brānches, tīll, at lāst, they stood,  
 10 As nōw they stānd, māssey and tāll and dārk,  
 Fīt shrīne for hūmble wōrshipper to hold  
 Commūnion with his Māker !”

*Reverence.*

- “ Oh ! let me ōften to thēse sōlitudes  
 Retīre, and in Th̄ prēsence reassūre  
 My fēeble vīrtue. Hēre, its ēnemies,  
 The pāssions, at thy plāiner fōotsteps shrīnk  
 5 And trēmbles, and are still.  
 [xx . . = ] Be it ōurs to mēditate,  
 In thēse cālm shādes, Thy mīlder mājesty,  
 And, to the bēautiful ōrder of Th̄ wōrks,  
 Lēarn to confōrm the ōrder of our līves !”

*Sublimity.*

- “ Hāil ! hōly Līght, ōffspring of hēaven fīrst bōrn,—  
 Or, of the Etērnal, cōeternal bèam  
 May I exprēs thee unblāmed ? since Gōd is Līght,  
 And nēver but in unapprōached līght  
 5 Dwēlt from etērnity,—dwēlt then in thēe,  
 Brīght ēffluence of brīght ēssence incrēate ;  
 Or hēarst thōu, rāther, pūre ethēreal strēam,  
 Whōse fōuntain whō shall tēll ? Bēfōre the sūn,  
 Before the hēavens thou wert, and, at the vōice  
 10 Of Gōd, as with a māntle, didst invēst  
 The rīsing wōrld of wāters, dārk and dēep,  
 Wōn from the vōid and fōrmless infinite.”

RULE V. *Revenge* is ‘loud’ and ‘low’ in utterance : when deliberate, it is ‘slow’,—when violent, it is ‘quick’: it has the ‘median stress’; and ‘aspirated’ ‘pectoral’ and ‘guttural quality’, combined. It is marked by a prevalent ‘downward slide’.

*Example 1.*

“ ÒN them, HUSSARS !—Now give them REIN and HÈEL !  
 Think of the ORPHANED CHİLD, the MURDERED SİRE :

*Earth* cries for BLOOD,—[11] in 'THUNDER on them  
WHÈEL!

5 *This hour* to Europe's fate shall set the TRIUMPH SEAL!"

2. *Shylock*. "There I have *anòther* bad match: a  
BÀNKRUP'T, a PRÒDIGAL, who dare scarce *show* his  
*head* on the Riàlto; —a BÈGGAR, that used to come  
so *smug* upon the màrt: *let him look to his* BÒND:

5 he was wont to call me ÛSURER; LET HIM LOOK TO  
HIS BÒND: he was wont to lend money for a  
CHRISTIAN CÒURTESY: LET HIM LOOK  
TO HIS BÒND!"

RULE VI. *Scorn* is characterized by 'loudness', by drawling 'slowness', and a tone which, in the emphatic words, begins on a 'high' and slides to a 'low' note; by 'thorough stress', and often, a laughing 'tremor', making the beginning, the middle, and the end, of every emphatic sound, distinct, and prominent, and cutting to the ear. The 'quality' of the voice in this tone, is strongly 'aspirated', but not 'guttural': the 'inflection' is usually 'falling', but, sometimes, becomes the 'wave', or 'circumflex'.

*Example 1.*

"*Thou* SLÀVE, THOU WRÈTCH, THOU CÒW-  
ARD!

*Thou* little vâliant, great in vîllany!

*Thou* ever stròng upon the strònger sîde!

5 *Thou* FÒRTUNE'S champion, that dost nêver fîght  
But when her hûmorous lâdyship is by  
To teach thee sâfety!"

2. "*Pàle*, TRÈMBLING, CÒWARD!—[*Tremor.*]  
*thère* I throw my gâge:

By *thât*, and all the rights of knighthood *èlse*,  
Will I make gòod against thee, arm to ARM,

5 What I have spòke, or thou canst worse *devise*."

RULE VII. *Indignation* is marked by full 'loudness', 'low' note, and deliberate 'slowness'; a swelling 'median stress'; and the effect arising from the blending of 'pectoral' and 'guttural' tone, to all the extent consistent with 'pure' 'orotund', in vehement style. The characteristic inflection is uniformly 'falling'.

*Exam.* "In this complicated crisis of *dànger*,  
*wéakness*, and *calàmity*, terrified and insulted by

- the *neighboring powers*, unable to act in America, or acting only to be DESTROYED, WHERE || is the  
 5 MAN || who will venture to flatter us with the hope of success from *perseverance* in measures productive of *these dire effects*?—Who | has the EFFRONTERY to attempt it? WHERE || is *that man*? Let him, if he DARE, STAND FORWARD,  
 10 and SHOW his FACE."

RULE VIII. *Courage, joy, ardent love, and ardent admiration*, are distinguished by 'loud', 'high', and 'lively' utterance; swelling 'median stress'; perfectly smooth and 'pure quality' of tone; and frequent 'falling' inflections.

*Note.* Joy is sometimes expressed by 'tremor', *ardor* by 'aspiration', and *courage* by 'orotund' utterance.

*Example 1. Courage and Ardent Admiration.*

- "Now | for the FIGHT!—now | for the CANNON  
 PEAL!—  
 FORWARD!—through BLOOD, and TOIL, and  
 CLOUD, and FIRE!  
 5 Glorious—the SHOUT, the SHOCK, the CRASH of  
 STEEL,  
 The VOLLEY'S ROLL, the ROCKET'S BLASTING SPIRE!"

## 2. Joy.

"*Thou Child of Joy!*

SHOUT round me: let me HEAR thy shouts, *thou happy Shepherd Boy!*"

## 3. Ardent Love and Admiration.

- "Oh! speak again, bright angel; for thou art  
 As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,  
 As is a *winged messenger* of heaven  
 Unto the white upturned wondering eyes  
 5 Of *mortals*, that fall back to gaze on him,  
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
 And sails upon the bosom of the air."

RULE IX. *Excessive grief and sorrow*, are expressed by 'loud' 'high' and 'slow' utterance; 'tremor', or 'intermittent stress'; and 'pure' 'quality',—where not interrupted by sob. or 'aspiration'. The 'falling inflection' prevails throughout the utterance of these emotions.

*Example*

"*Capulet.* 'Hè! let me sèe her:—Out, alàs! she's cold  
 Her blood is settled; and her joints are stiff;



- Life and these lips have long been separated;  
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
 5 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.  
*Accursed time ! unfortunate old man !*”  
*“Lady Capulet. ‘ACCURSED, UNHAPPY, WRETCHED  
 HATEFUL day !*  
*Most MISERABLE hour that e’er time saw,*  
 10 *In lasting labor of his pilgrimage !*  
*But òne, póor òne, ÒNE PÓOR and LÒVING CHÍLD,*  
*But òne thing to rejoice and sólace in,*  
*And cruel death | hath caught it from my sight !”*

RULE X. *Moderate grief and sorrow, pity, and tender love and admiration*, are expressed by ‘softened force’, ‘high’ notes, and slow ‘movement’; by prolonged and swelling ‘median stress’; and by ‘pure’, but ‘chromatic’, or plaintive utterance. The ‘rising inflection’, in the form of ‘semi-tone’, (half tone,) prevails in the expression of these emotions.

*Example of Moderate Grief.*

- “Enamored *déath*, with sweetly pensive *grâce*  
 Was *awful beauté* to his silent face.  
 No more his sad eye looked me into *téars* !  
*Clòsed was that eye*, beneath his *pále, còld brów*;  
 5 And on his *calm líps*, which had *lost* their *glów*,  
 But which, though *pale*, seemed *half-unclosed* to *spéak*,  
 Loitered a *smíle*, like *moonlight* on the *snòw*.”

*Pity.*

- “Morn *cáme* again ;  
 But the young lamb was *dèad*.  
 Yet the poor mother’s fond distress  
 Its every art had tried  
 5 To shield, with sleepless tenderness,  
 The weak one at her side.  
 Round it, all night, she gathered warm  
 Her woolly limbs,—her head  
 Close curved across its feeble *fórm* ;  
 10 Day dawned, and it was *dead*.—  
 It lay before her stiff and *còld*,—  
 Yet fondly she essayed  
 To cherish it in love’s warm *fòld* ;  
 Then restless trial *máde*,

- 15 Moving, with still reverted face,  
And low, complaining bléat,  
To entice from their damp resting place  
Those little stiffening feet."

*Tender Love and Admiration.*

- "Hushed were his *Gertrude's* lips, but still their bland  
And beautiful expression <sup>1</sup> seemed to melt  
With love that could not die! and still his hand  
She presses to the heart no more that felt.  
5 [o] Ah! heart, where once each fond affection dwélt,  
And features | yet | that spoke a soul more fair!"

RULE XI. *Impatience*, *eagerness*, and *hurry*, are denoted by 'loud' 'high', and 'quick movement'; *impatience*, by 'vanishing', or final 'stress'; *eagerness*, by 'expulsive median stress'; *hurry*, by abrupt 'radical' or initial 'explosive' 'stress': all three emotions are sometimes marked by the 'tremor', and by 'aspirated', and sometimes, 'anhelose' or panting utterance,—*eagerness* occasionally by the 'orotund'. The 'falling inflection' characterizes the tones of these emotions.

*Example of Impatience.*

- "*Mortimer*. Fie! cousin Percy,—how you cross my father!  
*Hotspur*. I cannot chdöse: sometimes he angers me,  
With telling me of the *möldwarp* and the *ânt*,  
5 Of the dreamer *Mérlin*, and his *prôphécies*;  
And of a *drúgon*, and a *finless fish*,  
A *clip-winged gríffin*, and a *moulten ràven*,  
A *couching lion*, and a *ramping càt*,  
And such a deal of SKIMBLE SKAMBLE STÚFF,  
10 As puts me from my *fàith*. I tell you what,—  
He held me, but *last night*, at least NINE HÒURS,  
In reckoning up the several DEVILS' names  
That were his *làckeyes*: I cried '*hùmph*!'—and '*wéll*!  
'go tò!'—  
15 But marked him not a *wòrd*. Oh! he's as tedious  
As is a *tired hòrse*, a *railing wífe*;  
Worse than a SMOKY HÒUSE:—I had rather live  
With *cheese* and *garlic* in a WINDMILL. FÀR,  
Than feed on *càtes*, and have him TÁLK to me,  
20 In any *summer-house* in CHRÌSTENDOM."

*Eagerness.*

"*Hotspur.* Send danger from the *éast* unto the *wèst*  
 So *hònor* cross it from the *nòrth* to *sóuth*,  
 And let them *gràpple*:—*Oh!* the blood more stirs,  
 To rouse a *LÒN*, than to start a *HÁRE*.

- 5 By *hèaven*, methinks it were an easy leap,  
 To pluck bright honor from the *pale-faced mòon*;  
 Or *dive* into the *bottom* of the *dèep*,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the *gròund*,  
 And pluck up drowned honor by the *lòcks*:  
 10 So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear,  
 Without co-rival, all her *dìgnities*."

*Hurry.*

"*Sisters!* hence, with *spurs* of *spèed*!  
*Each* her *thundering fàlchion* wield;  
*Each* *bestride* her *SABLE STÈED*:  
 HÛRRY! HÛRRY to the *FÌELD*!"

RULE XII. *Melancholy* is distinguished by 'soft', or faint and languid utterance, 'very low pitch', and 'very slow movement'; a gentle 'vanishing stress'; 'pure' but 'pectoral' 'quality'; and the 'monotone', or, occasionally, the plaintive 'semitone'.

*Example.*

- "To-mōrrow, and to-mōrrow, and to-mōrrow,  
 Crēeps in this pētty pāce from dāy to dāy,  
 To the làst sýllable of recórded tìme;  
 And àll our yēsterdays have lighted fōols  
 5 The wāy to dūsty dèath.—*Oùt, òut, brièf càndle!*  
 Lìfe's but a wàlking shàdow,—a poor plàyer,  
 That strūts and frēts his hōur upon the stáge,  
 And then || is heard no mòre."

RULE XIII. *Despair* has a 'softened force', a 'very low' note, and a 'very slow movement'; 'vanishing stress'; deep 'pectoral quality'; and a prevalent 'falling inflection' or an utter 'monotone'.

*Example.*

- "I have lived *long enòugh*; my *wāy* of *lìfe*  
 Is fallen into the *sēar*, the *yèllow lèaf*:  
 And thāt which *shōuld* accōpany *òld āge*,  
 As *hōnor*, *lōve*, *obēdience*, *trōops of frìends*,  
 5 I *mūst not lōok to hàve*; but, in their *stéad*



CÛRSÉS, not *loud*, but DÈEP, *mouth-honor*, BRÈATH,  
Which the *poor heart* would *fain deny*, but *dàre not*."

RULE XIV. *Remorse* has a subdued or 'softened' force, very 'low pitch', and 'slow movement'; a strongly marked 'vanishing stress'; a deep 'pectoral' and 'aspirated' 'quality'; and a prevailing 'falling inflection', with, occasionally, the 'monotone'.

*Example.*

- " Oh ! my offence | is RÀNK,—it smells to HÈAVEN .  
It hath the *primal* | ÈLDEST | cùrse | upon 't,  
A BRÒTHER'S | MÛRDER!—*Pray can* I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;  
5 My *stronger guilt* || *defèats* my *strong intènt*.—  
Oh ! WRÈTCHED state ! Oh ! bósom, black as DÈATH !  
Oh ! LÌMED soul, that, struggling to be *frée*,  
Art *more engàged* !"

*Note.* *Self-reproach* has a tone similar to the preceding, but less in the extent of each property, except 'force', in which it exceeds *remorse*, and 'pitch', in which it is higher.

*Example.*

- " Oh ! what a rògue and *peasant slàve* am 'I !  
Is it not MÒNSTROUS that this *plàyer* here,  
But in a *fiction*, a DRÈAM of passion,  
Could *force* his soul so to his own *conceit*,  
5 That, from her working, all his visage wànned,  
Tears in his èyes, *distraction* in 's *aspèct*,  
A *broken vòice*, and his *whòle function* suiting  
With forms to his *conceit* ? And all for *nòthing* !  
For HÈCUBA !  
10 What 's *Hecuba* to *hìm*, or *he* to *Hècuba*,  
That he should *weep* for *hèr*. *Whàt* would he do,  
Had he the *motive* and the *cue* for passion,  
That 'I have ? He would DROWN the STÀGE | with *tears*,  
And *cleave* the *general èar* with HORRID SPÈECH !  
15 Make MÀD the GUÍLTY, and APPÀL the FRÈE,  
CONFÓUND the ÌGNORANT, and AMÀZE, indeed,  
The *very faculties* of ÉYES and ÈARS."

RULE XV. *Mirth* is distinguished by 'loud,' 'high,' and 'quick' utterance; and an approach to the rapid, repeated 'explosions' of laughter, in a greater or less degree, according to the nature of the passage which contains the emotion.

To these properties are added ‘aspirated quality’, and the ‘falling inflection’, as a predominating one.

- “A FÒOL, A FÒOL ! I MET A FÒOL i’ the forest,  
 A MÓTLEY FÒOL ;—a miserable world ;  
 As I do live by food, I met a FÒOL ;  
 Who laid him dòn, and basked him in the sùn,  
 5 And railed on lady Fòrtune | in good tèrms,  
 In GÒOD SÉT TÈRMS, and yet a MÓTLEY FÒOL !”

RULE XVI. *Gaiety* and *cheerfulness* are marked by ‘moderate force’, ‘high pitch’, and ‘lively movement’; moderate ‘radical stress’; and smooth, ‘pure quality’ of tone, with varied ‘inflections’.

*Example.*

“Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my cóz, be mèrry.

- Rosalind. Well, I will forgèt the condition of my estate, to rejóice in yòurs.—From henceforth I will,  
 5 coz, and devise spòrts; let me sèe; what think you of falling in lòve ?

Celia. I prythee, do, to make spòrt withal; but love no man in good ċarnest.

Rosalind. Whàt shall be our spòrt, then ?

- 10 Celia. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fòrtune, from her whèel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed èqually.

- Rosalind. I would we còuld do so; for her benefìts are mightily misplàced: and the bountiful | blind  
 15 woman | doth most mistake her gifts to wòmen.”

RULE XVII. *Tranquillity*, *serenity*, and *repose*, are indicated by ‘moderate force’, ‘middle pitch’, and ‘moderate movement’; softened ‘median stress’; ‘smooth’ and ‘pure’ ‘quality’ of tone; and moderate inflections.

*Example.*

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bànk !  
 Here will we sìt, and let the sounds of mùsic  
 Creep in our èars ! soft stillness, and the níght,  
 Becòme the touches of sweet hàrmony.

- 5 Look how the floor of heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gòld !  
 There ’s not the smallest orb which thou behòld’st,

But | in his motion | like an àngel | sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed chérubim :  
10 Such harmony is in immortal sòuls !”

The careful study and practice of tones cannot be too strongly urged on the attention of young readers. Reading, devoid of tone, is cold, monotonous, and mechanical, and false, in point of fact. It defeats the main end of reading, which is to impart thought in its natural union with feeling. Faulty tones not only mar the effect of expression, but offend the ear, by their violation of taste and propriety. Reading can possess no interest, speech no eloquence, without natural and vivid tones.

The foregoing examples should be practised with close attention, and persevering diligence, till every property of voice exemplified in them, is perfectly at command.

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### § XI. APPROPRIATE MODULATION.

The word ‘modulation’ is the term applied, in elocution, to those *changes* of ‘force’, ‘pitch’, and ‘movement’, ‘stress’, ‘quality’, and ‘inflection’, which occur, in continuous and connected reading, in passing from the peculiar tone of one emotion to that of another. ‘Modulation’, therefore, is nothing else than giving to each tone, in the reading or speaking of a whole piece, its appropriate character and expression.

The first practical exercise which it would be most advantageous to perform, in this department of elocution, is, to turn back to the exercises on ‘versatility’ of voice, and repeat them till they can be executed with perfect facility and precision. The next exercise should be a review, without the reading of the intervening rules, of all the examples given under the head of ‘tones’. A very extensive and varied practice will thus be secured in ‘modulation’. It should be required of the pupil, while performing this exercise, to watch narrowly, and state exactly, every change of tone, in passing from one example to another. The third course of exercise in ‘modulation’, is to select those of the pieces contained in this book, which are marked for that purpose, as the notation will indicate. A fourth course of practice may be taken on pieces marked in pencil, by the pupils themselves, under the supervision of the teacher.

This statement will, it is thought, be a sufficient explanation of the reason why no separate exercises are given under the head of modulation, in Part I. of this volume. The closing remarks of Section X. apply equally to § XI.

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### *Suggestions to Teachers.*

The compilers of this volume are well aware, that, in numerous schools, it is exceedingly difficult to command sufficient time for the



thorough and effectual performance of exercises in reading, and still more so, to find time for the systematic study of elocution : they would, however, respectfully suggest, that, as the complaint against bad reading is still so loud and general, some efforts for the removal of the grounds of this complaint, must be made. If so, these efforts, to be successful, must be systematic ; and, if systematic, they cannot be hurried and superficial. Every teacher can best decide, in his own case, how much time he can *create* for such purposes. But it would, at all events, be practicable to make time by *diminishing the quantity* of reading usually attempted in a lesson.—*A class who have learned in a day, to read ONE PARAGRAPH distinctly and impressively, have done more than has heretofore been effected, in successive YEARS of desultory and irregular practice.*

\* \* \* Teachers and students who wish for a more extensive statement of the general principles of elocution, or to devote their attention to the subject of gesture in connexion with declamation, may find it serviceable to peruse the American Elocutionist,\* by one of the editors of the present work.

\* The American Elocutionist ; comprising 'Lessons in Enunciation', 'Exercises in Elocution', and 'Rudiments of Gesture' ; with a Selection of new Pieces for practice in Reading and Declamation ; and engraved Illustrations in Attitude and Action. Designed for Colleges, Professional Institutions, Academies, and Common Schools By William Russell. Boston : Jenks and Palmer.

The first of these is the fact that the  
 the second is the fact that the  
 the third is the fact that the  
 the fourth is the fact that the  
 the fifth is the fact that the  
 the sixth is the fact that the  
 the seventh is the fact that the  
 the eighth is the fact that the  
 the ninth is the fact that the  
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## PART II.—PIECES FOR PRACTICE IN READING AND DECLAMATION.

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### LESSON I.—PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE FESTUS AND AGRIPPA.— ACTS, XXVI. CHAPTER.

I THINK myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, concerning all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews: especially, as I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which  
5 are among the Jews. Wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among my own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; who knew me from the beginning. (if they would  
10 testify,) that after the straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made by God to our fathers; to which promise, our twelve tribes, continually serving God day and night, hope to come: and for this hope's sake, king  
15 Agrippa, I am accused by the Jews.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth: and this I did in Jerusalem.  
20 Many of the saints I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests: and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I often punished them in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them,  
25 I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

But as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king! I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them who journeyed  
30 with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking to me and saying, in the Hebrew



tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.\* And I said, who art thou, Lord? And he replied, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have  
 5 appeared to thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister, and a witness both of these things, which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear to thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, to whom I now send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn  
 10 them from darkness to light, and from the power of satan to God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance amongst them who are sanctified by faith that is in me.

Whereupon, O king Agrippa! I was not disobedient to  
 15 the heavenly vision; but showed first to them of Damascus and at Jerusalem, and through all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes, the Jews caught me in the temple; and went about to kill  
 20 me. Having, however, obtained help from God, I continue to this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying no other things than those which the prophets and Moses declared should come; that Christ should suffer; that he would be the first who should rise from the dead; and that  
 25 he would show light to the people, and to the Gentiles.

#### LESSON II.—CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.—S. REED.

[This piece is intended as an exercise in the application of *Rhetorical Pauses*, according to the Rules contained in the Section on Pausing, in Part I., page 25.]

It was the design of Providence, that the infant mind | should possess the germ <sup>1</sup> of every science. If it were not so, the sciences could hardly be learned. The care of God || provides <sup>1</sup> for the flower of the field | a place <sup>1</sup>  
 5 wherein it may grow, regale the sense | with its fragrance, and delight the soul | with its beauty. Is his providence <sup>1</sup> less active | over those, to whom this flower offers its incense?—No. The soil <sup>1</sup> which produces the vine || in its most healthy luxuriance, is not better adapted

\* Sharp-pointed instruments.

to that end, than the world we inhabit, to draw forth the latent energies of the soul, and fill them | with life | and vigor. As well might the eye | see | without light, or the ear | hear | without sound, as the human mind | be  
5 healthy | and athletic | without descending into the natural world, and breathing the mountain air.

Is there aught in Eloquence | which warms the heart ? She draws her fire | from natural imagery. Is there aught in Poetry | to enliven the imagination ? There | is the  
10 secret | of all her power. Is there aught in Science | to add strength | and dignity | to the human mind ? The natural world || is only the body, of which | she | is the soul. In books, science | is presented to the eye of the pupil, as it were, in a dried | and preserved | state. The time may  
15 come, when the instructor | will take him by the hand, and lead him | by the running streams, and teach him all the principles of Science, as she comes from her Maker ; as he would smell the fragrance | of the rose, without gathering it.

20 'This love of nature ; this adaptation of man | to the place assigned him | by his heavenly Father ; this fulness | of the mind || as it descends into the works of God,—is something, which has been felt | by every one,—though to an imperfect degree,—and | therefore | needs no explanation. It is the part of science, that this | be no longer a blind affection ; but | that the mind | be opened | to a just perception | of what it is, which it loves. The affection, which the lover first feels | for his future wife, may be attended | only by a general sense | of her external  
25 beauty ; but his mind | gradually opens | to a perception of the peculiar features of the soul, of which | the external appearance | is only an image. So it is | with nature. Do we love to gaze on the sun, the moon, the stars, and the planets ? This affection | contains | in its  
30 bosom | the whole science of astronomy, as the seed | contains the future tree. It is the office of the instructor | to give it an existence | and a name, by making known the laws, which govern the motions of the heavenly bodies, the relation of these bodies to each other, and  
40 their uses.

Have we felt delight | in beholding the animal creation,—in watching their pastimes | and their labors ? It is the office of the instructor | to give birth to this affection, by describing the different classes of animals, with their pe-



culiar characteristics, which inhabit the earth, the air, and the sea. Have we known the inexpressible pleasure | of beholding the beauties | of the vegetable world? This affection | can only expand | in the science of botany.

5 Thus it is, that the love of nature | in the mass || may become the love of all the sciences, and the mind will grow and bring forth fruit || from its own inherent power of development.

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LESSON III.—PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—DR. HUMPHREY.

[Marked for *Rhetorical Pauses*.]

That | is | undoubtedly | the wisest | and best regimen, which takes the infant | from the cradle, and conducts him along, through childhood | and youth, up to high maturity, in such a manner | as to give strength | to his arm, 5 swiftiness | to his feet, solidity | and amplitude | to his muscles, symmetry | to his frame, and expansion | to his vital energies. It is obvious, that this branch of education | comprehends, not only food | and clothing, but air, exercise, lodging, early rising, and whatever else | is requisite to the full development | of the physical constitution. The diet | must be simple, the apparel | must not 10 be too warm, nor the bed | too soft.

Let parents | beware | of too much restriction | in the management of their darling boy. Let him, in choosing 15 his play, follow the suggestions of nature. Let them not be discomposed | at the sight of his sand-hills | in the road, his snow-forts | in February, and his mud-dams | in April: nor when they chance to look out | in the midst of an August shower, and see him wading | and sailing, and 20 sporting | along with the water-fowl. If they would make him hardy | and fearless, they must let him go abroad | as often as he pleases, in his early boyhood, and amuse himself | by the hour together, in smoothing | and twirling | the hoary locks of winter. Instead of keeping him shut 25 up | all day | with a stove, and graduating his sleeping-room | by Fahrenheit, they must let him face the keen edge of a north wind, when the mercury | is below cipher, and, instead of minding a little shivering | and complaining when he returns, cheer up his spirits and send him 30 out again. In this way, they will teach him | that he was not born to live in the nursery, nor to brood over the fire; but to range abroad, as free as the snow | and the air and to gain warmth | from exercise.



I love <sup>1</sup> and admire <sup>1</sup> the youth, who turns not back  
<sup>1</sup> from the howling wintry blast, nor withers <sup>1</sup> under the  
 blaze of summer; who never magnifies 'mole-hills into  
 mountains'; but whose daring eye, exulting, scales the  
 5 eagle's airy crag, and who is ready to undertake any thing  
<sup>1</sup> that is prudent and lawful, within the range of possibil-  
 ity. Who would think <sup>1</sup> of planting the mountain oak <sup>1</sup>  
 in a green-house? or of rearing the cedar of Lebanon <sup>1</sup>  
 in a lady's flower-pot? Who does not know, that, in or  
 10 der to attain their mighty strength <sup>1</sup> and majestic forms,  
 they must freely enjoy the rain <sup>1</sup> and the sunshine, and  
 must feel the rocking of the tempest?

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LESSON IV.—SELF-EDUCATION.—D. A. WHITE.

[Marked for *Rhetorical Pauses*.]

Education is the personal and practical concern of  
 every individual, and at all periods of life.—Those | who  
 have been favored with advantages of early instruction,  
 or <sup>1</sup> even <sup>1</sup> with a course of liberal education, ought to  
 5 consider it <sup>1</sup> rather as a good foundation to build upon,  
 than as a reason <sup>1</sup> for relaxing | in their efforts <sup>1</sup> to make  
 advances in learning. The design of early education, it  
 should be remembered, is not so much to accumulate in-  
 formation, as to develop, invigorate, and discipline <sup>1</sup> the  
 10 faculties; to form habits of attention, observa'tion, and in-  
 dustry, and <sup>1</sup> thus | to prepare the mind | for more exten-  
 sive acquirements, as well as for a proper discharge <sup>1</sup> of  
 the duties of life.

Those, who have not the privileges of early instruction,  
 15 must feel the stronger inducement | to avail themselves <sup>1</sup>  
 of all the means <sup>1</sup> and opportunities <sup>1</sup> in their power, for  
 the cultivation of their minds | and the acquisition of  
 knowledge. It can never be too late || to begin | or to  
 advance | the work of improvement. They will find dis-  
 20 tinguished examples of success | in the noble career of  
 self-education, to animate their exertions. These will  
 teach them, that no condition in life | is so humble, no  
 circumstances | so depressing, no occupation | so labori-  
 ous, as to present insuperable obstacles to success | in the  
 25 acquisition of knowledge. All such disheartening obsta-  
 cles, combined, may be surmounted, as they have been <sup>1</sup>  
 in a thousand instances, by resolute <sup>1</sup> and persevering de-  
 termination <sup>1</sup> to overcome.

Some of the most celebrated philosophers of antiquity, rose from the condition of slaves; and many of the most learned | among the moderns, have educated themselves || under circumstances | scarcely less depressing | than those  
 5 of servitude. Heyne,\* the first classical scholar of Germany, during the last century, and the brightest ornament | of the university of Göttingen,† raised himself | from the depths of poverty, by his own persevering, determined spirit of application, rather than by the superior force of  
 10 his natural genius. Gifford, the elegant translator of Juvenal, struggled with poverty | and hardships | in early life, and nobly persevered, till he gained the high rewards of British learning; and Ferguson, the celebrated astronomer | and mechanician, was the son of a day-laborer,  
 15 and, at an early age, was placed at service | with several farmers | in succession; yet, without teachers, and almost without means | of instruction, he attained to high rank | among the philosophers of his age, and, as a lecturer, was listened to | by the most exalted, as well as the humblest |  
 20 in rank and station. By his clear and simple manner | of teaching the physical sciences, he rendered the knowledge of them | more general, than it had ever before been | in England; and | through his learned publications | he became | also | the instructor of colleges | and  
 25 universities.

All these extraordinary men || have left memoirs of themselves, detailing the struggles | through which they have passed, which will forever teach persevering resolution, against opposing obstacles, to all | who have a love  
 30 of knowledge | or a desire of improvement. What encouragement | may they not afford | to those who have no such struggles to encounter, and who can obtain | without difficulty | the means of instructing themselves! There would seem to be no apology, at the present day, in this  
 35 country | at least, for extreme ignorance, in any situation | or condition | of life. The most valuable knowledge, that which is essential to moral cultivation, is certainly within the reach of all.

Innumerable | are the instances of successful self-in-  
 40 struction, not only among men of | right natural talents,

\* Pronounced, Hīnay.

† The *o*, in this word, is not sounded *s* in any English word: it resembles *au*, in the French word *cœur*; -the *ng* sound as in the English word *singer*.

but among those of apparently moderate powers ; not only against the force of early disadvantages, but against that  
1 of the most adverse circumstances | of active 1 and public 1 employment. The highest honors of learning | have  
5 been won || amidst laborious professional duties | and the pressing cares of state. Hardy seamen, too, who have spent their days | in conflict with the storms of the ocean, have found means 1 to make themselves distinguished | in science 1 and literature, as well as by achievements in  
10 their profession. The lives of Columbus, Cook, and Lord Collingwood || gloriously attest this fact. Our own country | has produced her full proportion 1 of self-taught men, —statesmen | and civilians, philosophers | and men of science. At their head || stand Washington | and Frank-  
15 lin, neither of whom | enjoyed, in early life, advantages of education, equal 1 to those which are afforded 1 by some of our free schools | to the humblest of the people.

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## LESSON V.—CHARACTER OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.—WEBSTER.

[This, and the two following pieces, are meant to be studied, and marked in pencil, by pupils, themselves,—under the guidance, at first, of the teacher. The marking to be applied as an extension of practice on *Rhetorical Pauses*.]

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral en-  
5 dowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled  
10 in every way,—they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it,—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the  
15 earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives,  
20 their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric



is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent: then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this, this is eloquence: or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action. —————

#### LESSON VI.—INDUSTRY INDISPENSABLE TO THE ORATOR.—

H. WARE, JR.

[To be marked for *Rhetorical Pauses*, by the reader.]

The history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry; not an eminent orator has lived but is an example of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry can effect nothing, that eminence is the result of accident, and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be. Thus multitudes, who come forward as teachers and guides, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, and a miserable mediocrity, without so much as inquiring how they may rise higher, much less making any attempt to rise.

For any other art they would have served an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practise it in public before they had learned it. If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles; and only after the most laborious process dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce any thing to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies in sensible forms before the eye.

But the extempore speaker, who is to invent as well as to utter, to carry on an operation of the mind as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails! If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most expressive execution! If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labor, that

he might know its compass, and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sound, and its full richness and delicacy of expression! And yet he will fancy that the  
5 grandest, the most various and most expressive of all instruments, which the infinite Creator has fashioned by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice; he comes to it a mere uninstructed tyro, and thinks to  
10 manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power! He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles it in his mind forever, that the attempt is vain.

Success in every art, whatever may be the natural tal-  
15 ent, is always the reward of industry and pains. But the instances are many, of men of the finest natural genius, whose beginning has promised much, but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced, because they trusted to their gifts, and made no efforts to improve.  
20 That there have never been other men of equal endowments with Demosthenes and Cicero, none would venture to suppose; but who have so devoted themselves to their art, or become equal in excellence? If those great men had been content, like others, to continue as they began,  
25 and had never made their persevering efforts for improvement, what would their countries have benefited from their genius, or the world have known of their fame?—They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd that sunk to oblivion around them:

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LESSON VII.—GENIUS.—ORVILLE DEWEY.

[To be marked for *Rhetorical Pauses*, by the reader.]

The favorite idea of a genius, among us, is of one who never studies, or who studies nobody can tell when, at midnight, or at odd times and intervals, and now and then strikes out, “at a heat,” as the phrase is, some wonderful  
5 production. This is a character that has figured largely in the history of our literature, in the person of our Fieldings, our Savages, and our Steeles; “loose fellows about town, or loungers in the country;” who slept in ale-houses, and wrote in bar-rooms; who took up the pen as  
10 a magician’s wand, to supply their wants, and, when the pressure of necessity was relieved, resorted again to their



carousals. Your real genius is an idle, irregular, vagabond sort of personage; who muses in the fields, or dreams by the fireside: whose strong impulses,—that is the cant of it,—must needs hurry him into wild irregularities, or foolish eccentricity; who abhors order, and can bear no restraint, and eschews all labor; such a one as Newton or Milton! What! they must have been irregular, else they were no geniuses.

“The young man,” it is often said, “has genius enough, if he would only study.” Now the truth is, as I shall take the liberty to state it, that the genius will study; it is that in the mind which does study: that is the very nature of it. I care not to say that it will always use books. All study is not reading, any more than all reading is study.

Attention it is,—though other qualities belong to this transcendant power,—attention it is, that is the very soul of genius; not the fixed eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is, in fact, an action of the mind, which is steadily concentrated upon one idea or one series of ideas, which collects in one point the rays of the soul, till they search, penetrate, and fire the whole train of its thoughts. And, while the fire burns within, the outside may be indeed cold, indifferent, negligent, absent in appearance; he may be an idler or a wanderer, apparently without aim or intent; but still the fire burns within.

And what though “it bursts forth,” at length, as has been said, “like volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force?” It only shows the intense action of the elements beneath. What though it breaks like lightning from the cloud? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament through many a silent, clear, and calm day. What though the might of genius appears in one decisive blow, struck in some moment of high debate, or at the crisis of a nation’s peril? That mighty energy, though it may have heaved in the breast of Demosthenes, was once a feeble infant thought. A mother’s eye watched over its dawning. A father’s care guarded its early youth. It soon trod with youthful steps the halls of learning, and found other fathers to wake and to watch for it, even as it finds them here. It went on; but silence was upon its path; and the deep strugglings of the inward soul silently ministered to it. The elements around breathed upon it, and “touched it to finer issues.”



The golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow revolutions of years slowly added to its collected energies and treasures; till, in its hour of glory, it stood forth imbodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence.

The world wonders at the manifestation, and says, "Strange, strange, that it should come thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepared!" But the truth is, there is no more a miracle in it, than there is in the towering of the preëminent forest-tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and irresistible river, or in the wealth and waving of the boundless harvest.

LESSON VIII.—ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.—W. C. BRYANT.

[Marked for *Rhetorical Pauses*, in poetry.]

Here <sup>1</sup> are old trees, tall oaks <sup>1</sup> | and gnarled pines,  
That stream <sup>1</sup> with gray-green mosses; here <sup>1</sup> | the ground  
Was never trenched by spade; and flowers <sup>1</sup> | spring up <sup>1</sup>  
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet <sup>1</sup> |  
5 To linger here, among the flitting birds,  
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds <sup>1</sup> |  
That shake the leaves, and scatter, <sup>as</sup> they pass,  
A fragrance <sup>1</sup> from the cedars, thickly set <sup>1</sup> |  
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades,—  
10 Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old,—  
My thoughts <sup>1</sup> go up the long <sup>1</sup> dim <sup>1</sup> path of years,  
Back <sup>1</sup> to the earliest days of Liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets <sup>1</sup> dream,  
A fair young girl, with light <sup>1</sup> and delicate limbs,  
15 And wavy tresses <sup>1</sup> | gushing from the cap <sup>1</sup> |  
With which the Roman master <sup>1</sup> crowned his slave <sup>1</sup> |  
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,  
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand <sup>||</sup>  
Grasps the broad shield, and one <sup>1</sup> | the sword; thy brow,  
20 Glorious in beauty <sup>1</sup> | though it be, is scarred <sup>||</sup>  
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs <sup>||</sup>  
Are strong with struggling. Power <sup>1</sup> | at thee has launched  
His bolts, and <sup>1</sup> with his lightnings <sup>1</sup> smitten thee;  
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.  
25 Merciless power <sup>1</sup> | has dug thy dungeon deep,  
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,  
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,  
The links are shivered, and the prison walls <sup>1</sup> |  
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,

- As springs the flame ' above a burning pile,  
 And shoutest to the nations, who return  
 Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor | flies.  
 Thy birthright | was not given ' by human hands.
- 5 Thou wert twin-born ' with man. In pleasant fields  
 While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,  
 To tend the quiet flock | and watch the stars,  
 And teach the reed to utter simple airs.  
 Thou | by his side, amid the tangled wood,
- 10 Didst war upon the panther ' and the wolf,  
 His only foes; and thou ' with him ' didst draw  
 The earliest furrows ' on the mountain side,  
 Soft ' with the deluge. Tyranny himself,  
 Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
- 15 Hoary ' with many years, and far obeyed,  
 Is later born ' than thou; and | as he meets  
 The grave defiance of thine elder eye,  
 The usurper | trembles | in his fastnesses.
- Oh! not yet |
- 20 Mays't thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by '   
 Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids '   
 In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,  
 And thou ' must watch ' and combat || till the day  
 Of the new earth ' and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
- 25 Awhile | from tumult ' and the frauds of men,  
 These old ' and friendly solitudes | invite  
 Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees |   
 Were young ' upon the unviolated earth,  
 And yet the moss-stains ' on the rock | were new,
- 30 Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

LESSON IX.—SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[To be marked for *Rhetorical Pauses*.]

- I stood upon the hills, where heaven's wide arch  
 Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
 And woods were brightened, and soft gales  
 Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
- 5 The clouds were far beneath me:—bathed in light  
 They gathered midway round the wooded height,  
 And in their fading glory shone  
 Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
 As many a pinnacle with shifting glance,
- 10 Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,

- And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted,—and below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
5 Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade,  
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way,  
I heard the distant waters dash,—  
10 I saw the current whirl and flash;—  
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,  
The woods were bending with a silent reach.  
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
The music of the village-bell  
15 Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills,  
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,  
Was ringing to the merry shout  
That faint and far the glen sent out,—  
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke  
20 Through thick-leaved branches from the dingle broke.  
If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,—  
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,  
25 Go to the woods and hills!—No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
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## LESSON X.—THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.—E. COOPER.

[This, and the two following pieces, are marked as exercises in application of the rules contained in the Section on Emphasis, Part I., page 28.]

- The true Christian must show that he is in *earnest* about religion. In the management of his *worldly affairs*, he must let it clearly be seen, that he is not influenced by a *worldly mind*; that his *heart* is not upon  
5 *earth*; that he pursues his worldly calling from a principle of *DUTY*, not from a sordid love of *gain*; and that, in truth, his *treasures* are in *HEAVEN*. He must, therefore, not only “provide things *honest* in the sight of all men;” not only *avoid* every thing which is *fraudulent* and *un-*  
10 *just* in his dealings with others; not only *openly protest* against those *iniquitous practices* which the custom of *trade* too frequently *countenances* and *approves*;—but, also, he must “let his *moderation* be known unto all men.”



He must not push his gains with *seeming eagerness*, even to the utmost *LAWFUL* extent. He must exercise *forbearance*. He must be content with *moderate* profits. He must sometimes even *forego* advantages, which, in themselves, he might innocently *take*, lest he should seem to give any ground for suspecting that his *heart* is secretly *set* upon these things.

Thus, also, with respect to *worldly pleasures*; he must endeavor to convince men that the pleasures which RELIGION furnishes, are far *greater* than those which the *world* can yield. While, therefore, he conscientiously keeps from joining in those *trifling*, and, too often, *profane* amusements, in which *ungodly* men profess to seek their *happiness*, he must yet labor to show, that, in keeping from those things, he is, in respect to *real* happiness, no *loser*, but even a *GAINER* by religion. He must *avoid* every thing which may look like *moroseness* and *gloom*. He must cultivate a *cheerfulness* of spirit. He must endeavor to show, in his whole deportment, the *contentment* and *tranquillity* which naturally flow from *heavenly affections*, from a *mind* at *peace* with GOD, and from a *hope* full of IMMORTALITY.

The spirit which *Christianity* enjoins and produces, is so widely different from the spirit of the *world*, and so immensely *superior* to it, that, as it cannot fail of being *noticed*, so it cannot fail of being *admired*, even by those who are *strangers* to its *power*. Do you ask in what particulars this spirit *shows* itself? I answer, in the exercise of *humility*, of *meekness*, of *gentleness*; in a *patient bearing* of *injuries*; in a *readiness* to *forgive offences*; in a *uniform endeavor* to *overcome evil* with *good*; in *self-denial* and *disinterestedness*; in *universal kindness* and *courtesy*; in *slowness* to *wrath*; in an *unwillingness* to *hear* or to *speak evil* of others; in a *forwardness* to *defend*, to *advise*, and to *assist* them; in *loving* our *enemies*; in *blessing* them that *curse* us; in doing *good* to them that *hate* us. *These are genuine fruits of true Christianity.*

The Christian must "let his light *shine* before men," by discharging in a *faithful*, a *diligent*, and a *consistent* manner, the *personal* and *particular duties* of his *station*.

As a member of *society*, he must be distinguished by a *blameless* and an *inoffensive conduct*; by a *simplicity* and an *ingenuousness* of *character*, free from every degree of *guile*; by *uprightness* and *fidelity* in all his *engagements*.

As a *neighbor*, he must be *kind*, *friendly*, and *accommodating*. His *discourse* must be *mild* and *instructive*. He must labor to *prevent quarrels*, to *reconcile* those who *differ*, to *comfort* the *afflicted*. In short, he must be "*ready* for every good work;" and all his *dealings* with others must show the HEAVENLY PRINCIPLE, which *dwells* and *works* in his HEART.

LESSON XI.—POPULAR GOVERNMENT.—DR. SHARP.

[Marked for *Emphasis*.]

The *real glory* and *prosperity* of a nation does not consist in the *hereditary rank* or *titled privileges* of a very *small* class in the community; in the *great wealth* of the *few*, and the *great poverty* of the *many*; in the *splendid* palaces of nobles, and the *wretched huts* of a *numerous* and *half-famished peasantry*. No! such a state of things may give pleasure to *proud*, *ambitious*, and *selfish* minds, but there is nothing here on which the eye of a *patriot* can rest with unmingled satisfaction. In his deliberate judgment,

"Ill fares the *land*, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where *wealth accumulates*, and *men decay*;  
*Princes and lords* may *flourish* or may *fade*;  
A BREATH can *make* them, as a *breath* has *made* :  
But a BOLD PEASANTRY, their *country's pride*,  
When once DESTROYED, can NEVER be *supplied*."

It is an *intelligent*, *virtuous*, *free*, and *extensive* population, able, by their talents and industry, to obtain a *competent support*, which constitutes the *strength* and *prosperity* of a nation.

It is not the least advantage of a *popular* government, that it brings into operation a greater amount of *talent* than any other. It is acknowledged by every one, that the occurrence of *great events* awakens the *dormant energies* of the *human mind*, and calls forth the most *splendid* and *powerful abilities*. It was the momentous question, whether your country should be *free* and *independent*, and the declaration that it was so, which gave to you *orators*, *statesmen*, and *generals*, whose names *all future ages* will *delight* to *honor*.

The *characters* of men are generally moulded by the *circumstances* in which they are placed. They seldom put forth their *strength*, without some powerfully exciting *motives*. But *what motives* can they have to qualify them-



selves for stations, from which they are forever *excluded* on account of *PLEBEIAN EXTRACTION*? How can they be expected to prepare themselves for the *service* of their *country*, when they know that their services would be RE-  
 5 JECTED, because, unfortunately, they *dissent* from the *established religion*, and have *honesty* to AVOW it!

But in a country like ours, where the most *obscure* in-  
 dividuals in society may, by their *talents*, *virtues*, and  
*public services*, rise to the most *honorable distinctions*, and  
 10 attain to the *highest offices* which the *people* can give, the  
 most *effectual inducements* are presented. It is indeed  
 true, that only a *few* who run in the race for political honor,  
 can obtain the *prize*. But, although many *come short*,  
 yet the *exertions* and the *progress* which they make, are  
 15 not lost either on *themselves* or *society*. The suitableness  
 of their talents and characters for some *other important*  
*station*, may have been *perceived*; at least the *cultivation*  
 of their *minds*, and the effort to acquire an *honorable repu-*  
*tation*, may render them *active* and *useful* members of the  
 20 *community*. These are some of the benefits *peculiar* to a  
 POPULAR government; *benefits* which we have long en-  
 joyed.

LESSON XII.—REVERENCE FOR LAW.—J. HOPKINSON.

*From a Eulogium on Hon. Bushrod Washington.—Trial of Gen-  
 eral Bright, for obstructing the execution of a process of the  
 Supreme Court of the United States.*

[The type indicates, as before, the degree of *Emphasis*.]

Mark the *conduct* of Pennsylvania, at this *unprecedented*,  
*trying crisis*. Can she *recede* from her *absolute asser-*  
*tion of right*? Can she take *back* her *unqualified me-*  
*nares of resistance*, and *promises of protection* to her  
 5 *citizens*?—A judge, in himself a *weak* and *helpless indi-*  
*vidual*, supported by *no power* but the *LAW*, pronounces a  
*sentence* of CRIMINAL CONDEMNATION upon the ASSEMBLED  
 REPRESENTATIVES of the people,—upon their SUPREME EX-  
 ECUTIVE AUTHORITY; upon THEMSELVES; and orders  
 10 the *minister* of their *will*, surrounded by a *military force*  
 under his *command*, to a COMMON GAOL.—And this  
 is *submitted* to with a REVERENTIAL AWE; not a *murmur*  
 from the *prisoner*; not a *movement* by the *people*, to *rescue*  
 him from a punishment inflicted upon him for *obeying*  
 15 *their mandates*, for *sustaining* their *authority*, and *defend-*



ing their *interests*.—And WHY?—Because the LAW had spoken,—it was the judgment of the LAW.

The people were *wise* and *virtuous*; they *loved* their country above all things; and to her they *willingly surrendered* their *strength*, their *passions*, their *pride*, and their *interest*. A jury of *Pennsylvania*, instructed and convinced that the supremacy of the LAW had been violated, gave up the *offenders*,—their *fellow-citizens*, respected, and WORTHY of respect,—to its *penalties*.—What a JUDGE! —how FEARLESS in his DUTY!—What a PEOPLE! how MAGNANIMOUS in their *submission*! How worthy of each other! No proud and passionate assertion of sovereignty; no violent menaces of insulted power; no rebellious defiance of the *federal authority*; no inflammatory combinations to resist it; and to shatter, in their madness, the beautiful fabric of our Union.

In short, no NULLIFICATION,—a new and portentous word,—but a calm and noble submission to the concentrated power of ALL the States, in a government MADE and ADOPTED by all; which all are BOUND, by their solemn and pledged faith, by their hopes of peace, safety, and happiness, to MAINTAIN and OBEY.

It is only by such efforts of patriotism that this great and growing Republic can be preserved. If, whenever the pride of a state is offended, or her selfishness rebuked, she may assume an attitude of defiance, may pour her rash and angry menaces on her confederated sisters, may claim a sovereignty altogether independent of them, and acknowledge herself to be bound to the Union by no ties but such as she may dissolve at pleasure; we do indeed hold our political existence by a most PRECARIOUS tenure; and the future destinies of our country are as dark and uncertain, as the past have been happy and glorious.

Happy is THAT country, and ONLY that, where the laws are not only just and equal, but supreme and irresistible;—where selfish interests and disorderly passions are curbed by an arm to which they MUST submit.—We look back with horror and affright to the dark and troubled ages, when a cruel and gloomy superstition tyrannized over the people of Europe; dreaded alike by kings and people; by governments and individuals; before which the LAW had NO FORCE; JUSTICE NO RESPECT; and MERCY NO INFLUENCE. The sublime precepts of morality, the kind and endearing charities; the true and rational reverence for a bountiful

Creator, which are the *elements* and the *life* of our *religion*, were TRAMPLED upon in the *reckless career* of AMBITION, PRIDE, and the LUST of POWER. Nor was it *much better* when the *arm* of the *warrior*, and the *sharpness* of his *sword*, determined every question of *right*; and held the *weak* in *bondage* to the *strong*; and the *revengeful feuds* of the *great*, involved, in *one common ruin*, themselves and their *humblest vassals*.—These *disastrous days* are GONE, *never to return*. There is *no power* but the LAW, which is the power of ALL; and those who *administer* it are the MASTERS and the MINISTERS of ALL.

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LESSON XIII.—BIRTHPLACE OF LIBERTY.—PROF. STUART.

[This, and the two following pieces, are intended to be marked by the reader, as an exercise in applying the rules of *Emphasis*.]

The members of the legislature\* now before me, are convened on holy ground. Here is the sacred place where liberty, in its best form, first struggled into being. This is the very spot where the pulsation of the heart of true freedom began to beat. I, who was born and nurtured in another state, may venture to say this without the appearance of self-gratulation. The remembrance of early days rushes upon my mind, and rekindles the enthusiasm with which I then read the story of your efforts and sufferings on this ground, in behalf of your country's freedom, while I bedewed with tears the pages which recorded them. Increasing years have not diminished that feeling; and it has been greatly augmented by a personal knowledge of this place and people. It is now my most fervent supplication to God, that here, where freedom began, her reign may continue down to the end of time. Here may the flame of Christian liberty, which has been kindled, burn brighter and brighter, until states and empires shall be no more!

But if, in the inscrutable purposes of HEAVEN, and in judgment to our race, the cause of Freedom must again sink; if she is to be wounded in every part, and the current of her blood to be drained from every vein and artery of the body,—may the seat of life here still remain in action! But if even the very heart too must be drained of its last drop, and life cease to beat, then let the funeral obsequies of human happiness be kept in solemn sadness;

\* Of Massachusetts,



let the heavens be hung with black, and the earth clothed with habiliments of mourning, in token of grief, that the liberty of man is no more.

LESSON XIV.—CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.—*Smyth.*

[To be marked for *Emphasis*, by the reader.]

To the historian, few characters appear so little to have shared the common frailties and imperfections of human nature, as that of Washington. There are but few particulars that can be mentioned even to his disadvantage.

- 5 Instances may be found where, perhaps, it may be thought that he was decisive to a degree that partook of severity and harshness, or even more; but how innumerable were the decisions which he had to make!—how difficult and how important, through the eventful series of twenty years  
10 of command in the cabinet or the field!

Let it be considered what it is to have the management of a revolution, and afterwards the maintenance of order. Where is the man who, in the history of our race, has ever succeeded in attempting successively the one and the  
15 other?—not on a small scale, a petty state in Italy, or among a horde of barbarians; but in an enlightened age, when it is not easy for one man to rise superior to another, and in the eyes of mankind,—

- 20 “A kingdom for a stage,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.”

- The plaudits of his country were continually sounding in his ears; and neither the judgment nor the virtues of the man were ever disturbed. Armies were led to the field with all the enterprise of a hero, and then dismissed  
25 with all the equanimity of a philosopher. Power was accepted, was exercised, was resigned, precisely at the moment and in the way that duty and patriotism directed. Whatever was the difficulty, the trial, the temptation, or the danger, there stood the soldier and the citizen, eternally the same, without fear and without reproach, and  
30 there was the man who was not only at all times virtuous, but at all times wise.

- The merit of Washington by no means ceases with his campaigns; it becomes, after the peace of 1783, even more  
35 striking than before; for the same man who, for the sake of liberty, was ardent enough to resist the power of Great Britain, and hazard every thing on this side the grave, at a later period had to be temperate enough to resist the



same spirit of liberty, when it was mistaking its proper objects, and transgressing its appointed limits.

The American revolution was to approach him, and he was to kindle in the general flame: the French revolution  
5 was to reach him, and to consume but too many of his countrymen; and his "*own* ethereal mould, incapable of stain, was to purge off the baser fire victorious." But all this was done: he might have been pardoned, though he had failed amid the enthusiasm of those around him, and  
10 when liberty was the delusion; but the foundations of the moral world were shaken, and not the understanding of Washington.

As a ruler of mankind, he may be proposed as a model. Deeply impressed with the original rights of human nature,  
15 he never forgot that the end, and meaning, and aim, of all just government, was the happiness of the people; and he never exercised authority till he had first taken care to put himself clearly in the right. His candor, his patience, his love of justice, were unexampled; and this,  
20 though *naturally* he was not patient,—much otherwise,—highly irritable.

He therefore deliberated well, and placed his subject in every point of view, before he decided; and his understanding being correct, he was thus rendered, by the  
25 nature of his faculties, his strength of mind, and his principles, the man, of all others, to whom the interests of his fellow-creatures might, with most confidence, be intrusted;—that is, he was the first of the rulers of mankind.

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LESSON XV.—IMPRESSIONS FROM HISTORY.—G. C. VERPLANCK.

*From a Discourse before the New York Historical Society.*

[To be marked for *Emphasis*, by the reader.]

The study of the history of most other nations, fills the mind with sentiments not unlike those which the American traveller feels, on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn  
5 grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity, strike awe to his heart. From the richly painted windows, filled with sacred emblems, and strange, antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance and poetry, and legendary story, come thronging in  
10 upon him. He is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labors of ancient art, and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry.

What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles who are now remembered only for their vices; and of sovereigns, at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affections of their people. There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty or ambiguous fame. There rest, the blood-stained soldier of fortune,—the orator, who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny,—great scholars, who were the pensioned flatterers of power, and poets, who profaned the high gift of genius, to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

Our own history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of fame, reared by the imagination of Chaucer, and decorated by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. Or rather, like the Pantheon of Rome, it stands in calm and severe beauty, amid the ruins of ancient magnificence, and the “toys of modern state.” Within, no idle ornament encumbers its bold simplicity. The pure light of heaven enters from above, and sheds an equal and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men, who have greatly bled or toiled for their country, or it rests on votive tablets, inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind.

“Patriots are here, in Freedom’s battles slain,  
Priests, whose long lives were closed without a stain,  
Bards worthy Him who breathed the poet’s mind,  
Founders of arts that dignify mankind,  
And lovers of our race, whose labors gave  
Their names a memory that defies the grave.”

Doubtless, this is a subject upon which we may be justly proud. But there is another consideration, which, if it did not naturally arise of itself, would be pressed upon us by the taunts of European criticism.

What, it is asked, has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others?

Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity; such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil



- and criminal jurisprudence, which are, but now, received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth, on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents
- 5 always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than half a century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful
- 10 facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never
- 15 exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations: every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

- No,—Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What! though the arts have reared few
- 20 monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple, and hallowed
- 25 asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

- Land of Refuge,—Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!"
- 30 "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven!"

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LESSON XVI.—THE GENIUS OF DEATH.—*Croly.*

[Marked for *Emphasis*, as applied to Poetry.]

What is DEATH? 'T is to be FREE!

*No more to love, or hope, or fear—*

*To join the great equality:*

*ALL alike are humble there!*

5 *The mighty grave*

*Wraps lord and slave;*

*Nor pride nor poverty DARES come*

*Within that refuge-house, the TOMB!*



*Spirit with the drooping wing,  
And the ever weeping eye,  
Thou of ALL EARTH'S KINGS art KING !  
EMPIRES at thy footstool lie !*

5       Beneath thee strewed  
      Their multitude  
*Sink, like waves upon the shore :*  
STORMS shall NEVER ROUSE them MORE !

10       WHAT 's the *grandeur* of the EARTH  
      To the *grandeur* round THY THRONE !  
*Riches, glory, beauty, birth,*  
      To *thy* kingdom ALL have gone.  
      Before thee stand  
      The *wondrous band ;*

15       *Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,*  
      Who DARKENED NATIONS when they *died !*

20       *Earth* has HOSTS ; but *thou* canst show  
      Many a MILLION for her ONE ;  
      Through thy gates the mortal flow  
      Has for *countless years* roll'd on :  
      *Back* from the tomb  
      *No step* has come ;  
      *There fix'd,* till the LAST THUNDER'S *sound*  
      *Shall bid* thy prisoners be UNBOUND !

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LESSON XVII.—THE DEEP.—J. G. C. BRAINARD.

[To be marked for *Emphasis*, by the reader.]

There 's beauty in the deep :—  
The wave is bluer than the sky ;  
And though the light shine bright on high,  
More softly do the sea-gems glow,  
5       That sparkle in the depths below ;  
The rainbow's tints are only made  
When on the waters they are laid ;  
And sun and moon most sweetly shine  
Upon the ocean's level brine.—  
10       There 's beauty in the deep.

There 's music in the deep :  
It is not in the surf's rough roar,  
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore,—  
They are but earthly sounds, that tell

How little of the sea-nymph's shell,  
 That sends its loud, clear note abroad,  
 Or winds its softness through the flood,  
 Echoes through groves with coral gay,  
 5 And dies, on spongy banks away !—  
     'There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep :  
 Above, let tides and tempests rave,  
 And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ,  
 10 Above, let care and fear contend,  
 With sin and sorrow to the end :  
 Here, far beneath the tainted foam,  
 That frets above our peaceful home,  
 We dream in joy, and wake in love,  
 15 Nor know the rage that yells above.—  
     'There's quiet in the deep.

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LESSON XVIII.—POPE AND DRYDEN.—*Johnson.*

[This piece is marked in application of the rules of *Inflection* stated in PART I., § VIII., page 30.]

Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality ; and, perhaps, his character may receive some illustration, if he be  
 5 compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding, and nicety of discernment, were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and  
 10 the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people ; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent  
 15 powers ; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration : when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment hap-  
 20 pened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind ; for, when he had no pecuniary interest he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to sàtisfy ; he desired to excèl, and therefore always endeavored to do his bèst ; he did not court the càndor, but dared the jùdgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from óthers, he showed none  
5 to himsèlf. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observàtion, and retouched every part with indefatigable dîligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his  
10 hánds, while he considered and rèconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publicàtion, were the two satires of *Thirty-eight* : of which Dodsley told me, that they were brought to him by the  
15 áuthor, that they might be fairly còpied. "Every line," said he, "was then written twice òver ; I gave him a clean trànscrip, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the préss, with every line written twice over a sècond time."

20 His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publicàtion, was not strictly tràe. His parental attention nèver abandoned them ; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed  
25 it from some of its imperfèctions ; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements, after its first appèarance. It will seldom be found that he áltered without adding clèarness, élegance, or vîgor. Pope had perhaps the jùdgment of Drýden ; but Dryden certainly wanted  
30 the dîligence of Pòpe.

In acquîred knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Drýden, whose education was more scholàstic, and who, before he became an áuthor, had been allowed more time for stúdy, with better means of informàtion. His  
35 mind has a larger ränge, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more éxtensive circumference of sciènce. Dryden knew more of man in his general náture, and Pope in his local mànners. The notions of Dryden were formed by còmprehensive speculàtion, and those of  
40 Pope by minute attètion. There is more dîgnity in the knowledge of Drýden, and more cèrtainty in that of Pòpe.

Pòetry was not the sole praise of èither : for both ex-



celled likewise in prose: but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope  
 5 constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation: Pope's is a  
 10 velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be  
 15 allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton, must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems.  
 20 Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all  
 25 that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire  
 30 the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

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LESSON XIX.—THE PURITANS.—*Macaulay.*

[Marked for *Inflections.*]

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence,  
 5 they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for

whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind, seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but His favor; and confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands: their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away!

On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, -- on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of



nò vùlgar ágony, by the blood of nò éarthly sàcrifice. It was for him that the sùn had been dàrkened,\* that the ròcks had been rènt, that the dèad had arisen, that àll nàture had shuddered at the sufferings of her expíring

5 Gòd !

Thus the Puritan was made up of twò dífferent mèn, the one all self-abàsement, pènitence, gràtitude, pàssion ; the other pròud, càlm, inflexible, sagàcious. He pròs-  
 10 trated himself in the dùst before his Máker : but he set his fòot on the néck of the kìng. In his devòtional re-  
 tìrement, he prayed with convùlsions, and gróans, and tèars. He was half maddened by glòrious or tèrrible il-  
 lùsions. He heard the lỳres of ángels, or the tèmpting whís-  
 15 pers of fiènds. He caught a gleam of the beatífic vísion, or wòke screàming from dreams of everlàsting fire. Like Váne, he thought himself intrusted with the scèptre of the millénnial yèar. Like Flèetwood, he cried in the bítterness of his sòul that Gòd had híd his fàce from him. But when he took his séat in the còuncil, or girt on his  
 20 swòrd for wár, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left nò percéptible tràce behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncóuth visages, and heard nothing from them but their gròans and their hýmns, might laugh at them. But those had little rèason  
 25 to laugh who encountered them in the hàll of debáte, or in the fíeld of bàttle.

The Puritans brought to civil and military affairs a cóolness of jùdgment, and an immutability of pùrpose, which some writers have thought inconsistent with their  
 30 religious zéal, but which were in fact the nécessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on óne subject, made them trànquil on évery òther. One overpówèring sèntiment had subjected to itself pity and hátred, ambition and fèar. Dèath had lòst its tèrrors, and pléasure its  
 35 chàrms. They had their smíles and their tèars, their ráptures and their sòrrows, but nòt for the things of this world. Enthúsiiasm had made them stòics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar pàssion and préjudice, and raised them abòve the influence of dánger and of cor-  
 40 rùption.

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\* When an emphatic series causts, thus, a succession of falling inflections, the second one in each clause, falls lower than the first.



## LESSON XX.—POETRY.—CHANNING.

[Marked for *Inflections*.]

We believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pandor of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when Poetry is enslaved to licentiousness and misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good.

Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions, but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose, is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views, and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up ima-

gination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars,—the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life,—we do not deny: nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earthborn prudence.

But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception is, in the main, groundless. In many poems there is more of truth, than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the highest office of the bard to detect this divine element, among the grosser pleasures and labors of our earthly being.

The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame,\* and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves, and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throb- bings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire; —these are all poetical.

It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly

\* A negative sentence, ending with a rising inflection, has the falling slide on its penultimate word or clause.

usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being.

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LESSON XXI.—CAUSES OF WAR.—H. BINNEY.

[To be marked for *Inflections*, by the reader.]

What are sufficient causes of war let no man say, let no legislator say, until the question of war is directly and inevitably before him. Jurists may be permitted with comparative safety, to pile tome upon tome of interminable disquisition upon the motives, reasons, and causes of just and unjust war. Metaphysicians may be suffered with impunity to spin the thread of their speculations until it is attenuated to a cobweb; but for a body created for the government of a great nation, and for the adjustment and protection of its infinitely diversified interests, it is worse than folly to speculate upon the causes of war, until the great question shall be presented for immediate action,—until they shall hold the united question of cause, motive, and present expediency, in the very palm of their hands. War is a tremendous evil. Come when it will, unless it shall come in the necessary defence of our national security, or of that honor under whose protection national security reposes, it will come too soon,—too soon for our national prosperity,—too soon for our individual happiness,—too soon for the frugal, industrious, and virtuous habits of our citizens,—too soon, perhaps, for our most precious institutions. The man who, for any cause, save the sacred cause of public security, which makes all wars defensive,—the man who, for any cause but this, shall promote or compel this final and terrible resort, assumes a responsibility second to none, nay, transcendantly deeper and higher than any, which man can assume before his fellow-men, or in the presence of God, his Creator.

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LESSON XXII.—FOUNDATION OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.—

E. EVERETT.

[To be marked for *Inflections*, by the reader.]

Mental energy has been equally diffused by sterner levellers than ever marched in the van of a revolution,—the nature of man and the providence of God. Native



character, strength, and quickness of mind, are not of the number of distinctions and accomplishments, that human institutions can monopolize within a city's walls. In quiet times, they remain and perish in the obscurity, to which a  
5 false organization of society consigns them. In dangerous, convulsed, and trying times, they spring up in the fields, in the village hamlets, and on the mountain tops, and teach the surprised favorites of human law, that bright eyes, skilful hands, quick perceptions, firm purpose,  
10 and brave hearts, are not the exclusive *appanage* of courts.

Our popular institutions are favorable to intellectual improvement, because their foundation is in dear nature. They do not consign the greater part of the social frame  
15 to torpidity and mortification. They send out a vital nerve to every member of the community, by which its talent and power, great or small, are brought into living conjunction and strong sympathy with the kindred intellect of the nation; and every impression on every part  
20 vibrates, with electric rapidity, through the whole. They encourage nature to perfect her work; they make education, the soul's nutriment, cheap; they bring up remote and shrinking talent into the cheerful field of competition. in a thousand ways, they provide an audience for lips,  
25 which nature has touched with persuasion; they put a lyre into the hands of genius; they bestow on all who deserve it, or seek it, the only patronage worth having, the only patronage that ever struck out a spark of "celestial fire,"—the patronage of fair opportunity.

30 This is a day of improved education; new systems of teaching are devised; modes of instruction, choice of studies, adaptation of text-books, the whole machinery of means, have been brought, in our day, under severe revision. But were I to attempt to point out the most effi-  
35 cacious and comprehensive improvement in education, the engine, by which the greatest portion of mind could be brought and kept under cultivation, the discipline which would reach farthest, sink deepest, and cause the word of instruction not to spread over the surface, like an artificial  
40 hue, carefully laid on, but to penetrate to the heart and soul of its objects,—it would be popular institutions. Give the people an object in promoting education, and the best methods will infallibly be suggested by that instinctive ingenuity of our nature, which provides means for

great and precious ends. Give the people an object in promoting education, and the worn hand of labor will be opened to the last farthing, that its children may enjoy means denied to itself.

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## LESSON XXIII.—SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL.—WAYLAND.

[To be marked for *Inflections*, by the reader.]

The assumption that the cause of Christianity is declining, is utterly gratuitous. We think it not difficult to prove that the distinctive principles we so much venerate, never swayed so powerful an influence over the destinies of the human race, as at this very moment. Point us to those nations of the earth, to which moral and intellectual cultivation, inexhaustible resources, progress in arts, and sagacity in council, have assigned the highest rank in political importance; and you point us to nations, whose religious opinions are most closely allied to those we cherish. Besides, when was there a period, since the days of the Apostles, in which so many converts have been made to these principles, as have been made, both from Christian and pagan nations, within the last five and twenty years? Never did the people of the saints of the Most High, look so much like going forth in serious earnest, to take possession of the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, as at this very day.

But suppose the cause did seem declining, we should see no reason to relax our exertions, for Jesus Christ has said, Preach the gospel to every creature; and appearances, whether prosperous or adverse, alter not the obligation to obey a positive command of Almighty God. Again, suppose all that is affirmed were true. If it must be, let it be. Let the dark cloud of infidelity overspread Europe, cross the ocean, and cover our beloved land.—let nation after nation swerve from the faith,—let iniquity abound, and the love of many wax cold, even until there is on the face of this earth, but one pure church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—all we ask is, that we may be members of that one church. God grant that we may throw ourselves into this ‘Thermopylæ of the moral universe.’

But even then, we should have no fear that the church of God would be exterminated. We would call to re-



membrance the years of the right hand of the Most High. We would recollect there was once a time, when the whole church of Christ, not only could be, but actually was, gathered with one accord in one place. It was then  
 5 that that place was shaken, as with a rushing mighty wind, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. That same day, three thousand were added to the Lord. Soon we hear, they have filled Jerusalem with their doctrine.—The church has commenced her march:—Samarita  
 10 has, with one accord, believed the gospel; Antioch has become obedient to the faith; the name of Christ has been proclaimed throughout Asia Minor; the temples of the gods, as though smitten by an invisible hand, are deserted; the citizens of Ephesus cry out in despair, Great is  
 15 Diana of the Ephesians; licentious Corinth is purified by the preaching of Christ crucified. Persecution puts forth her arm to arrest the spreading superstition; but the progress of the faith cannot be stayed. The church of God advances unhurt amidst racks and dungeons, persecutions  
 20 and death; she has entered Italy, and appears before the wall of the Eternal City; idolatry falls prostrate at her approach; her ensign floats in triumph over the capitol; she has placed upon her brow the diadem of the Cæsars.

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LESSON XXIV.—POWER OF THE SOUL.—R. H. DANA, SEN.

[Marked for the application of *Infections*.]

Life in itself, it life to all things gives :  
 For whatsoe'er it looks on, that thing lives,—  
 Becomes an acting being, ill or good ;  
 And, grateful to its giver, tenders food  
 5 For the Soul's héalth, or, suffering change unblest,  
 Pours pòison down to rankle in the brèast :  
 As is the mán, e'en so it bears its párt,  
 And answers, thought to thóught, and heart to hèart.

Yès, man reduplicates himsèlf. You see,  
 10 In yonder lake, reflected rock and trèe.  
 Each leaf at rést, or quivering in the àir,  
 Now résts, now stìrs, as if a breeze were there,  
 Sweeping the crystal dèpths. How perfect àll !  
 And see those slender top-boughs ríse and fàll ;  
 15 The double strips of silvery sand unite  
 Abóve, belòw, each grain distíct and brìght.



—Thou bird, that seek'st thy food upon that bough,  
 Peck not alone; that bird below, as thou,  
 Is busy after food, and happy, too;  
 —They're gone! Both, pleased, away together flew

- 5 And see we thus sent up, rock, sand, and wood,  
 Life, joy, and motion from the sleepy flood?  
 The world, O man, is like that flood to thee:  
 Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see  
 Reflected back. As drives the blinding sand  
 0 Round Egypt's piles, where'er thou tak'st thy stand,  
 If that thy heart be barren, there will sweep  
 The drifting waste, like waves along the deep,  
 Fill up the vale, and choke the laughing streams  
 That ran by grass and brake, with dancing beams,  
 15 Sear the fresh woods, and from thy heavy eye  
 Veil the wide-shifting glories of the sky,  
 And one, still, sightless level make the earth,  
 Like thy dull, lonely, joyless Soul,—a dearth.

- The rill is tuneless to his ear who feels  
 20 No harmony within; the south wind steals  
 As silent as unseen, amongst the leaves.  
 Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,  
 Though all around is beautiful. Nay, more,—  
 In nature's calmest hour he hears the roar  
 25 Of winds and flinging waves,—puts out the light,  
 When high and angry passions meet in flight;  
 And, his own spirit into tumult hurled,  
 He makes a turmoil of a quiet world:  
 The fiends of his own bosom, people air  
 30 With kindred fiends, that hunt him to despair.  
 Hates he his fellow-men? Why, then, he deems  
 'T is hate for hate:—as he, so each one seems.

- Soul! fearful is thy power, which thus transform  
 All things into its likeness: heaves in storms  
 35 The strong, proud sea, or lays it down to rest,  
 Like the hushed infant on its mother's breast,—  
 Which gives each outward circumstance its hue,  
 And shapes all others' acts and thoughts anew,  
 That so, they joy, or love, or hate impart,  
 40 As joy, love, hate, holds rule within the heart.

## LESSON XXV.—HYMN OF NATURE.—W. B. O. PEABODY

[To be marked for *Inflections*.]

God of the earth's extended plains !  
The dark green fields contented lie :  
The mountains rise like holy towers,  
Where man might commune with the sky :  
5 The tall cliff challenges the storm  
That lowers upon the vale below,  
Where shaded fountains send their streams,  
With joyous music in their flow.

10 God of the dark and heavy deep !  
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,  
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm  
Hath summon'd up their thundering bands  
Then the white sails are dash'd like foam,  
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,  
15 Till, calm'd by Thee, the sinking gale  
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade !  
The grandeur of the lonely tree,  
That wrestles singly with the gale,  
20 Lifts up admiring eyes to Thee ;  
But more majestic far they stand,  
When, side by side, their ranks they form  
To wave on high their plumes of green,  
And fight their battles with the storm.

25 God of the light and viewless air !  
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,  
Or, gathering in their airy might,  
The fierce and wintry tempests blow :  
All,—from the evening's plaintive sigh,  
30 That hardly lifts the drooping flower,  
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry,—  
Breathe forth the language of Thy power

God of the fair and open sky !  
How gloriously above us springs  
35 The tented dome, of heavenly blue,  
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !  
Each brilliant star that sparkles through.  
Each gilded cloud that wanders free  
In evening's purple radiance, gives  
40 The beauty of its praise to Thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !  
 Thy name is written clearly bright,  
 In the warm day's unvarying blaze,  
 Or evening's golden shower of light.  
 5 For every fire that fronts the sun,  
 And every spark that walks alone,  
 Around the utmost verge of heaven,  
 Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world ! the hour must come,  
 10 And Nature's self to dust return ;  
 Her crumbling altars must decay ;  
 Her incense fires shall cease to burn ;  
 But still her grand and lovely scenes  
 Have made man's warmest praises flow ;  
 15 For hearts grow holier as they trace  
 The beauty of the world below.

LESSON XXVI.—UNIVERSAL DECAY.—GREENWOOD.

[Marked for *Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.\**]

We receive such repeated intimations of *decay* || in  
 the world through which we are passing ;—*decline* | and  
*change* | and *loss*, *follow* | *decline* | and *change* | and *loss*  
 || in such rapid succession, that we can almost catch the  
 5 *sound* of *universal wàsting*, and *hear* the work of *desolá-*  
*tion* | going on *busily* | around us. “The *mountain* | fall-  
 ing || cometh to *nòught*, and the *rock* | is *removed* out of  
 his *plàce*. The *waters* | *wear* the *stònes*, the things which  
 grow out of the *dust* of the *earth* || are *washed away*, and  
 10 the *hope* of *man* | is *destròyed*.” *Conscious* | of our own  
*instability*, we look about | for something to *rèst* on ; but  
 we look | in *vàin*. The heavens | and the earth | had a  
*beginning*, and they will have an *ènd*. The *face* of the  
*world* | is *chànging*, *dàily* and *hòurly*. *All* | *animated*  
 15 *things* || grow *òld* and *die*. The *rocks* | *crùmb*le, the *trees*  
 | *fàll*, the *leaves* | *fàde*, and the *grass* | *withers*. The  
*clouds* | are *flying*, and the *waters* | are *flowing away*  
 from us.

The *firmest works* of *màn*, too, are *gradually giving*  
 20 *way*, the *ivy* | clings to the *mouldering tower*, the *brier* |

\* The learner having been conducted through the application of  
 the rules for Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections, separately, will  
 now be prepared to study and apply them in conjunction.



- hangs out from the *shattered window*, and the *wall-flower* | springs from the *disjointed stones*. The *founders* | of these perishable works || have shared the *same fate* | *long ago*. If we look back to the days of our *ancestors*, to the
- 5 *mèn* | as well as the *dwéllings* | of former times, they become immediately *associated* in our imaginations, and only make the feeling of instability *strònger* and *déeper* than *befòre*. In the spacious domes, which once held our *fáthers*, the *serpent* | *hisses*, and the *wild bird* | *scréams*.
- 10 The *halls*, which once were crowded | *with all that taste* | and *sciéce* | and *lábor* | could *procure*,—which *resounded* with *mèlody*, and were *lighted up* with *béauty*, are *buried* | by their *own ruins*, *mocked* | by their *own desolàtion*. The voice of *merriment*, and of *wailing*, the *steps* of the
- 15 *bùsy* | and the *ídle* || have *cèased* in the *deserted courts*, and the *weeds* | *choke the éntances*, and the *long grass* || *waves* upon the *hèarth-stone*. The *works* of *àrt*, the *forming hand*, the *tòmbs*, the very *àshes* they contained, are *all gòne*.
- 20 While we thus walk | among the ruins of the *pást*, a sad feeling of *insecùrity* | comes over us; and that feeling | is by no means *diminished* || when we arrive at *hòme*. If we turn to our *friends*, we can hardly *spèak* to them || before they bid us *farewèll*. We see them for a few *mó-*
- 25 *ments* | and in a few moments *more*, their *countenances* | are *chànged*, and they are *sent away*. It matters not | how *nèar* | and *dèar* | they are. The ties which bind us together || are never too *clòse* | to be *pàrted*, or too *stròng* | to be *bròken*. *Tears* | were never known to move the *king* of
- 30 *tèrrors*; neither is it enough | that we are compelled to surrender *òne*, or *twó*, or *màny* of those we *lòve*; for though the price is so great, we buy no *fàvor* with it, and our hold | on those who remain | is as *slíght* as *èver*. The *shadows* || *all* | *elude* our *gràsp*, and follow one an-
- 35 other | down the *vàlley*. We gain *no confidence*, then, no feeling of *security*, by turning to our *contémporaries* and *kindred*. We know | that the forms, which are breathing *àròund* us, are as *shortlived* | and *fleeting* | as those were, which have been *dúst* | for *cènturies*. The sensation of
- 40 *vànity*, *uncèrtainty*, and *rúin*, is equally *stròng*, whether we muse on what has long been *pròstrate*, or *gaze* on what is falling *nów*, or *will fall* | so *sòon*.

If every thing | which comes under *ow* notice || *has*

- endured for so *short a time*, and | in so short a time | will be *no more*, we cannot say | that we receive the *least assurance* || by thinking on *ourselves*. When a few more friends | have *left*, a few more hopes | *deceived*, and a few
- 5 more changes | *mocked* us, “we shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the *tomb*: the clods of the valley | shall be *sweet* unto us, and every man | shall *follow* us, as there are *innumerable* | *before* us.” All power | will have *forsaken* the *strongest*, and the *loftiest* | will
- 10 be *laid low*, and every eye | will be *closed*, and every voice | *hushed*, and every heart | will have *ceased* its *beating*. And when we have gone | *ourselves*, even our *memories* | will not stay behind us *long*. A few of the near and dear || will bear our likeness | in their *bosoms*, till they | too | have arrived | at the *end* of their *journey*, and entered the *dark dwelling* of *unconsciousness*. In the thoughts of *others* || we shall live | only till the last sound of the bell, which informs them of our *departure*, has *ceased* to *vibrate* in their *ears*. A *stone*, perhaps, may tell some wanderer
- 20 where we *lie*, when we *came here*, and when we *went away*; but | even that | will soon *refuse* to bear us *record*: “*time’s effacing fingers*” | will be busy on its *surface*, and | at length | will *wear* it *smooth*; and then | the stone itself | will *sink*, or *crumble*, and the wanderer of
- 25 another age | will pass, *without* a *single call* | upon his *sympathy*, over our *unheeded graves*.

## LESSON XXVII.—ETERNITY OF GOD.—GREENWOOD.

[Marked for Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.]

- There is *one Being* || to whom we can look | with a *perfect conviction* | of *finding that security*, which | *nothing* about us | can *give*, and which nothing about us | can *take away*. To *this Being* | we can lift up our *souls*,
- 5 and on *Him* | we may *rest* them, exclaiming | in the language | of the monarch of Israel, “Before the *mountains* | were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the *earth* | and the *world*, even from *everlasting* to *everlasting* || Thou art *God*.” “Of *old* || hast Thou laid the foundations of the *earth*, and the *heavens* | are the work | of
- 10 Thy hands. They | shall *perish*, but Thou | shalt *endure* . yea, *all* of them | shall *wax old* | like a *garment*, as a *vestment* | shalt Thou *change* them, and they shall b



*changed*; but *Thou* | art the *same*, and *Thy* years | shall have *no end*.\*

- Here | then | is a *support*, which will *never fail*; here  
 5 | is a *foundation* | which can *never* be *moved*—the ever-  
 lasting Creator | of countless *worlds*, “the *high* | and  
*lofty* One | that *inhabite*th *eternity*.” What a *SUBLIME*  
*CONCEPTION*! HE *INHABITS* *ETERNITY*, *occupies* this *incon-*  
*ceivable duration*, *PERVADES* | and *FILLS* | *THROUGHOUT* ||  
 10 THIS | *BOUNDLESS DWELLING*. *Ages* on *ages* || before even  
 the dust of which we are formed || was *created*, HE had  
*existed* | in *infinite majesty*, and *ages* on *ages* | will *roll*  
*away* || after we have all *returned* to the dust | whence  
 we were *taken*, and | still | HE will *exist* || in *infinite ma-*  
 15 *jesty*, *living* | in the *eternity* of his *own nature*, *reigning*  
 | in the *plenitude* of his *own omnipotence*, for ever send-  
 ing forth the *word*, which *forms*, *supports*, and *governs* |  
*all things*, *commanding new-created light* || to shine on  
*new-created worlds*, and raising up *new-created genera-*  
*tions* | to *inhabit* them.
- 20 The contemplation | of this *glorious attribute* of *GOD*,  
 is fitted to excite | in our minds | the most *animating* |  
 and *consoling* | *reflections*. Standing, as we are, amid  
 the *ruins* of *time*, and the *wrecks* of *mortality*, where  
 every thing about us | is *created* | and *dependent*, *proceed-*  
 25 *ing* from *nothing*, and *hastening* to *destruction*, we *rejoice*  
 | that *something* is presented to our view | which has  
 stood from *everlasting*, and will *remain* for *ever*. When  
 we have looked on the *pleasures* of *life*, and they have  
*vanished away*; when we have looked on the *works* of  
 30 *nature*, and perceived that they were *changing*; on the  
*monuments of art*, and seen that they *would* not *stand*;  
 on our *friends*, and they have *fled* | while we were *gáz-*  
*ing*; on *ourselves*, and felt that we were as *fleeting* as  
*they*; when we have looked on *every object* | to which  
 35 we could turn our *anxious eyes*, and they have all told us  
 that they could give us *no hope*, nor *support*, because they  
 were so *feeble themselves*; we can look to the *THRONE* of  
*GOD*: *change* | and *decay* | have *never reached* *that*;  
 the *revolution* of *ages* || has never *moved* it; the waves of  
 40 an *eternity* | have been rushing *pást* it, but it has re-

\* When the falling inflection recurs, in succession, as above, it falls lower at each repetition.



mained *unshàken*; the waves of *anòth. r* eternity | are rushing *tóward* it, but it is *FIXED*, and can *NEVÉR* be *DIS-TÙRBED*.

LESSON XXVIII.—TWO CENTURIES FROM THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.—CRAFTS.

[Marked for *Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.*]

If, on *this dáy*, after the lapse of *twó cènturies*, one of the *fathers* of New England, released <sup>1</sup> from the sleep of death, could *reappear* <sup>1</sup> on *éarth*, *what* would be his emotions <sup>1</sup> of *joy* | and *wònder*! In lieu of a *wilderness*, here  
 5 and there interspersed <sup>1</sup> with *solitary cabins*, where *life* | was scarcely worth the *danger* of *presèrving* it, he would behold *joyful hàrvests*, a *population* <sup>1</sup> crowded even to *satiety*, | *villages, tówns, citìes, stàtes*, *swarming* with *industrious inhàbitants*, *hills* | graced <sup>1</sup> with temples of *devò-*  
 10 *tion*, and *válleys* | vocal <sup>1</sup> with the early lessons of *virtue*. Casting his eye on the *ócean*, which he passed in *fear* and *trémbling*, he would see it *còvered* with *énterprising fìets* || returning with the *whàle* | as their *cáptive*, and the *wealth* of the *Indies* | for their *càrgo*. He would behold  
 15 the *little colony* <sup>1</sup> which he *plánted*, grown into *gigàntic stàture*, and forming an *hònorable pàrt* <sup>1</sup> of a *glórious confèderacy*, the *pride* <sup>1</sup> of the *éarth*, and the *fàvorite* <sup>1</sup> of *hèaven*.

He would witness, with *exultation*, the general prevalence | of *correct principles of góvernment* <sup>1</sup> and *virtuous habits* of *àction*. How *gladly* would he gaze upon the *long stream* of *light* and *renown* | from *Hàrvard's classic fount*, and the *kindred springs* <sup>1</sup> of *Yàle*, of *Pròvidence*, of *Dàrtmouth*, and of *Brùnswick*. Would you fill his  
 25 bosom with honest *pride*, tell him of *FRÀNKLIN*, who made *thunder* | *sweet músic*, and the *light-ning* | *innocent fire-works*,—of *ÀDAMS*, the *venerable sage* | reserved by heaven, *himsèlf* | a blessing, to *witness* its blessing on our *nàtion*,—of *ÀMES*, whose tongue *became*, and *has become* | an  
 30 *angel's*,—of *PÈRRY*,

“Blest by his God <sup>1</sup> with *òne illustrious dáy*,  
 A *BLAZE* of *GLÒRY*, ere he passed away.”

And *tell* him, Pilgrim of *Plymouth*, *THESE* || are *THY DE-SCÈNDANTS*. Show him the *stately strùctures*, the *splendid*  
 35 *benèvolence*, he *masculine intèllect*, and the *sweet hospitàlity* | of the *metròpolis* of New England. Show him *thàt*

*immortal vessel*,\* whose *name* | is synonymous with *triumph*, and each of her *masts* | a *sceptre*. Show him the *glorious fruits* | of his *humble enterprise*, and ask him if *this*, ALL *this*, be not an *atonement* | for his *sufferings*; a  
5 *récompense* | for his *toils*, a *blessing* | on his *efforts*, and a *heart-expanding TRIUMPH* | for the *pilgrim adventurer*.

And if *hé* | be *proud* | of his *óffspring*, well may *they*  
| *bóast* of their *pàrentage*.

LESSON XXIX.—THE UPRIGHT LAWYER.—S. GREENLEAF.

[Marked for *Rhetorical Pauses*, *Emphasis*, and *Inflections*.]

In the walks of *private life*, the character of an *upright lawyer* || shines | with *mild* | but *génial* | *lustre*. He concerns himself | with the beginnings of *controversies*, not to *inflame* | but to *extinguish them*. He is not content | with  
5 the doubtful morality | of suffering clients, whose passions are roused, to *rush blindly* into *legal conflict*. His conscience | can find *no balm* | in the reflection, that he has but obeyed the orders of an *angry man*. He feels that his *first duties* | are to the *community* in which he *lives*, and  
10 whose *peace* | he is *bound* to *preserve*.

He is no *stranger* | to the mischiefs, which follow in the train of *litigation*; the *deadly feuds* | and *animósities* | descending from the original combatants | to *successive generations*; the *pérjuries* | and *frauds* | so often committed to *secure success*; and the *impoverishment* | so  
15 commonly resulting | even to the *winning party*; and in view of *these consequences*, he advises to *amicable negotiation* and *adjustment*. He is a *peacemaker*,—a *composer* of dissensions,—a *blessing* to his *neighborhood*;—his path  
20 | is *luminous* || as the path of the *just*.

I look | with *pity* | on the man, who regards himself | a *mere machine* of the *law*;—whose conceptions of moral and social duty || are all absorbed in the sense of *supposed obligation* to his *client*, and *this* | of so low a nature || as  
25 to render him a *very tool* | and *slave*, to serve the *worst passions* of men;—who yields himself | a *passive instrument* | of *legal inflictions*, to be moved at the pleasure of *every hirer*;—and who || beholding the *ruin* and *havoc* | made by a *lawsuit*, which | “*two scruples of honesty*” | in  
30 *his counsel* | might have *prevented*, can *calmly* pocket his

\* The Constitution.

*fee* | with the reflection, that he has done his *duty* to his *client*, alike regardless of *duty* to his *néighbor* <sup>1</sup> and his *Gòd*.

That such men *dó* exist, to *disgrace* our *proféssion*, is  
5 *lamentably true* ; *mén*,—

“that can speak

To *èvery* cause, and things *inere contraries*,  
Till they are *hóarse* again, yet *àll* | be *LÀw*.”—

We would *redeem* its character || by marking a *higher*  
10 *standard* of *mòrals*. While our aid should never be with-  
held | from the *injured* <sup>1</sup> or the *accúsed*, let it be remém-  
bered, that all our duties <sup>1</sup> are not concentrated in con-  
ducting an appeal to the *làw* ;—that we are not only  
*làwyers*, but *CITIZENS* | and *MÉN* ;—that our clients | are  
15 not always the best *judges* of their *òwn ínterests* :—and  
that <sup>1</sup> having confided these interests to *òur* hands, it is for  
us to advise to *thát* course, which will best conduce to  
their *permanent bènéfit*, not merely <sup>1</sup> as *solitary indivíduals*,  
but as men || connected with *society* | by *enduring tíes*.

#### LESSON XXX.—CHARACTER OF THE PRESENT AGE.—

E. EVERETT.

[To be marked by the reader, for *Rhetorical Pauses*, *Emphasis*, and *Inflections*.]

The present age may be justly described as the *Age of*  
*Revolutions*. The whole civilized world is agitated with  
political convulsions, and seems to be panting and strug-  
gling in agony after some unattained,—perhaps unattain-  
5 able good. From the commencement of our revolution  
up to the present day, we have witnessed in Europe and  
America, an uninterrupted series of important changes.  
The thrones of the old world have been shaken to their  
foundations. On our own continent, empires that bore  
10 the name of colonies, have shaken or are shaking off the  
shackles of dependence. And so far is this, the age of  
revolutions, which has already lasted more than half a  
century, from having reached its termination, that the  
very last year has been more fruitful in the most tremen-  
15 dous convulsions, than any preceding one ; and the present  
will probably be still more agitated than the last. Every  
arrival from abroad brings us intelligence of some new  
event of the highest moment : some people rising in re-  
volt against their sovereign : some new constitution pro-



claimed in one country : some reform, equivalent to a new constitution, projected in another : France, in the midst of a dangerous revolutionary crisis : Belgium, Poland, and Italy, the scenes of actual hostilities : England, on the eve  
5 of commotion ! the whole European commonwealth apparently plunging again into the gulf of general war.

What is the object of all these desperate struggles ?—The object of them is to obtain an extension of individual liberty. Established institutions have lost their influence  
10 and authority. Men have become weary of submitting to names and forms which they once revered. It has been ascertained,—to use the language of Napoleon, that a throne is only four boards covered with velvet,—that a written constitution is but a sheet of parchment. There  
15 is, in short, an effort making throughout the world to reduce the action of Government within the narrowest possible limits, and to give the widest possible extent to individual liberty.

Our own country, though happily exempt,—and God  
20 grant that it may long continue so,—from the troubles of Europe, is not exempt from the influence of the causes that produce them. We too are inspired, and agitated, and governed by the all-pervading, all-inspiring, all-agitating, all-governing spirit of the age. What do I say ?  
25 We were the first to feel and act upon its influence. Our revolution was the first of the long series that has since shaken every corner of Europe and America. Our fathers led the van in the long array of heroes, martyrs, and confessors, who had fought and fallen under the banner of  
30 liberty. The institutions they bequeathed to us, and under which we are living in peace and happiness, were founded on the principles which lie at the bottom of the present agitation in Europe. We have realized what our contemporaries are laboring to attain. Our tranquillity is  
35 the fruit of an entire acquiescence in the spirit of the age. We have reduced the action of Government within narrower limits, and given a wider scope to individual liberty, than any community that ever flourished before.

We live, therefore, in an age, and in a country, where  
40 positive laws and institutions have comparatively but little direct force. But human nature remains the same. The passions are as wild, as ardent, as ungovernable, in a republic, as in a despotism. What then is to arrest their violence ? What principle is to take the place of the

restraints that were formerly imposed by time-honored customs,—venerable names and forms,—military and police establishments, which once maintained the peace of society, but which are fast losing their influence in Europe, and which have long since lost it in this country? I answer, in one word, RELIGION. Where the direct influence of Power is hardly felt, the indirect influence of Religion must be proportionably increased, or society will be converted into a scene of wild confusion. The citizen who is released in a great measure from the control of positive authority, must possess within his own mind, the strong curb of an enlightened conscience, a well grounded, deeply felt, rational, and practical Piety; or else he will be given over, without redemption, to the sins that most easily beset him, and, by indulging in them, will contribute so far as he has it in his power, to disturb the harmony of the whole body politic.

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LESSON XXXI.—THE FOUNDERS OF BOSTON.—JOSIAH QUINCY.

[To be marked by the reader, for *Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.*]

On this occasion,\* it is proper to speak of the founders of our city, and of their glory. Now in its true acceptation, the term *glory* expresses the splendor which emanates from virtue, in the act of producing general and permanent good. Right conceptions, then, of the glory of our ancestors, are alone to be attained by analyzing their virtues. These virtues, indeed, are not seen characterized in breathing bronze, or in living marble. Our ancestors have left no Corinthian temples on our hills, no Gothic cathedrals on our plains, no proud pyramid, no storied obelisk, in our cities. But mind is there. Sagacious enterprise is there. An active, vigorous, intelligent, moral population throng our cities, and predominate in our fields; men, patient of labor, submissive to law, respectful to authority, regardful of right, faithful to liberty. These are the monuments of our ancestors. They stand immutable and immortal, in the social, moral, and intellectual condition of their descendants. They exist in the spirit which their precepts instilled, and their example implanted.

\* Address at the close of the second century from the settlers of Boston.



- It was to this spot, during twelve successive years, that the great body of those first settlers emigrated. In this place, they either fixed permanently their abode, or took their departure from it for the coast, or the interior.
- 5 Whatever honor devolves on this metropolis from the events connected with its first settlement, is not solitary or exclusive; it is shared with Massachusetts; with New England; in some sense, with the whole United States. For what part of this wide empire, be it sea or shore, lake
- 10 or river, mountain or valley, have the descendants of the first settlers of New England not traversed? what depth of forest, not penetrated? what danger of nature or man, not defied? Where is the cultivated field, in redeeming which from the wilderness, their vigor has not been displayed?
- 15 Where, amid unsubdued nature, by the side of the first log-hut of the settler, does the school-house stand and the church-spire rise, unless the sons of New England are there? Where does improvement advance, under the active energy of willing hearts and ready hands,
- 20 prostrating the moss-covered monarchs of the wood, and from their ashes, amid their charred roots, bidding the green sward and the waving harvest to upspring, and the spirit of the fathers of New England is not seen, hovering, and shedding around the benign influences of sound,
- 25 social, moral, and religious institutions, stronger and more enduring than knotted oak or tempered steel? The swelling tide of their descendants has spread upon our coasts; ascended our rivers; taken possession of our plains. Already it encircles our lakes. At this hour, the rushing
- 30 noise of the advancing wave, startles the wild beast in his lair among the prairies of the West. Soon it shall be seen climbing the Rocky Mountains, and, as it dashes over their cliffs, shall be hailed by the dwellers on the Pacific, as the harbinger of the coming blessings of safety,
- 35 liberty, and truth.
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## LESSON XXXII.—HUMAN CULTURE.—S. J. MAY.

[To be marked by the reader, for *Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.*]

When we see a flower,—its calix filled with petals of exquisite form, of the most delicate texture, and diverse colors, so rich and nicely blended that no art can equal



them, and withal perpetually diffusing a delicious perfume, we cannot readily believe, that all this variety of charms was evolved from a little seed, not bigger, it may be, than the head of a pin.

5 When we behold a sturdy oak, that has, for a hundred years, defied the blasts of winter, has stretched wide around its sheltering limbs, and has seemed to grow only more hardy, the more it has been pelted by the storms,—we find it difficult to persuade ourselves that the essence,  
10 the elements of all this body and strength, were once enclosed in an acorn. Yet such are the facts of the vegetable world. Nor are they half so curious nor wonderful, as the changes, which are wrought by time and education, in the human mind and heart.

15 Here, for example, is a man now master of twenty languages, who can converse in their own tongues with the people of as many different nations, whose only utterance thirty years ago was very much like, and not any more articulate than, the bleating of a lamb. Or it may be that  
20 he, who could then send forth only a wailing cry, is now overwhelming the crowded forum, or swaying the Congress of the nation, by his eloquence, fraught with surpassing wisdom.

Here is another, who can conceive the structure, and  
25 direct the building of the mighty ship, that shall bear an embattled host around the world, carrying a nation's thunder; or the man, who can devise the plan of a magnificent temple, and guide the construction of it, until it shall present to the eye of the beholder a perfect whole, glowing with the unspeakable beauty of symmetrical form.  
30

And here is a third, who has comprehended the structure of the solar system. He has ascertained the relative sizes of the planets, and learned at what precise moments they shall severally complete their circuits. He has even  
35 weighed the sun, and measured the distances of the fixed stars; and has foretold the very hour, "when the dread comet," after an absence of centuries, "shall to the forehead of our evening sky return."

These men are the same beings, who, thirty years ago.  
40 were puling infants, scarcely equal in their intelligence to kittens of a week old.

There, too, is a man, who is swaying the destiny of nations. His empire embraces half the earth; and,

throughout his wide domains, his will is law. At his command, hundreds of thousands rush to arms, the pliant subjects of his insatiable ambition, ready to pour out their blood like water in his cause. He arranges them, as he  
5 pleases, to execute his plans. He directs their movements as if they were pawns upon a chessboard. He plunges them into deadly conflict, and wades to conquest over their dead and mangled bodies. That man, the despotic power of whose mind now overawes the world, was once  
10 a feeble babe, who had neither the disposition, nor the strength, to harm a fly.

On the other hand, there is one, who now evinces unconquerable energy, and the spirit of willing self-sacrifice in works of benevolence. No toil seems to overbear his  
15 strength. No discouragement impairs his resolution. No dangers disarm his fortitude. He will penetrate into the most loathsome haunts of poverty or vice, that he may relieve the wretched, or reclaim the abandoned. He will traverse continents, and expose himself hourly to the capricious cruelty of barbarous men, that he may bear to  
20 them the glad tidings of salvation; or he will calmly face the scorn and rage of the civilized world, in opposition to the wrong; or march firmly to the stake, in maintenance of the true and the right. This man, a few years ago,  
25 might have been seen crying for a sugar-plum, or quarreling with his little sister for a two-penny toy.

And who are they, that are infesting society with their daring crimes, scattering about them "fire-brands, arrows, and death," boldly setting at defiance the laws of man,  
30 and of God? They are the same beings, that a few years ago, were innocent little children, who, could they have conceived of such deeds of darkness, as they now perpetrate without compunction, would have shrunk from them instinctively with horror.

35 These, surely, are prodigious changes, greater far than any exhibited in the vegetable world. And are they not changes of infinitely greater moment? The growth of a mighty tree, from a small seed, may be matter for wonder, for admiration; but the development of a being, capable  
40 of such tremendous agencies for good or for evil, should be with us all a matter of the deepest concern. Strange, passing strange—that it is not so!

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## LESSON XXXIII.—GRECIAN AND ROMAN ELOQUENCE.—

J. Q. ADAMS.

[To be marked by the reader, for *Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflections.*]

In the flourishing periods of Athens and Rome, eloquence was power. It was at once the instrument and the spur to ambition. The talent of public speaking was the key to the highest dignities; the passport to the supreme dominion of the state. The rod of Hermes was the sceptre of empire; the voice of oratory was the thunder of Jupiter.

The most powerful of human passions was enlisted in the cause of eloquence; and eloquence in return was the most effectual auxiliary to the passion. In proportion to the wonders she achieved, was the eagerness to acquire the faculties of this mighty magician.

Oratory was taught, as the occupation of a life. The course of instruction commenced with the infant in the cradle, and continued to the meridian of manhood. It was made the fundamental object of education, and every other part of instruction for childhood, and of discipline for youth, was bent to its accommodation.

Arts, science, letters, were to be thoroughly studied and investigated, upon the maxim, that an orator must be a man of universal knowledge. Moral duties were inculcated, because none but a good man could be an orator. Wisdom, learning, virtue herself, were estimated by their subserviency to the purposes of eloquence; and the whole duty of man consisted in making himself an accomplished public speaker.

## LESSON XXXIV.—THANATOPSIS.\*—W. C. BRYANT.

[Marked for the application of *Rhetorical Pauses, Emphasis, and Inflection*, to the reading of Poetry.]

To him, who, in the love of Nature, holds  
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
 A various language; for his gayer hours ||  
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile |  
 5 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
 Into his darker musings, with a mild |  
 And gentle sympathy, that steals away

\* Contemplation of Death.



- Their *shárpness*, ere he is *awàre*. When thoughts <sup>1</sup>  
 Of the *last* | *bitter* | *hour* || come like a *blìght* <sup>1</sup>  
 Over thy spirit, and *sad images* <sup>1</sup>  
 Of the *stern ágony*, and *shróud*, and *páll*,  
 5 And *breathless dárkness*, and the *narrow hóuse*,  
 Make thee to *shudder*, and grow *sick at héart* ;—  
 Go forth <sup>1</sup> under the *open ský*, and list  
 To *Nàture's teachings*, while from *all aróund*—  
*Eárrh* and her *wátters*, and the depths of *áir*,—  
 10 Comes a *still voice*—Yet a *few dáy's*, and *thee* |  
 The *all-beholding sun* || shall see *no móre* |  
 In *all his còurse* ; nor yet | in the *cold gróund*,  
 Where thy *pale form* || was laid, with many *téars*,  
 Nor in the embrace of *òcean* || shall exist  
 15 Thy *image*. *Earth*, that *nóurished* thee, shall *clàim* ;  
 Thy growth, to be *resolved to earth agàin* ;  
 And, *lost each hùman trace*, *surrendering up*  
 Thine *indivídual being*, shalt thou go ||  
 To mix *forever* with the *èlements*,  
 20 To be a *brother* to the *insensible ròck*,  
 And to the *sluggish clòd*, which the *rude swain* ||  
*Turns* with his *sháre*, and *trèads* upon. The *oak* <sup>1</sup>  
 Shall send his *roots* abroad. and *pierce* thy *mòuld*,  
 Yet not to thy eternal resting place ||  
 25 Shalt thou retire *alóne*,—nor couldst thou *wish* ||  
*Couch* | *more magníficent*. Thou shalt lie down <sup>1</sup>  
 With *patriarchs* of the *infant wòrld*,—with *kìngs*,  
 The *pòwerful* of the *èarth*,—the *wìse*, the *gòod*,  
 Fair *fórms*, and hoary *sèers* | of ages *pást*,  
 30 *All* | in *òne* <sup>1</sup> *mìghty* | *sèpulchre*.—The *hìlls* ||  
*Rock-ribb'd* | and *ancient* <sup>1</sup> as the *sùn*,—the *vàles* ||  
 Stretching in *pensive quietness* betwèen ;  
 The *venerable wóods*,—*rivers* <sup>1</sup> that move  
 In *májesty*, and the *complaining bróoks* ||  
 35 That make the *meadows gréen* ; and, poured round *all*,  
*Old ocean's gray* and *melancholy wáste*,—  
 Are but the solemn decorations | *ALL* ||  
 Of the *great tomb* of *màn*. The *golden sùn*,  
 The *plànets*, all the *ínfinite host* of *hèaven*,  
 40 Are shining on the *sad abodes* of *déath*,  
 Through the *still* <sup>1</sup> *lapse* of *àges*. All that *tréad*  
 The *globe* || are but a *HÀNDFUL* || to the *tribes* <sup>1</sup>  
 That *slumber* in its *bòsom*.—Take the wings  
 Of *mórnìng*,—and the *Barcan désert* pierce,

- Or lose thyself | in the *continuous woods* ||  
 Where *rolls* the *Oregon*, and hears *no sound*,  
 Save his own *dashings*,—yet—the *DEAD* || are *thère*,  
 And *MILLIONS* in those *solitudes*, since first |
- 5 The flight of *years* | began, have laid them down |  
 In their *last slèep*,—the *dèad* | reign there | *alòne*.—  
 So shalt *thòu rest*;—and what if thou shalt fall |  
*Unheeded* by the *living*,—and *no friend* |  
 Take *nòte* of thy departure? All that *brèathe* ||
- 10 Will share thy *dèstiny*. The *gay* | will *làugh* |  
 When *thou* art *gòne*, the solemn brood of *care* |  
*Plod ón*, and each one, as *befòre*, will chase  
 His *favorite phànтом*; yet all these || shall *lèave* |  
 Their *mirth* | and their *emplóyments*, and shall come,
- 15 And make their bed | with *thèe*. As the *long train*  
 Of *ages* | *glide away*, the sons of *mén*,  
 The *youth* | in *life's green spring*, and he who goes  
 In the *full strength* of *yèars*, *mátron*, and *màid*,  
 The *bowed* with *áge*, the *infant* || in the *smiles* |
- 20 And *beauty* | of its *innocent age* | *cut óff*,—  
 Shall, *one by one*, be gathered to thy *side*,  
 By *those*, who | in their *turn* || shall follow *thèm*.  
*Sò live*, that when *thy summons* | comes || to *jòin*  
 The *innùmerable càravan*, that moves
- 25 To the *pàle rëàlms* of *shàde*, where *each* | shall take  
 His *chamber* | in the *silent halls* of *déath*,  
 Thou go not, like the *quarry-slave* | at night,  
*Scòurged* to his *dúngeon*; but, *sustained* | and *soothed* ||  
 By an *unfaltering trùst*, approach thy *grave*,
- 30 Like one who *wraps* the *drapery* of his *ccuch* |  
 About him, and *lies down* | to *pléasant drèams*.

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LESSON XXXV.—TRUST IN GOD.—Wordsworth.

[To be marked by the reader, for *Rhetorical Pauses*, *Emphasis*, and *Inflections*.]

- How beautiful this dome of sky !  
 And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed  
 At Thy command, how awful ! Shall the soul,  
 Human and rational, report of Thee
- 5 Even less than these ?—Be mute who will, who can,  
 Yet I will praise Thee with impassioned voice :  
 My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,

Cannot forget Thee here ; where Thou hast built,  
For Thy own glory, in the wilderness.

Me didst Thou constitute a priest of thine,  
In such a temple as we now behold  
5 Reared for Thy presence ; therefore am I bound  
To worship, here,—and everywhere,—as one  
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,  
From childhood up, the ways of poverty ;  
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,  
10 And from debasement rescued.—By Thy grace  
The particle divine remained unquenched ;  
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,  
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers  
From Paradise transplanted. Wintry age  
15 Impends ; the frost will gather round my heart ;  
And, if they wither, I am worse than dead.

Come labor, when the worn-out frame requires  
Perpetual sabbath ; come disease and want,  
And sad exclusion through decay of sense ;  
20 But leave me unabated trust in Thee ;  
And let Thy favor, to the end of life,  
Inspire me with ability to seek  
Repose and hope among eternal things,—  
Father of heaven and earth ! and I am rich,  
25 And will possess my portion in content.

And what are things eternal ?—Powers depart.  
Possessions vanish, and opinions change,  
And passions hold a fluctuating seat :  
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,  
30 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,  
Duty exists ;—immutably survive,  
For our support, the measures and the forms,  
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies ;  
Whose kingdom is where time and space are not :  
35 Of other converse, which mind, soul, and heart,  
Do, with united urgency, require,  
What more, that may not perish ? Thou, dread Source,  
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all,  
That, in the scale of being, fill their place,  
40 Above our human region, or below,  
Set and sustained ;—Thou,—who didst wrap the cloud  
Of infancy around us, that Thyself,  
Therein, with our simplicity awhile



Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed,—  
 Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,  
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,  
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,  
 5 Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense,  
 And reason's steadfast rule,—Thou, Thou alone  
 Art everlasting.

This universe shall pass away,—a frame  
 Glorious ! because the shadow of Thy might,—  
 10 A step, or link, for intercourse with Thee.  
 Ah ! if the time must come, in which my feet  
 No more shall stray where meditation leads,  
 By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,  
 Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned mind  
 15 May yet have scope to range among her own,  
 Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.

If the dear faculty of sight should fail,  
 Still it may be allowed me to remember  
 What visionary powers of eye and soul,  
 20 In youth, were mine ; when, stationed on the top  
 Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld  
 The sun rise up, from distant climes returned,  
 Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring the day,  
 His bounteous gift ! or saw him, towards the deep  
 25 Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds  
 Attended ! Then my spirit was entranced  
 With joy exalted to beatitude ;  
 The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,  
 And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with light,  
 30 With pomp, with glory, with magnificence !

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LESSON XXXVI.—MEMORY.—W. G. CLARK.

[This piece is designed as an exercise in 'smooth' and 'pure quality of voice. The *suavity* of tone, which belongs to *gentle* and *tender* emotion, should prevail in the reading of this beautiful composition. A full, clear, but softened note, should be heard, throughout.]

[*pu.t.*] 'T is sweet, to remember ! I would not forego  
 The charm which the Past o'er the Present can throw  
 For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave  
 In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.  
 5 We know not the future,—the past we have *felt* ;—  
 Its cherished enjoyments the bosom can melt ;

Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,  
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul.

'T is sweet, to remember ! When storms are abroad,  
We see in the rainbow, the promise of God :  
5 The day may be darkened,—but far in the West,  
In vermillion and gold, sinks the sun to his rest ;  
With smiles like the morning he passeth away :  
Thus the beams of delight on the spirit can play,  
When in calm reminiscence we gather the flowers,  
10 Which Love scattered round us in happier hours.

'T is sweet, to remember ! When friends are unkind  
When their coldness and carelessness shadow the mind  
Then, to draw back the veil which envelopes a land,  
Where delectable prospects in beauty expand ;  
5 To smell the green fields, the fresh waters to hear,  
Whose once fairy music enchanted the ear ;  
To drink in the smiles that delighted us then,—  
To list the fond voices of childhood again,  
Oh ! this the sad heart, like a reed that is bruised,  
20 Binds up, when the banquet of hope is refused.

'T is sweet, to remember ! And naught can destroy  
The balm-breathing comfort, the glory, the joy,  
Which spring from that fountain, to gladden our way,  
When the changeful and faithless desert or betray.  
25 I would not forget !—though my thoughts should be  
dark ;

O'er the ocean of life, I look back from my bark,  
And see the fair Eden, where once I was blest,  
A type and a promise of heavenly rest.

LESSON XXXVII.—OLD IRONSIDES.—O. W. HOLMES.

[This piece is designed as an exercise for cultivating the 'oro-  
und quality', or *full, round, and forcible* voice, which belongs to  
energetic and declamatory expression. A *loud, clear, ringing tone*,  
should prevail, throughout the reading or recitation of such  
pieces]

[oro. q.] Ay, tear her tatter'd ensign down !  
[1] Long has it waved on high ;  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky ;  
5 Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar ;—

The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck,—once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquish'd foe,  
5 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,—  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquer'd knee ;  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
10 The eagle of the sea !

Oh ! better that her shatter'd hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave ;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave :  
15 Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail ;  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale !

LESSON XXXVIII.—THAT SILENT MOON.—G. W. DOANE.

[The piece which follows, is intended for practice in 'soft' and subdued 'force'. The voice, in this form of utterance, is meant to be reduced below its average energy, not by mere slackness, or absence of force, but by an intentional reduction of volume, so as to touch the ear *delicately, yet vividly*, as is naturally done in the expression of an affecting sentiment.]

[x] That silent moon, that silent moon,  
Careering now through cloudless sky,  
Oh ! who shall tell what varied scenes  
Have pass'd beneath her placid eye,  
5 Since first, to light this wayward earth,  
She walk'd in tranquil beauty forth ?  
How oft has guilt's unhallow'd hand,  
And superstition's senseless rite,  
And loud, licentious revelry,  
10 Profaned her pure and holy light !  
Small sympathy is hers, I ween,  
With sights like these, that virgin queen.  
But dear to her, in summer eve,  
By rippling wave, or tufted grove,



When hand in hand is purely clasp'd,  
And heart meets heart in holy love,  
To smile, in quiet loneliness,  
And hear each whisper'd vow, and bless.

5 Dispersed along the world's wide way,  
When friends are far, and fond ones rove  
How powerful she to wake the thought,  
And start the tear for those we love,  
Who watch, with us at night's pale noon,  
10 And gaze upon that silent moon!

How powerful, too, to hearts that mourn,  
The magic of that moonlight sky,  
To bring again the vanish'd scenes,  
The happy eves of days gone by;  
15 Again to bring, 'mid bursting tears,  
'The loved, the lost, of other years!

And oft she looks, that silent moon,  
On lonely eyes, that wake to weep,  
In dungeon dark, or sacred cell,  
20 Or couch, whence pain has banish'd sleep.  
Oh! softly beams that gentle eye,  
On those who mourn, and those who die.

But beam on whomsoe'er she will,  
And fall where'er her splendor may,  
25 There's pureness in her chasten'd light,  
There's comfort in her tranquil ray:  
What power is hers to soothe the heart,—  
What power the trembling tear to start!

The dewy morn let others love,  
30 Or bask them in the noontide ray;  
There's not an hour but has its charm,  
From dawning light to dying day:—  
But oh! be mine a fairer boon,—  
That silent moon, that silent moon!

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LESSON XXXIX.—EVENING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.—  
SILLIMAN.

[This piece is designed for practice in 'moderate force'. The least *excess* of *quantity*, or volume of voice, in the reading of such pieces, *disturbs* the *repose*, and is at *variance* with the *gentleness*, of the scene. At the same time, care should be taken, that the tone do not become *lifeless*, from want of animation. A *quiet* but *distinct* *utterance*, should be maintained, throughout all such passages.]

- [ ] From the moment the sun is down, every thing becomes silent on the shore, which our windows overlook; and the murmurs of the broad St. Lawrence, more than two miles wide, immediately before us, and, a little way to the right, 5 spreading to five or six miles in breadth, are sometimes, for an hour, the only sounds that arrest our attention. Every evening since we have been here, black clouds and splendid moonlight have hung over, and embellished this tranquil scene; and, on two of these evenings, we have 10 been attracted to the window, by the plaintive Canadian boat-song. In one instance, it arose from a solitary voyager, floating in his light canoe, which occasionally appeared and disappeared on the sparkling river, and in its distant course seemed no larger than some sportive insect. In 15 another instance, a larger boat, with more numerous and less melodious voices, not, indeed, in perfect harmony, passed nearer to the shore, and gave additional life to the scene. A few moments after, the moon broke out from a throne of dark clouds, and seemed to convert the whole 20 expanse of water into one vast sheet of glittering silver; and, in the very brightest spot, at the distance of more than a mile, again appeared a solitary boat, but too distant to admit of our hearing the song, with which the boatman was probably solacing his lonely course.

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LESSON XL.—AMERICA TO ENGLAND.—W. ALLSTON.

[This piece furnishes an example of the energetic style, which, in elocution, is termed 'declamatory force'. The properties of voice, in the reading and recitation of such passages, may all be designated under the head of '*orotund*' *utterance*,—a *deep*, *full*, and *resonant* tone, pervading the whole; and every note combining the *depth* of the '*pectoral*' with the *smoothness* of the '*o'al quality*'.]

- [1] All hail! thou noble land,  
Our fathers' native soil!  
Oh! stretch thy mighty hand,  
Gigantic grown by toil,

O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore :  
For thou, with magic might,  
Canst reach to where the light  
Of Phœbus travels bright  
The world o'er !

5           The Genius of our clime,  
From pine-embattled steep,  
Shall hail the great sublime ;  
While the Tritons of the deep  
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim,  
10       Then let the world combine,—  
O'er the main our naval line,  
Like the milky-way, shall shine  
Bright in fame !

15       Though ages long have passed  
Since our fathers left their home,  
Their pilot in the blast,  
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—  
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !  
And shall we not proclaim  
20       That blood of honest fame,  
Which no tyranny can tame  
By its chains ?

While the language, free and bold,  
Which the bard of Avon sung,  
25       In which our Milton told  
How the vault of heaven rung,  
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host ;  
While this, with reverence meet,  
Ten thousand echoes greet,  
30       From rock to rock repeat  
Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,  
That mould a nation's soul,  
Still cling around our hearts,  
35       Between let ocean roll,  
Our joint communion breaking with the sun •  
Yet, still, from either beach,  
The voice of blood shall reach,  
More audible than speech,  
40       “ We are One ! ”



## LESSON XLI.—THE AMERICAN EAGLE.—C. W. THOMSON.

[The following piece affords scope for a degree of 'force' beyond that which was exemplified in the preceding lesson. In the second, third, and fourth stanzas, it rises to what is distinguished, in elocution, by the designation of 'empassioned force',—the fullest *vehemence* of voice, bordering on the *shout*, and, sometimes, passing into it. This style is found chiefly in lyric poetry; but it is sometimes exemplified in the vehement energy of prose, on exciting occasions.]

[II] Bird of the heavens! whose matchless eye

Alone can front the blaze of day,

And, wandering through the radiant sky,

Ne'er from the sunlight turns away;

5 Whose ample wing was made to rise

Majestic o'er the loftiest peak,

On whose chill tops the winter skies,

Around thy nest, in tempests, speak,—

What ranger of the winds can dare,

10 Proud mountain king! with thee compare;

Or lift his gaudier plumes on high

Before thy native majesty,

When thou hast ta'en thy seat alone,

Upon thy cloud-encircled throne?

[I] 15 Bird of the cliffs! thy noble form

Might well be thought almost divine;

Born for the thunder and the storm,

The mountain and the rock are thine;

And there, where never foot has been,

20 Thy eyrie is sublimely hung,

Where low'ring skies their wrath begin,

And loudest lullabies are sung

By the fierce spirit of the blast,

When, his snow mantle o'er him cast,

25 He sweeps across the mountain top,

With a dark fury naught can stop,

And wings his wild unearthly way

Far through the clouded realms of day.

Bird of the sun! to thee,—to thee

30 The earliest tints of dawn are known,

And 't is thy proud delight to see

The monarch mount his gorgeous throne

Throwing the crimson drapery by,

That half impedes his glorious way;

35 And mounting up the radiant sky,

E'en what he is,—the king of day!

- [I] Before the regent of the skies  
 Men shrink, and veil their dazzled eyes;  
 But thou, in regal majesty,  
 Hast kingly rank as well as he;  
 5 And with a steady, dauntless gaze  
 Thou meet'st the splendor of his blaze.
- [I] { Bird of Columbia! well art thou  
 An emblem of our native land;  
 With unblenched front and noble brow,  
 10 Among the nations doomed to stand;  
 Proud, like her mighty mountain woods;  
 Like her own rivers, wandering free;  
 [II] { And sending forth from hills and floods,  
 The joyous shout of liberty!  
 [I] 15 Like thee, majestic bird! like thee,  
 She stands in unbought majesty,  
 With spreading wing, untired and strong,  
 That dares a soaring far and long,  
 That mounts aloft, nor looks below,  
 [II] 20 And will not quail though tempests blow.
- [I] The admiration of the earth,  
 In grand simplicity she stands;  
 Like thee, the storms beheld her birth,  
 And she was nursed by rugged hands;  
 [ ] 25 But, past the fierce and furious war,  
 Her rising fame new glory brings,  
 For kings and nobles come from far  
 To seek the shelter of her wings.  
 [I] And like thee, rider of the cloud,  
 30 She mounts the heavens, serene and proud,  
 Great in a pure and noble fame,  
 Great in her spotless champion's name,  
 And destined in her day to be  
 Mighty as Rome,—more nobly free.
- [ ] 35 My native land! my native land!  
 To her my thoughts will fondly turn;  
 For her the warmest hopes expand,  
 For her the heart with fears will yearn.  
 Oh! may she keep her eye, like thee,  
 40 Proud eagle of the rocky wild,  
 Fix'd on the sun of liberty,  
 By rank, by faction unbeguiled;

Remembering still the rugged road  
 Our venerable fathers trod,  
 When they through toil and danger press'd,  
 To gain their glorious bequest,  
 5 And from each lip the caution fell  
 To those who follow'd, "Guard it well."

## LESSON XLII.—THE LAST EVENING BEFORE ETERNITY.—

J. A. HILLHOUSE.

[The following extract is intended as an exercise in 'low' pitch of utterance. A *deep*, and comparatively *hollow* tone, pervades the reading of this piece, as it is characterized by the *deepest solemnity*. As an exercise in elocution, it is designed to cultivate the power of full and clear utterance, on a low key,—an attainment more difficult than most others, but of the greatest service to appropriate expression, in all solemn passages, whether in sacred or secular compositions.]

[.]\* By this, the sun his westering car drove low;  
 Round his broad wheels full many a lucid cloud  
 Floated, like happy isles in seas of gold:  
 Along the horizon castled shapes were piled,  
 5 Turrets and towers, whose fronts embattled gleam'd  
 With yellow light: smit by the slanting ray,  
 A ruddy beam the canopy reflected;  
 With deeper light the ruby blushed; and thick  
 Upon the seraphs' wings the glowing spots  
 10 Seemed drops of fire. Uncoiling from its staff,  
 With fainter wave, the gorgeous ensign hung,  
 Or, swelling with the swelling breeze, by fits  
 Cast off, upon the dewy air, huge flakes  
 Of golden lustre. Over all the hill,  
 15 The heavenly legions, the assembled world,  
 Evening her crimson tint for ever drew.  
 Round I gazed  
 Where in the purple west, no more to dawn,  
 Faded the glories of the dying day.  
 20 Mild-twinkling through a crimson-skirted cloud,  
 The solitary star of evening shone.  
 While gazing wistful on that peerless light,  
 Thereafter to be seen no more, (as oft  
 In dreams strange images will mix,) sad thoughts

\* For an example of 'very low' utterance, see LESSON XLVI



Passed o'er my soul. Sorrowing I cried, "Farewell,  
 Pale, beauteous planet, that display'st so soft,  
 Amid yon glowing streak, thy transient beam,  
 A long, a last farewell! Seasons have changed,  
 5 Ages and empires rolled, like smoke, away,  
 But thou, unaltered, beam'st as silver fair  
 As on thy birthnight! Bright and watchful eye  
 From palaces and bowers, have hailed thy gem  
 With secret transport! Natal star of love,  
 10 And souls that love the shadowy hour of fancy,  
 How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray!  
 How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green,  
 Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,  
 Beneath some patriarchal tree, has cheered  
 15 The peasant's heart, and drawn his benison!  
 Pride of the West! beneath thy placid light  
 The tender tale shall never more be told,—  
 Man's soul shall never wake to joy again:  
 Thou set'st for ever,—lovely orb, farewell!"

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LESSON XLIII.—THE CHARACTER OF JESUS.—S. C. THACHER.

[This extract is intended for practice on the 'middle', or average pitch of the voice, which belongs to *serious* communication in public reading or speaking, when not descending to the key of *solemnity*, nor rising to that of mere conversation. A *moderately grave* strain pervades the utterance, in such cases, and serves, if not overdone, to give *earnestness* and *dignity* to expression.]

- [] We find, in the life of Jesus, a union of qualities, which had never before met in any being on this earth. We find imbodyed in his example the highest virtues both of active and of contemplative life. We
- 5 see united in him a devotion to God the most intense, abstracted, unearthly, with a benevolence to man the most active, affectionate, and universal. We see qualities meet and harmonize in his character, which are usually thought the most uncongenial. We see a force of character,
- 10 which difficulties cannot conquer, an energy which calamity cannot relax, a fortitude and constancy which sufferings can neither subdue nor bend from their purpose; connected with the most melting tenderness and sensibility of spirit, the most exquisite susceptibility to every soft and
- 15 gentle impression. We see in him the rare union of zeal

and moderation, of courage and prudence, of compassion and firmness; we see superiority to the world without gloom or severity, or indifference or distaste to its pursuits and enjoyments.

5 In short, there is something in the whole conception and tenor of our Saviour's character so entirely peculiar, something which so realizes the ideal model of the most consummate moral beauty; something so lovely, so gracious, so venerable and commanding, that the boldest  
10 infidels have shrunk from it overawed, and, though their cause is otherwise desperate, have yet feared to profane its perfect purity. One of the most eloquent tributes to its sublimity, that was ever uttered, was extorted from the lips of an infidel. "Is there anything in it," he exclaims,  
15 "of the tone of an enthusiast, or of an ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manners; what touching grace in his instructions; what elevation in his maxims; what profound wisdom in his discourses; what presence of mind, what skill and propriety in his answers; what empire over his passions! Where is the  
20 man, where is the sage, who knows how to act, to suffer and to die, without weakness and without ostentation?"

"When Plato paints his imaginary just man covered with all the ignominy of crime, and yet worthy of all the  
25 honors of virtue, he paints in every feature the character of Christ. What prejudice, what blindness must possess us, to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the son of Mary! How vast the distance between them! Socrates, dying without pain and without ignominy, easily sustains his  
30 character to the last; and if this gentle death had not honored his life, we might have doubted whether Socrates, with all his genius, was any thing more than a sophist. The death of Socrates, philosophizing tranquilly with his friends, is the most easy that one could desire;  
35 that of Jesus, expiring in torture, insulted, mocked, execrated by a whole people, is the most horrible that one can fear. Socrates, when he takes the poisoned cup, blesses him who weeps as he presents it; Jesus, in the midst of the most dreadful tortures, prays for his infuriated  
40 executioners.—Yes! if the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are wholly divine."



## LESSON XLIV.—WOMAN.—MISS C. E. BEECHER.

[The following piece exemplifies the medium, or average *tone of ordinary, earnest conversation*, in *private company*, and has its *pitch higher* on the scale, than the preceding lesson. The animation of the style, however, should *not* be permitted to carry the note *up to the key of mere vivacity and exhilaration*. The prevailing note, in the reading of this extract, is, properly, that of *lively but respectful communication*.]

- [ ] It is to mothers and to teachers, that the world is to look for the character, which is to be enstamped on each succeeding generation; for it is to them that the great business of education is almost exclusively committed. And will it not appear by examination, that neither mothers nor teachers have ever been properly educated for their profession? What is the profession of a woman? Is it not to form immortal minds, and to watch, to nurse, and to rear the bodily system, so fearfully and wonderfully made, and upon the order and regulation of which, the health and well-being of the mind so greatly depend?

- But let most of our sex, upon whom these arduous duties devolve, be asked,—“Have you ever devoted any time and study, in the course of your education, to a preparation for these duties? Have you been taught any thing of the structure, the nature, and the laws, of the body which you inhabit? Were you ever taught to understand the operation of diet, air, exercise, and modes of dress, upon the human frame? Have the causes which are continually operating to prevent good health, and the modes by which it might be perfected and preserved, ever been made the subject of any instruction?”

- Perhaps almost every voice would respond,—“No; we have attended to almost every thing more than to this: we have been taught more concerning the structure of the earth, the laws of the heavenly bodies, the habits and formation of plants, the philosophy of language, than concerning the structure of the human frame, and the laws of health and reason.” But is it not the business, the *profession* of a woman, to guard the health, and form the physical habits of the young? And are not the cradle of infancy, and the chamber of sickness, sacred to woman alone? And ought she not to know, at least, some of the general principles of that perfect and wonderful piece of mechanism committed to her preservation and care?



The *restoration* of health is the physician's profession, but the *preservation* of it falls to other hands; and it is believed that the time will come, when woman will be taught to understand something respecting the construction of the human frame; the philosophical results which will naturally follow from restricted exercise, unhealthy modes of dress, improper diet, and many other causes, which are continually operating to destroy the health and life of the young.

10 Again, let our sex be asked respecting the instruction they have received, in the course of their education, on that still more arduous and difficult department of their profession, which relates to the intellect and the moral susceptibilities,—“Have you been taught the powers and  
15 faculties of the human mind, and the laws by which it is regulated? Have you studied how to direct its several faculties; how to restore those that are overgrown, and strengthen and mature those that are deficient? Have you been taught the best modes of communicating knowl-  
20 edge, as well as of acquiring it? Have you learned the best mode of correcting bad moral habits, and forming good ones? Have you made it an object, to find how a selfish disposition may be made generous; how a reserved temper may be made open and frank; how pettishness  
25 and ill-humor may be changed to cheerfulness and kindness? Has any woman studied her profession in this respect?

It is feared, the same answer must be returned, if not from all, at least from most of our sex:—“No; we have  
30 acquired wisdom from the observation and experience of others, on almost all other subjects; but the philosophy of the direction and control of the human mind, has not been an object of thought or study.” And thus it appears, that, though it is woman's express business to rear the  
35 body, and form the mind, there is scarcely any thing to which her attention has been less directed.

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## LESSON XLV.—THE TREADMILL SONG.—O. W. HOLMES.

[This humorous lyric is introduced to exemplify the 'high' pitch which belongs to *gaiety* and *merriment*. The *note* of the voice is, in the reading of such compositions as this, quite *above* that of *dignified conversation*. It is, properly, that of the *talking* tone, excited to the mood of *mirth*, which is always comparatively *high-pitched*. It happens, also, to exemplify 'loud' and 'lively' utterance. The practice of passages of this description, imparts spirit and pliancy to the voice, and prevents habits of dull and monotonous reading. A *high, ringing* tone, such as we hear in the play-ground, should pervade the utterance, in the reading of this and similar compositions.]

- [° ~~#~~ 1] The stars are rolling in the sky,  
           The earth rolls on below,  
       And we can feel the rattling wheel  
           Revolving as we go.
- 5       Then tread away, my gallant boys,  
           And make the axle fly!  
       Why should not wheels go round about,  
           Like planets in the sky?
- 10       Wake up, wake up, my duck-legg'd man,  
           And stir your solid pegs;  
       Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,  
           And shake your spider-legs:  
       What though you 're awkward at the trade?  
           There 's time enough to learn;
- 15       So lean upon the rail, my lad,  
           And take another turn.
- They 've built us up a noble wall  
           To keep the vulgar out;  
       We 've nothing in the world to do  
           But just to walk about:
- 20       So faster, now, you middle men,  
           And try to beat the ends;  
       It 's pleasant work to ramble round  
           Among one's honest friends.
- 25       Here tread upon the long man's toes;  
           He sha'n't be lazy here:  
       And punch the little fellow's ribs,  
           And tweak that lubber's ear:—
- 30       He 's lost them both:—don't pull his hair,  
           Because he wears a scratch,  
       But poke him in the farther eye,  
           That is n't in the patch.
- Hark! fellows, there 's the supper-bell,  
           and so our work is done:

- It's pretty sport,—suppose we take  
 A round or two for fun!  
 If ever they should turn me out  
 When I have better grown,  
 5 Now hang me, but I mean to have  
 A treadmill of my own!

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LESSON XLVI.—DARKNESS.—*Byron.*

[The following piece is designed for practice in 'very slow' utterance. The tone of *horror*, which pervades the whole description, besides being very *low* in *pitch*, is always *slow*, to extreme. The chief object in view, in such exercises, is to obtain a perfect command of the 'rate' of utterance; so as to give, when necessary, all the effect of *solemnity*, *awe*, and even *horror*, which characterize the reading of such passages as abound in the 'Paradise Lost,' and in the 'Night Thoughts.' The least acceleration of voice, in such cases, destroys the effect of the reading, and impairs the power of the poetry, on the ear and the heart.]

- [=] I had a dream, which was not all a dream.—  
 The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars  
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
 5 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;  
 Morn came, and went,—and came, and brought no day:  
 And men forgot their passions, in the dread  
 Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
 Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light:  
 And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,  
 The palaces of crowned kings, the huts,  
 The habitations of all things which dwell,—  
 Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed:  
 And men were gathered round their blazing homes,  
 15 To look once more into each other's face:  
 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
 Of the volcanoes and their mountain torch.

- A fearful hope was all the world contained:  
 Forests were set on fire; but, hour by hour,  
 They fell and faded; and the crackling trunks  
 Extinguished with a crash,—and all was black,  
 The brows of men, by the despairing light,  
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
 The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,  
 25 And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest  
 Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;  
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed



Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of a past world ; and then again,  
With curses, cast them down upon the dust,  
5 And gnashed their teeth and howled. The wild birds  
shrieked,  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings : the wildest birds  
Came tame and tremulous ; and vipers crawled  
10 And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless,—they were slain for food.

And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again :—a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,  
15 Gorging himself in gloom ; no love was left :  
All earth was but one thought,—and that was death  
Immediate and inglorious ; and men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh ;  
The meagre by the meagre were devoured ;  
20 Even dogs assailed their masters,—all, save one,  
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
The birds, and beasts, and famished men, at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought out no food,  
25 But, with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answered not with a caress,—he died.

The crowd was famished by degrees ; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
30 And they were enemies ; they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place,  
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things  
For an unholy usage ; they raked up,  
And, shivering, scraped, with their cold, skeleton hands,  
35 The feeble ashes ; and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame,  
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
Each other's aspects,—saw, and shrieked, and died,—  
40 Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
Famine had written *fiend*. The world was void ;

The populous and the powerful was a lump,—  
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,—  
 A lump of death,—a chaos of hard clay.  
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still;  
 5 And nothing stirred within their silent depths :  
 Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,  
 And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped,  
 They slept on the abyss without a surge :  
 The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave ;  
 10 The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;  
 The winds were withered in the stagnant air ;  
 And the clouds perished : Darkness had no need  
 Of aid from them ; she was the universe.

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LESSON XLVII.—GOD.—*Derzhavin, translated by  
 Bowring.*

[The piece which follows, is designed for practice in the 'very slow' rate which characterizes *deep awe*. *Reverence, solemnity, and awe*,—but especially the last,—incline to *extreme slowness, great prolongation of single sounds, and remarkably long pauses*. The tone of these emotions is *deep*, although not so peculiarly low, as that which was exemplified in the preceding lesson. *Length of vowel sounds, and length of pauses*, are the main objects of practice, in such exercises.]

- [=] O Thou eternal One ! whose presence bright  
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide :  
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight ;  
 Thou only God ! There is no God beside !  
 5 Being above all beings ! Mighty One !  
 Whom none can comprehend, and none explore ;  
 Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone :  
 Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—  
 Being whom we call God,—and know no more !  
 10 In its sublime research, philosophy  
 May measure out the ocean-deep,—may count  
 The sands or the sun's rays ;—but, God ! for Thee  
 There is no weight nor measure :—none can mount  
 Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,  
 15 Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try  
 To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark ;  
 And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,  
 Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
First chaos, then existence :—Lord ! on Thee  
Eternity had its foundation ;—all  
Sprung forth from Thee :—of light, joy, harmony,  
5 Sole origin :—all life, all beauty Thine.  
Thy word created all, and doth create ;  
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.  
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be ! Glorious ! Great !  
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !

10 Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,  
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath !  
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
And beautifully mingled life and death !  
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,  
15 So suns are born, so worlds sprung forth from Thee  
And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand,  
20 Wander, unwearied, through the blue abyss :  
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,  
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light,—  
A glorious company of golden streams,—  
25 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,—  
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?  
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in Thee is lost :—  
30 What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?  
And what am *I* then ? Heaven's unnumbered host,  
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed  
35 Against Thy greatness, is a cipher brought  
Against infinity ! Oh ! what am I then ? Nought !

Nought ! yet the effluence of Thy light divine,  
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too ;  
Yes ! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,  
40 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.



Nought ! yet I live, and on hope's pinions fly  
Eager towards Thy presence ; for in Thee  
I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,  
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.

5 I am, O God ! and surely *Thou* must be !

Thou art ! directing, guiding all, Thou art !  
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee ;  
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart :  
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,  
10 Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand !  
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,  
On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,  
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land !

15 The chain of being is complete in me :  
In me is matter's last gradation lost ;  
And the next step is spirit,—Deity !  
I can command the lightning, and am dust !  
A monarch, and a slave ; a worm, a god !  
20 Whence came I here ? and how so marvellously  
Constructed and conceived ? Unknown !—This clod  
Lives surely through some higher energy ;  
For from itself alone it could not be !

25 Creator, yes ! Thy wisdom and Thy word  
Created *me* ! Thou source of life and good !  
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !  
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude  
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring  
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
30 The garments of eternal day, and wing  
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
Even to its source,—to Thee,—its Author there

Oh ! thoughts ineffable ! Oh ! visions blest !  
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,  
35 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.  
God ! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar ;  
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good !  
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore ;  
40 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

## LESSON XLVIII.—NIAGARA.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

[The following piece is designed for practice in the 'slow' utterance which characterizes the tones of *sublimity* and *awe*. The 'rate' of voice is not altogether so slow as in the preceding lesson; yet it retains much of that effect which cannot be given without slowness of movement and full pauses. The note, in the style of this lesson, continues *low*, although *not* so remarkably *deep* as in the preceding. The principal object of practice, in this instance, is to secure that degree of 'slowness' which marks the tones of *wonder* and *astonishment*.]

- [ 7 ] Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe  
Of terror and of beauty! Yea, flow on  
Unfathomed and resistless! God hath set  
His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud  
5 Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give  
Thy voice of thunder, power to speak of Him  
Eternally,—bidding the lip of man  
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour  
Incense of awe-struck praise.
- 10 Ah! who can dare  
To lift the insect-trump of earthly hope,  
Or love, or sorrow, 'mid the peal sublime  
Of thy tremendous hymn? Even Ocean shrinks  
Back from thy brotherhood; and all his waves  
15 Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem  
To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall  
His wearied billows from their vexing play,  
And lull them to a cradle calm; but thou  
With everlasting, undecaying tide,  
20 Dost rest not, night or day. The morning stars,  
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,  
Heard thy deep anthem; and those wrecking fires  
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve  
This solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name  
25 Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,  
On thine unending volume.
- Every leaf,  
That lifts itself within thy wide domain,  
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,  
30 Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo!—yon birds  
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing  
Amid thy mist and foam. 'T is meet for them,  
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir  
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor wreath,  
35 For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,

Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,  
 Without reproof. But as for us, it seems  
 Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak  
 Familiarly of thee. Methinks to tint  
 5 Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,  
 Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,  
 Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul  
 A wondering witness of thy majesty ;  
 10 But as it presses with delirious joy  
 To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,  
 And tame its rapture with the humbling view  
 Of its own nothingness ; bidding it stand  
 In the dread presence of the Invisible,  
 15 As if to answer to its God through thee.

LESSON XLIX.—THE UNITED STATES.—BANCROFT.

[The extract which follows, exemplifies the deliberate, or 'moderately slow' utterance, which belongs to the style of *serious* reading or speaking, with reference to the purposes of public or general communication. Such passages exemplify, also, the 'moderate' force, and the 'middle' pitch. To *avoid hurry*, on the one hand, and *drawing*, on the other, is the object in view, in the practice of such exercises. A *grave* and *dignified* style forbids any approach to *haste* ; but it does *not* imply a *lagging slowness*.]

[ | The United States of America constitute an essential  
 portion of the great political system, embracing all the  
 civilized nations of the earth. At a period when the force  
 of moral opinion is rapidly increasing, they have the prece-  
 5 dence, in the practice and the defence of the equal rights  
 of man.

The sovereignty of the people, is here a conceded axiom ;  
 and the laws, established upon that basis, are cherished  
 with faithful patriotism. While the nations of Europe  
 0 aspire after change, our constitution engages the fond  
 admiration of the people, by whom it has been established.  
 Prosperity follows the execution of even justice ; invention  
 is quickened by the freedom of competition ; and labor  
 rewarded with sure and unexampled returns.

15 Domestic peace is maintained without the aid of a mili-  
 tary establishment ; public sentiment permits the existence  
 of but few standing troops, and those only along the sea-  
 board and on the frontiers. A gallant navy protects our  
 commerce, which spreads its banners on every sea, and



extends its enterprise to every clime. Our diplomatic relations connect us, on terms of equality and honest friendship, with the chief powers of the world; while we avoid entangling participation in their intrigues, their passions, 5 and their wars.

Our national resources are developed by an earnest culture of the arts of peace. Every man may enjoy the fruits of his industry; every mind is free to publish its convictions. Our government, by its organization, is necessarily 10 identified with the interests of the people, and relies exclusively on their attachment, for its durability and support. Even the enemies of the state, if there be any among us, have liberty to express their opinions undisturbed; and are safely tolerated, where reason is left free to combat their 15 errors. Nor is the constitution a dead letter, unalterably fixed; it has the capacity for improvement; adopting whatever changes time and the public will may require, and safe from decay, so long as that will retains its energy.

New states are forming in the wilderness; canals, intersecting our plains and crossing our highlands, open numerous channels to internal commerce; manufactures prosper along our water-courses; the use of steam on our rivers and rail-roads, annihilates distance by the acceleration of speed. Our wealth and population, already giving us a 25 place in the first rank of nations, are so rapidly cumulative, that the former is increased fourfold; and the latter is doubled, in every period of twenty-two or twenty-three years. There is no national debt; the community is opulent; the government economical; and the public treasury 30 full. Religion, neither persecuted nor paid by the state, is sustained by the regard for public morals, and the convictions of an enlightened faith.

Intelligence is diffused with unparalleled universality; a free press teems with the choicest productions of all nations and ages. There are more daily journals in the 35 United States, than in the world beside. A public document of general interest is, within a month, reproduced in at least a million of copies, and is brought within the reach of every freeman in the country.

40 An immense concourse of emigrants, of the most various lineage, is perpetually crowding to our shores; and the principles of liberty, uniting all interests by the operation of equal laws, blend the discordant elements into harmonious union. Other governments are convulsed by the

innovations and reforms of neighboring states; our constitution, fixed in the affections of the people, from whose choice it has sprung, neutralizes the influence of foreign principles, and fearlessly opens an asylum to the virtuous.  
 5 the unfortunate, and the oppressed of every nation.

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LESSON L.—WOUTER VAN TWILLER.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

[The following specimen of *descriptive humor*, requires the 'lively movement', in its rate of utterance. The voice is, in this instance, *accelerated beyond the rate of serious communication*, in any form; although it does *not* possess the *rapidity* which belongs to the excited style of lyric or dramatic poetry, in the most vivid style of humorous expression. This lesson combines, also, an exemplification of 'moderate' force, and 'middle' pitch. The object in view in the practice of such exercises as this, is to gain *animation* and *briskness*, in utterance. A lagging or drawling tone is utterly incompatible with humorous delineation. *Mere rapidity*, however, will *not* succeed in imparting *liveliness* to style: the utterance must be *slow enough* to be *distinct* and *spirited*.]

[v] The renowned Wouter, (or Walter,) Van Twiller,  
 [#] was descended from a long line of Dutch burgo-  
 masters, who had successively dozed away their lives,  
 and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotter-  
 5 dam; and who had comported themselves with such  
 singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never  
 either heard or talked of,—which, next to being universally  
 applauded, should be the object of ambition of all ages,  
 magistrates, and rulers.

10 His surname, Twiller, is said to be a corruption of the  
 original *Twijfser*,\* which, in English, means *Doubter*; a  
 name admirably descriptive of his deliberative habits.  
 For, though he was a man shut up within himself, like an  
 oyster, and of such a profoundly reflective turn, that he  
 15 scarcely ever spoke except in monosyllables, yet did he  
 never make up his mind on any doubtful point. This was  
 clearly accounted for by his adherents, who affirmed that  
 he always conceived every object on so comprehensive a  
 scale, that he had not room in his head to turn it over, and  
 20 examine both sides of it; so that he always remained in  
 doubt, merely in consequence of the astonishing magnitude  
 of his ideas!

There are two opposite ways by which some men get  
 into notice,—one by talking a vast deal, and thinking a

\* Pronounced *Twecfser*.



little, and the other, by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a vamping, superficial pretender acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts,—by the other, many a vacant dunderpate, like the owl, 5 the stupidest of birds, comes to be complimented, by a discerning world, with all the attributes of wisdom. This, by the way, is a mere casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. On the contrary, he was a very wise Dutchman; 10 for he never said a foolish thing,—and of such invincible gravity, that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the course of a long and prosperous life. Certain, however, it is, there never was a matter proposed, however simple, and on which your common narrow- 15 minded mortals would rashly determine at the first glance, but what the renowned Wouter put on a mighty mysterious, vacant kind of look, shook his capacious head, and having smoked, for five minutes, with redoubled earnestness, sagely observed, that “he had his doubts about the 20 matter,”—which in process of time gained him the character of a man slow in belief, and not easily imposed on.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman, was as regularly formed, and nobly proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statu- 25 ary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex’s ingenuity, would have been puzzled to 30 construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back bone, just between the shoulders. His body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing 35 that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs, though exceeding short, were sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that, when erect, he had not a little the appearance of a robustious beer-barrel, standing on skids. His 40 face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, perfectly unfurrowed or deformed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser mag-



nitude in the hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

- 5 His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours; and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller,—a true philosopher;  
 10 for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the  
 15 smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which the philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

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LESSON LI.—INVOCATION OF MIRTH.—*Milton.*

[The extract which follows, is an example of the 'quick' rate of utterance, which characterizes the tones of *joy* and *mirth*. The voice, in the reading of such passages as the following, moves with *great rapidity*, in comparison with the ordinary rate. The utterance, in this instance, is 'high' and 'loud', as well as 'very quick'. The practice of this style, is useful, not only for its immediate, but its general effect. It *enlivens* the tones of the voice, and imparts *fluency* in enunciation.]

- [I ° u u]   Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
                   Jest, and youthful Jollity,  
                   Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
                   Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
 5               Such as hang on Hebe's\* cheek,  
                   And love to live in dimple sleek;  
                   Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
                   And Laughter holding both his sides.  
                   Come, and trip it, as you go,  
 10               On the light fantastic toe;  
                   And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
                   The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;  
                   And, if I give thee honor due,  
                   Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

\* The goddess of youth

To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free ;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And, singing, startle the dull night,  
5 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the sweet brier or the vine,  
10 Or the twisted eglantine :  
While the ploughman, near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his sithe,  
15 And every shepherd tells his tale,  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
While the landscape round it measures,  
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
20 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.  
Sometimes with secure delight,  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
25 When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecs\* sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the checkered shade ;  
And young and old come forth to play,  
30 On a sunshine holy-day,  
Till the livelong daylight fail.

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LESSON LII.—MARCO BOZZARIS.—F. G. HALLECK.

[The marking of the following piece, is extended to the indication of 'tones' and 'modulation', 'stress', and 'quality'; as all these modes of voice, are inseparably connected in utterance, and all of them arise from *emotion*, as their common source. The principal points in *emphasis*, *inflection*, and *pausing*, are also indicated, wherever they are essential elements of 'expression'.]

This heroic chief fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last

\* Rebec, a peculiar sort of violin.

words were,—“To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain.”

[x ° —] At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour !  
 When Greece, her knee in suppliciance bent,—  
 Should *trèmb*le at his power ;  
 { In dréams, through camp and court, he bore  
 The trophies of a *cò*nqueror ;  
 < In dréams, his song of *tr*iumph | heard ;  
 Then wore his monarch's *signet ring*,—  
 Then press'd that monarch's *thrò*ne,—a KìNG ;  
 As *wild* his *thoughts*, and *gay* of *wing*,  
 As *Eden's gárden bird*.

[x ° —] An hour | pass'd òn :—[l °] the Turk *awò*ke ;—  
 [° —] *That bright dream* || [°] was his *làst* ;—  
 He *wò*ke—to hear his *sentry's shriek*,  
 “To ÀRMS ! they *cò*me : the GRÈEK ! the GRÈEK !”  
 He *wò*ke—[°] to DÌE || midst *flù*me and *smò*ke,  
 And *shò*ut, and *grò*an, and *sù*bre-stroke,  
 And *dè*ath-shots | falling thick ! and fast |  
 As *lì*ghtnings ! from the *mountain clò*ud ;  
 > And heard, with voice as *trù*mpet loud,  
 > *Bozzaris* | *cheer* his *bà*nd ;—  
 [l ° °] “STRÌKE—till the last arm'd foe ! *exp*ires,  
 STRÌKE—for your *altars* ! and your *fì*res,  
 STRÌKE—for the GREEN GRAVES of your *sì*res,  
 GÒD,—and your *NATIVE LÀN*D !”

[l] They fought, like *brà*ve men, *lóng* ! and *wè*ll,  
 They *pì*led that ground with *Moslem slà*in ;  
 < They *cò*nquer'd ;—[x ° —] but *Bozzaris* | *FÈ*LL,  
*Bleed*ing ! at every *vè*in.

[x°—] His few ! surviving comrades || saw  
 His *smile*, when *rang* their *prou*d HURRÀH,  
 And the red field ! was *wón* ;

[xx ° =] Then saw | in *dè*ath ! his eyelids *close* |  
*Calmly*, as to a *nì*ght's *repò*se,  
 Like *flò*wers ! at set of *sùn*.

[x °° —] Come to the *bridal chà*mber, *Dè*ath !  
 Come to the *mò*ther, when she feels,  
 For the *first* time, her *first born's brè*ath ;—  
 Come ! when the blessed seals !



- Which close the *pèstilence* | are *bróke*,  
 < And *crowded cities* | *wail* its *stròke* ;—  
 Come | in *Consumption's* *ghastly form*,  
 [I] The *earthquake shòck*, the *ocean stòrm* :—  
 Come | when the *heart* <sup>1</sup> *beats high* <sup>1</sup> and *warm*,  
 With *bánquet-song*, and *dánce*, and *wíne*,—  
 [x ° —] And thou art TÈRRIBLE : the *tèar*,  
 The *gròan*, the *knèll*, the *pàll*, the *bier*,  
 And *all we knów*, or *dréam*, or *fèar* <sup>1</sup>  
 Of *agony*, are *thìne*.  
 [I ° °] But to the HÉRO,—when his sword  
 Has *won* the *bàttle* for the *frée*,—  
 Thy voice | sounds like a *pròphet's word*,  
 And <sup>1</sup> in its *hollow tones* | are heard  
 The *thanks* of MÍLLIONS | *yèt to bè*.  
 [x ° —] *Bozzáris* ! with the storied *brave* <sup>1</sup>  
*Greece nurtured* in her *glóry's* time,  
*Rèst* thee :—there is no *pròuder* grave,  
 Even in her *òwn pròud clìme*.  
 We tell thy *doom* <sup>1</sup> *without a sigh* ;  
 [II] For *thou* art FÈEDOM's now, and FÀME's,—  
 One of the FÈW, the IMMÒRTAL names,  
 That were not born to *die*. }

## LESSON LIII.—WATERLOO.—Byron.

[Marked as LESSON LII.]

- [° ] There was a sound <sup>1</sup> of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital || had gather'd <sup>1</sup> then |  
 < Her *bèauty* <sup>1</sup> and her *chivalry* ; and bright <sup>1</sup>  
 < The *lamps* <sup>1</sup> shone | o'er *fair wómen* | and *brave mèn*.  
 [I °] A *thòusand* hearts | beat *hàppily*, and when  
 [x] < Music <sup>1</sup> arose <sup>1</sup> with its *voluptuous swéll*,  
 Soft eyes | look'd *lòve* <sup>1</sup> to eyes which spake agàin ,  
 < And *all* <sup>1</sup> went merry as a *marriage-bèll* :  
 [x ° °] But HUSH ! HARK !—a *deep sound* | strikes <sup>1</sup> like a  
 [x. q.] rising *knèll* !  
 [I ° °] Did ye not HEAR it ? [I —] Nò ; 't was but the *wínd*,  
 Or the *càr* | rattling o'er the stony strèet ;  
 On with the *dànce* ! let *joy* <sup>1</sup> be *unconfined* ;  
 < No *sleep* till *mòrn*, when *Youth* <sup>1</sup> and *Plèasure* <sup>1</sup> meet,  
 < To *chase* the *glowing hours* <sup>1</sup> with *flying fèet*—

[x ° u] But HARK!—*that heavy sound* | breaks in <sup>1</sup> *once more*,  
 < As if the *clòuds* || its *echo* <sup>1</sup> would *repèat* ;  
 < And *nèarer*, *clèarer*, *dèadlier* than before !  
 [||°°uu] ÀRM!—ÀRM!—[l ° —] it *is*,—it *is*,—the *cànnon's open-*  
 [a. q.] *ing ròar* !

[ ] Within a windowed niche of that high hall ||  
 Sat *Brùnswick's fàted chieftain* ; he did hear <sup>1</sup>  
 That sound <sup>1</sup> the *first* | amidst the festival,  
 And *caught* its *tone* <sup>1</sup> with *dèath's* prophetic *èar* ;  
 And when they *smiled* <sup>1</sup> because he deem'd it *nèar*,  
*His heart* | more truly *knew* that *peal* <sup>1</sup> *too wèll* ||  
 Which stretched his *father* <sup>1</sup> on a *bloody bier*,  
 < And *roused* the *vengeance* | *blood* <sup>1</sup> alone <sup>1</sup> would  
*quèll* :

< He rush'd into the *field*, and, *fòremost fighting*, *fèll*.

[x ° u] Ah! then <sup>1</sup> and there <sup>1</sup> was *hurrying to* and *fró*,  
 [a. q.] And *gathering téars*, and *tremblings* of *distréss*,  
 And *cheeks* all *pále*, which | but an *hour* ago ||  
*Blùsh'd* <sup>1</sup> at the *praise* of their own *lòveliness* ;  
 And there were *sudden pàrtings*, such as press  
 The *life* <sup>1</sup> from out *young héarts*, and *choking sighs* ||  
 [° —] Which *ne'er* might be *repèated* ; *who* could *guess* ||  
 If ever more <sup>1</sup> should *mèet* <sup>1</sup> those *mutual eyes*,  
 [b°°=] Since upon *nìght* <sup>1</sup> so *swéet*, such *awful mòrn* | could  
*rise* !

[l ° u] And there was *mounting* <sup>1</sup> in *hot hàste* ; the *stèed*,  
 The *mustering squàdron*, and the *clattering càr*,  
 Went *pouring forward* <sup>1</sup> with *impetuous spèd*,  
 And *swiftly forming* <sup>1</sup> in the *ranks* of *wàr* :  
 [l ° —] And the *deep thúnder*, *peal* on *peal* <sup>1</sup> *afàr* ;  
 And *nèar*, the *beat* of the *alarming drùm* |  
 [l u] *Roused up* the *soldier* <sup>1</sup> ere the *morning-stàr* ;  
 [x ° u] While *thronged* the *citizens* | with *terror dùmb*,  
 Or *whispering* <sup>1</sup> with *white lips* <sup>1</sup> [°] “The *FÒÈ* ! They  
 [a. q.] *CÒME*, they *CÒME* !”

[l°] And *wild* <sup>1</sup> and *hìgh* | the “*Cámeron's gàthering*”  
*ròse* !

[pu. t.] The *war-note* of *Lochiel*, which *Albyn's hills* |  
 Have *héard* || and *heard*, too, have her *Saxon fòes*  
 [l ° —] *How* <sup>1</sup> in the *noon* of *nìght* <sup>1</sup> *that pibroch* <sup>1</sup> *thrills*,  
*Sávae* | and *shrill* ! But with the *breath* which *fills*  
 < Their *mountain-pípe*, so fill the *mountainèers* |

- < With the *fierce native daring* || which instils |  
 < The *stirring memory* <sup>1</sup> of a *thousand yèars* ;  
 [|| . u] And *Evan's, Dòndald's fame* || rings | in each clans  
           man's èars !
- [x . —] And *Ardennes*\* <sup>1</sup> waves above them <sup>1</sup> her green  
           lèaves,—
- [b m.s.] Dewy, with nàture's tear-drops,—as they páss,  
           *Grieving*,—if aught *inanimate* <sup>1</sup> e'er grieves,—  
           Over the *unreturning bràve*,—[. o.] *alás* !  
           Ere *evening* <sup>1</sup> to be *trodden* like the *gràss* ||  
           Which *now* <sup>1</sup> *benéath* them, but *abòve* <sup>1</sup> shall grow  
           In its *nèxt* verdure, when this fiery mass | <  
 < Of *living valor* | [u] *rolling* on the *fòe*,  
 < [u] And *burning* with *high hópe*, [x . o.] shall *moulder*  
           *cold* | and *lòw*. >
- [ ] *Last nóon* || beheld them *full of lusty life*,  
 [b] *Last éve* || in *beauty's circle* <sup>1</sup> proudly *gày*,  
 < The *midnight* | brought the *signal sound* of *strife*.  
 < The *mórn* || the *marshalling* in *àrms*,—the *dáy* ||  
 < *Battle's magnificently stern arrày* !
- [x . —] The *thunder-clouds* | *close* ò'er it, which <sup>1</sup> when *rént*  
           The *earth* | is *cover'd thick* | with *òther clay*,  
 [x . o.] Which her *òwn clay* shall cover, *héap'd* and *pènt*,  
           *Ríder* and *hòrse*,—*friend, fòe*,—in *one* <sup>1</sup> *red* <sup>1</sup> *burial* <  
           <sup>1</sup> *blènt*.

LESSON LIV.—PRUSSIAN BATTLE HYMN.—*Translated from*  
*Körner.*†

[Marked as LESSON LII.]

- [x . —] FATHER of *éarth* <sup>1</sup> and *hèaven* ! I call *Thy nàme* !  
 < Round me the *smòke* <sup>1</sup> and *shóut* <sup>1</sup> of *bàttle* | ròll ;  
 [l —] My *eyes* | are *dàzzled* | with the *rustling flàme* ;  
 [x . —] *Fáther, sustàin*, an *untried soldier's soul*.  
 [l —] Or *life*, or *dèath*, *whatèver* be the goal |  
           That *crówns* | or *closes ròund* <sup>1</sup> *this struggling hóur*,  
           *Thòu* knowest, if ever | from my spirit <sup>1</sup> stole <sup>1</sup>  
           *One* <sup>1</sup> *dèeper práy*er, 't was | that *no clòud* <sup>1</sup> might  
           *lower* <sup>1</sup>  
           On my *young fàme* !—[l . —] Oh ! *HÈAR* ! *God of eter-*  
           *nal pòwer* !

\* Pronounced *Arden*.

† The *o* in this word has no correspondent sound in English : it is nearly, as the French *au*.



- [—] *Gód! Thou art m̀erciful.—The wintry stórm,*  
*The cloud | that pours the thúnder | from its*  
*wómb,*  
 But show the *sterner gràndeur* of Thy fórm;  
 < *The líghtnings, glancing through the midnight*  
*glóom,*  
 [x ° —] *To Fáith's raised eye | as càlm, as lóvely come,*  
*As splendors of the autumnal | evening stàr,*  
 [xx ° —] *As roses | shaken by the breeze's plúme,*  
*When | like cool incense | comes the dewy áir,*  
*And on the golden wáve, the sùn-set | búrns afàr.*
- [l ° —] *Gód! Thou art migh̀ty!—At thy footstool bound,*  
*Lie gazing to thée, Chánce, and Lífe, and Dèath;*  
 < *Nor in the Angel-circle | flaming róund,*  
 < *Nor in the millíon wórls | that blaze benéath,*  
 < *Is óne | that can withstand Thy wrath's hot brèath*  
*Wò | in Thy frówn—in Thy smíle | víctory!*  
 [°°] *Hèar my lást pràyer!—I ask no mòrtal wreath.*  
 [l] *Let but these eyes my rescued cóuntry see,*  
 [o] *Then tàke my spírit, All Omnípótent, to THÈE.*
- [ll ° v] *Now for the Fíght!—now for the Cànnon-peal!—*  
*Fòrward!—through blóod, and tóil, and clóud,*  
*and fire!*  
 { *GLÓRIOUS | the shóut, the shóck, the crash of stèel,*  
*The vólley's ròll, the ròcket's blasting spíre!*  
*They shàke,—like broken wàves | their squares*  
*retire.*  
 < *ÒN them hussàrs!—Now | give them rein | and*  
*HÈEL!*  
*Think of the orphaned child, the murdered síre:—*  
*ÈARTH | cries for blóod,—in THÚNDER | on them*  
*whèel!*
- [l ° ] *This hour || to Europe's fate || shall set the triumph-*  
*seal!*

LESSON LV.—BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

[This, and whatever other lessons the teacher thinks proper to select, may be marked, by the reader, as LESSON LII.]

The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained, proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding

Saldana's liberty. Alfonso accordingly offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle at Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his strong hold, with all his captives, and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "Oh God, is the Count Saldana indeed coming?" "Look where he is," replied the cruel king, "and now go and greet him, whom you have so long desired to see."—The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark, as to Bernardo's future history after this event, with the exception of the final interview in which he renounced his allegiance to the king.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,  
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;  
'I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,  
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—Oh! break my father's chain!'

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day:  
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."—  
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,  
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,  
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;  
—"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,  
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed,—his proud breast heaved,—his cheek's hue  
came and went,—  
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there dismounting  
bent,  
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—  
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold,—a frozen thing,—it dropped from his like lead,—  
He looked up to the face above,—the face was of the dead.  
A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—the brow was fixed and white;—  
He met at last his father's eyes,—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed;—but who could paint the  
gaze?

They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze:—  
'They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;  
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then—  
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!  
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—  
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,  
'No more there is no more,' he said, "to lift the sword for now,—

My king is false, my hope betrayed ! My father—oh ! the worth,  
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth !

“ I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire ! beside thee yet !—  
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain’s free soil had met !—  
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then ;—for thee my fields  
were won ;  
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son !”

Then starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch’s rein,  
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train ;  
And with a fierce, o’ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led, —  
And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the dead :—

“ Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father’s hand to kiss !  
—Be still, and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell me what is this ?  
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought,—give answer, where are  
they ?  
—If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold  
clay !

“ Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still ! keep down thine ire,—  
Bid these white lips a blessing speak,—this earth is not my sire :—  
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,—  
Thou canst not !—and a king !—his dust be mountains on thy head !”

He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell ;—upon the silent face  
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad  
place :

His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain :—  
His banner led the spears no more, amidst the hills of Spain.

LESSON LVI.—WILLIAM KIEFT.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Wilhelmus Kieft was in form, features, and character,  
the very reverse of Wouter Van Twiller, his renowned  
predecessor. He was of very respectable descent, his fa-  
ther being inspector of windmills, in the ancient town of  
Saardam ; and our hero, we are told, made very curious  
5 investigations into the nature and operations of those ma-  
chines, when a boy, which is one reason why he after-  
wards came to be so ingenious a governor. His name,  
according to the most ingenious etymologists, was a cor-  
ruption of *Kyver*, that is to say, *wrangler* or *scolder*, and  
10 expressed the hereditary disposition of his family ; which,  
for nearly two centuries, had kept the windy town of  
Saardam in hot water, and produced more tartars and  
brimstones, than any ten families in the place ;—and so



truly did Wilhelmus Kieft inherit this family endowment that he had scarcely been a year in the discharge of his government, before he was universally known by the appellation of WILLIAM, THE TESTY.

5 He was a brisk, waspish, little old gentleman, who had dried and withered away, partly through the natural process of years, and partly from being parched and burnt up by his fiery soul; which blazed like a vehement rushlight in his bosom, constantly inciting him to most valorous  
10 broils, altercations, and misadventures. I have heard it observed, by a profound and philosophical judge of human nature, that if a woman waxes fat, as she grows old, the tenure of her life is very precarious, but if happily she withers, she lives forever.—Such likewise was the case  
15 with William, the Testy, who grew tougher in proportion as he dried. He was some such a little Dutchman, as we may now and then see stumping briskly about the streets of our city, in a broad-skirted coat, with huge buttons, an old-fashioned cocked hat stuck on the back of his head,  
20 and a cane as high as his chin. His visage was broad, and his features sharp, his nose turned up with the most petulant curl; his cheeks were scorched into a dusky red,—doubtless in consequence of the neighborhood of two fierce little gray eyes, through which his torrid soul  
25 beamed with tropical fervor. The corners of his mouth were curiously modelled into a kind of fretwork, now a little resembling the wrinkled proboscis of an irritable pug dog;—in a word, he was one of the most positive, restless, ugly, little men, that ever put himself in a passion about  
30 nothing.

Such were the personal endowments of William, the Testy; but it was the sterling riches of his mind, that raised him to dignity and power. In his youth, he had passed, with great credit, through a celebrated academy at  
35 the Hague, noted for producing finished scholars, with a despatch unequalled, except by certain of our American colleges. Here he skirmished very smartly, on the frontiers of several of the sciences, and made so gallant an inroad in the dead languages, as to bring off captive a  
40 host of Greek nouns and Latin verbs, together with divers pithy saws and apothegms, all which he constantly paraded in conversation and writing, with as much vain-glory as would a triumphant general of yore display the spoils of the countries he had ravaged

It is in knowledge, as in swimming; he who ostentatiously sports and flounders on the surface, makes more noise and splashing, and attracts more attention, than the industrious pearl diver, who plunges in search of treasures at the bottom. The “universal acquirements” of William Kieft were the subject of great marvel and admiration among his countrymen,—he figured about at the Hague, with as much vain-glory, as does a profound Bonze at Pekin; who has mastered half the letters of the Chinese alphabet; and, in a word, was unanimously pronounced a *universal genius*!—I have known many universal geniuses in my time; though, to speak my mind freely, I never knew one, who, for the ordinary purposes of life, was worth his weight in straw;—but, for the purposes of government, a little sound judgment, and plain common sense, is worth all the sparkling genius that ever wrote poetry, or invented theories.

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LESSON LVII.—PALMYRA.—WILLIAM WARE.

Letter from a Roman nobleman, resident at Palmyra.

If the gods, dear Marcus and Lucilia, came down to dwell upon earth, they could not but choose Palmyra for their seat, both on account of the general beauty of the city and its surrounding plains, and the exceeding sweetness and serenity of its climate. It is a joy here only to sit still and live. The air, always loaded with perfume, seems to convey essential nutriment to those who breathe it; and its hue, especially when a morning or evening sun shines through it, is of that golden cast, which, as poets feign, bathes the top of Olympus.

Never do we tremble here before blasts like those which from the Apennines sweep along the plains and cities of the Italian coast. No extremes of either heat or cold, are experienced in this happy spot. In winter, airs, which, in other places, equally far to the north, would come bearing with them an icy coldness, are here tempered by the vast deserts of sand, which stretch away in every direction, and which, it is said, never wholly lose the heat treasured up during the fierce reign of the summer sun. And, in summer, the winds which, as they pass over the deserts, are indeed like the breath of a furnace, long before they reach the city change to a cool and refreshing breeze, by traversing, as they do, the vast tracts of cultivated ground, which,

as I have already told you, surround the capital, to a very great extent on every side.

Palmyra is the very heaven of the body. Every sense is fed to the full, with that which it chiefly covets. But  
5 when I add to this, that its unrivalled position, in respect to a great inland traffic, has poured into the lap of its inhabitants a sudden and boundless flood of wealth, making every merchant a prince, you will truly suppose, that however heartily I extol it for its outward beauties, and  
10 all the appliances of luxury, I do not conceive it very favorable in its influences upon the character of its population.

Palmyrenes, charming as they are, are not Romans. They are enervated by riches, and the luxurious sensual  
15 indulgences which they bring along, by necessity, in their train;—all their evil power being here increased by the voluptuous softness of the climate. I do not say, that all are so. All Rome cannot furnish a woman more truly Roman than Fausta, nor a man more worthy that  
20 name than Gracchus. It is of the younger portion of the inhabitants I now speak. These are, without exception, effeminate. They love their country and their great queen; but they are not a defence, upon which in time of need to rely. Neither do I deny them courage. They  
25 want something more vital still,—bodily strength and martial training. Were it not for this, I should almost fear for the issue of any encounter between Rome and Palmyra.

But, as it is, notwithstanding the great achievements of  
30 Odenatus and Zenobia, I cannot but deem the glory of this state to have risen to its highest point, and even to have passed it. You may think me to be hasty, in forming this opinion; but I am persuaded you will agree with me, when you shall have seen more at length the grounds  
35 upon which I rest it, as they are laid down in my last letter to Portia.

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LESSON LVIII.—BEAUTIES OF NATURE.—SAMUEL G. HOWE

There is nothing in which the goodness of God is more apparent, than in the unsparing flood of beauty which he pours out upon all things around us. What is more striking than the fact, that this beautiful canopy of clouds  
5 which curtain over our globe, when looked down upon from a mountain-top, or from a balloon, is like a leaden



lake, without beauty, or even color; it is like the dull canvass on the reverse of a beautiful picture; but from within,—from where God meant man to see it, it is adorned, beautified, and variegated, in a manner inimitable by art.

Dainty people cross the seas, to be thrilled by the wild sketches of Salvator Rosa, or to languish over the soft tints of Guido; and the rich man beggars whole villages, to hang up in his gallery three square feet of the pencil-work of Corregio; but God hangs up in the summer evening sky, for the poorest peasant boy, a picture whole leagues in extent, the tints of which would make Raphael throw down his pencil in despair; and when He gathers together the dark folds of the sky, to prepare the autumn thunder storm, He heaves up the huge clouds into mountain masses, throws them into wild and sublime attitudes, colors them with the most lowering hues, and forms a picture which Michael Angelo, with all his genius, could not copy.

The rich man adorns his cabinet with a few costly works, which hang unchanged for years, while the poor man's gallery is not only adorned with pictures that eclipse the *chef d'œuvres* of human genius, but they are continually changed, and every hour a new one is hung up to his admiring gaze; for the firmament rolls on, and, like a great kaleidoscope, at every turn, presents a new and beautiful combination of light, and shade, and color. Let not its rich pictures roll away unheeded; let not its lessons be lost upon the young; but let them, in admiring it, know that God's great hand is ever turning it, for the happiness of all his children.

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LESSON LIX.—AN INTERESTING ADVENTURE.—WILLIAM J. SNELLING.

I wandered far into the bare prairie, which was spread around me like an ocean of snow, the gentle undulations here and there having no small resemblance to the ground swell. When the sun took off his night-cap of mist, (for the morning was cloudy,) the glare of the landscape, or rather snowscape, was absolutely painful to my eyes; but a small veil of green crape obviated that difficulty. Toward noon I was aware of a buffalo, at a long distance,

turning up the snow with his nose and feet, and cropping the withered grass beneath. I always thought it a deed of mercy to slay such an old fellow, he looks so miserable and discontented with himself. As to the individual in  
5 question, I determined to put an end to his long, turbulent, and evil life.

To this effect, I approached him, as a Chinese malefactor approaches a mandarin,—that is to say, prone, like a serpent. But the parity only exists with respect to the  
10 posture; for the aforesaid malefactor expects to receive pain, whereas I intended to inflict it. He was a grim-looking barbarian,—and, if a beard be a mark of wisdom, Peter, the Hermit, was a fool to him. So, when I had attained a suitable proximity, I appealed to his feelings with  
15 a bullet. He ran,—and I ran; and I had the best reason to run,—for he ran after me, and I thought that a pair of horns might destroy my usual equanimity and equilibrium. In truth, I did not fly any too fast, for the old bashaw was close behind me, and I could hear him  
20 breathe. I threw away my gun;—and, as there was no tree at hand, I gained the centre of a pond of a few yards area, such as are found all over the prairies in February.

Here I stood secure, as though in a magic circle, well  
25 knowing that neither pigs nor buffaloes can walk upon ice. My pursuer was advised of this fact also, and did not venture to trust himself on so slippery a footing. Yet it seemed that he was no gentleman; at least he did not practise forgiveness of injuries. He perambulated the  
30 periphery of the pond, till I was nearly as cold as the ice under me. It was worse than the stone jug, or the black-hole at Calcutta. Ah! thought I, if I only had my gun, I would soon relieve you from your post.

But discontent was all in vain. Thus I remained, and  
35 thus he remained, for at least four hours. In the mean while, I thought of the land of steady habits; of baked beans, and pumpkins, and codfish on Saturdays. There, said I, to myself, my neighbor's proceeding would be reckoned unlawful, I guess; for no one can be held in  
40 custody without a warrant and sufficient reason. If ever I get back, I won't be caught in such a scrape again.

Grief does not last forever; neither does anger;—and my janitor, either forgetting his resentment, which, to say the truth, was not altogether groundless. or thinking it

was useless, or tired of his self-imposed duty, or for some reason or other, bid me farewell with a loud bellow, and walked away to a little oasis that was just in sight, and left me to my meditations. I picked up my gun, and followed. He entered the wood,—and so did I, just in time to see him fall and expire.

The sun was setting; and the weather was getting colder and colder. I could hear the ground crack, and the trees split, with its intensity. I was at least twenty miles from home; and it behoved me, if I did not wish to “wake in the morning and find myself dead,” to make a fire as speedily as possible. I now first perceived that, in my very natural hurry to escape from my shaggy foe, I had lost the martin-skin, wherein I carried my flint, steel, and tinder. This was of little consequence; I had often made a fire by the aid of my gun before, and I drew my knife and began to pick the flint. Death to my hopes,—at the very first blow, I struck it ten yards from the lock, and it was lost forever in the snow.

“Well,” said I to myself, “I have cooked a pretty kettle of fish, and brought my calf’s head to a fine market. Shall I furnish those dissectors, the wolves, with a subject, or shall *cold* work the same effect on me that *grief* did upon Niobe? Would that I had a skin like a buffalo!”

Necessity is the spur, as well as the mother, of invention; and, at these last words, a new idea flashed through my brain like lightning. I verily believe that I took off the skin of my victim, in fewer than ten strokes of my knife. Such a hide entire is no trifle; it takes a strong man to lift it;—but I rolled the one in question about me, with the hair inward, and lay down to sleep, tolerably sure that neither Jack Frost, nor the wolves, could get at me, through an armor thicker and tougher, than the sevenfold shield of Ajax.

Darkness closed in; and a raven began to sound his note of evil omen, from a neighboring branch. “Croak on, black angel,” said I; “I have heard croaking before now, and am not to be frightened by any of your color.” Suddenly a herd of wolves struck up at a distance, probably excited by the scent of the slain buffalo. “Howl on,” said I; “and, being among wolves, I will howl too,—for I like to be in the fashion: but that shall be the extent of our intimacy.” Accordingly, I uplifted my voice, like a pel-



can in the wilderness, and gave them back their noise, with interest. Then I lay down again, and moralized. This, thought I, is life. What would my poor mother say, if she were alive now? I have read books of adventures, but never read anything like this. I fell asleep without farther ado.

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LESSON LX.—THOUGHTS ON POLITENESS.—GEO. S. HILLARD.

The common notion about politeness is, that it is a thing of the body, and not of the mind; and that he is a polite man who makes certain motions in a graceful manner, and at proper times and places. We expect the dancing master to teach our children "manners," as well as the art of cutting awkward capers to music. But the truth is, that we degrade politeness by making it anything less than a cardinal virtue.

The happiness of life is made up of an infinite number of little things, and not of startling events and great emotions; and he who daily and hourly diffuses pleasure around him by kind offices, frank salutations and cheerful looks, deserves as well of his species, as he, who, neglecting or despising all these, makes up for it by occasional acts of generosity, justice, or benevolence. Besides, the opportunity of doing great things but rarely occurs, while a man has some dozens of chances, every day of his life, to show whether he be polite or not.

A truly polite man must, in the first place, have the gift of good sense, for without that foundation, it is idle to think of rearing any, even the smallest superstructure. He must know when to violate that code of conventional forms, which common consent has established, and when not; for it is equally a mark of weakness, to be a slave to these forms, or to despise them. He must have penetration and tact enough, to adapt his conversation and manner to circumstances and individuals; for that which is politeness in the drawing-room, may be downright rudeness in the bar-room or the stage-coach, as well as the converse.

Above all, he must have that enlarged and catholic spirit of humility, which is the child of self-knowledge, and the parent of benevolence, (indeed, politeness itself is merely benevolence, seen through the little end of a spy-glass,) which, not content with bowing low to this rich

man or that fine lady, respects the rights, and does justice to the claims, of every member of the great human family.

As for the fastidious and exclusive persons, who look down upon a man created and upheld by the same power  
5 as themselves, and heir to the same immortal destinies, because he does not dress in a particular style, or visit in certain houses, they are out of the question. If they are too weak to perceive the grotesque absurdity of their own conduct, they have not capacity enough to master the al-  
10 phabet of good manners. If angelic natures be susceptible of ludicrous emotions, we know of nothing more likely to call them forth, than the sight of an insect inhabitant of this great ant-hill, assuming airs of superiority over his brother emmet, because he has a few more grains of bar-  
15 ley in his granary, or some other equally cogent reason.

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LESSON LXI.—SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.—ID.

Of the gentlemen, young and old, whiskered and un-whiskered, that may be seen in Washington street any sunshiny day, there is not one who does not think himself a polite man, and who would not very much resent any  
5 insinuation to the contrary. Their opinion is grounded on reasons something like the following. When they go to a party, they make a low bow to the mistress of the house, and then look round after somebody that is young and pretty to make themselves agreeable to.

10 At a ball, they will do their utmost to entertain their partner, unless the fates have given them to some one who is ugly and awkward; and they will listen to her remarks with their most bland expression. If they are invited to a dinner party, they go in their best coats, praise their  
15 entertainer's wine, and tell the lady they hope her children are all well. If they tread on the toes of a well-dressed person, they will beg his pardon. They never spit on a carpet; and, in walking with a lady, they always give her the inside; and, if the practice be allowable, they  
20 offer her their arm.

So far, very good; but I must always see a man in certain situations, before I decide whether he be polite or not. I should like to see how he would act, if placed at dinner between an ancient maiden lady, and a country  
25 clergyman with a small salary and a rusty coat, and with

some distinguished person opposite to him. I want to see him on a hot and dusty day, sitting on the back seat of a stage-coach, when the driver takes in some poor lone woman, with may be a child in her arms, and tells the gentlemen, that one of them must ride outside and make room for her.

I want to be near him, when his washer-woman makes some very good excuse to him for not bringing home his clothes at the usual time, or not doing up an article in exactly the style he wished. I want to hear the tone and emphasis with which he gives orders to servants in team-boats and taverns. I mark his conduct, when he is walking with an umbrella, on a rainy day, and overtakes an old man, or an invalid, or a decent looking woman, who are exposed, without protection, to the violence of the storm. If he be in company with those whom he thinks his inferiors, I listen to hear, if his conversation be entirely about himself. If some of the number be very distinguished, and some quite unknown, I observe whether he acts, as if he were utterly unconscious of the presence of these last.

These are a few, and but a few, of the tests by which I try a man ; and I am sorry to say, there are very few, who can stand them all. There is many a one who passes in the world for a well-bred man, because he knows when to bow and smile, that is down in my tablets for a selfish, vulgar, unpolite monster, that loves the parings of his own nails better than his neighbor's whole body. Put any man in a situation, where he is called upon to make a sacrifice of his own comfort and ease, without any equivalent in return, and you will learn the difference between true politeness, that sterling ore of the heart, and the counterfeit imitation of it, which passes current in drawing-rooms. Any man must be an idiot, not to be polite in society, so called ; for how else would he get his oysters and Champagne ?

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LESSON LXII.—COTTAGE, ON THE SWISS ALPS.—BUCKMINSTER

In one of the highest regions of the Swiss Alps, after a day of excessive labor, in reaching the summit of our journey ; near those thrones erected ages ago for the majesty of Nature, we stopped, fatigued and dispirited, on a spot destined to eternal barrenness, where we found one of



these rude but hospitable inns open to receive us. There was not another human habitation, within many miles. All the soil, which we could see, had been brought thither, and placed carefully round the cottage, to nourish a few  
5 cabbages and lettuces. There were some goats, which supplied the cottagers with milk; a few fowls lived in the house; and the greatest luxuries of the place were new-made cheeses, and some wild alpine mutton, the rare provision of the traveller. Yet here Nature had thrown off  
10 the veil, and appeared in all her sublimity. Summits of bare granite rose all around us. The snow-clad tops of the distant Alps, seemed to chill the moon-beams that lighted on them; and we felt all the charms of the picturesque, mingled with the awe inspired by unchangeable grandeur.  
15 We seemed to have reached the original elevations of the globe, o'ertopping forever the tumults, the vices, and the miseries of ordinary existence, far out of hearing of the murmurs of a busy world, which discord ravages, and luxury corrupts. We asked for the album, and a large  
20 folio was brought to us, almost filled with the scrawls of every nation on earth that could write. Instantly our fatigue was forgotten; and the evening passed away pleasantly in the entertainment which this book afforded us.

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## LESSON LXIII.—PETER STUYVESANT.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Peter Stuyvesant was the last, and, like the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, he was also the best, of our ancient Dutch governors: Wouter having surpassed all who preceded him, and Peter having never been equalled by any  
5 successor.

To say merely that he was a hero, would be doing him great injustice;—he was in truth a combination of heroes;—for he was of a sturdy, raw-bone make, like Ajax Telamon, with a pair of round shoulders that Hercules would  
10 have given his hide for, (meaning his lion's hide,) when he undertook to ease old Atlas of his load. He was, moreover, as Plutarch describes Coriolanus, not only terrible for the force of his arm, but likewise of his voice, which sounded as though it came out of a barrel; and like the  
15 selfsame warrior, he possessed a sovereign contempt for the sovereign people, and an iron aspect, which was enough of itself to make the very bowels of his adversaries quake with terror and dismay.

All this martial excellency was inexpressibly heightened by an accidental advantage, with which I am surprised that neither Homer nor Virgil have graced any of their heroes. This was nothing less than a wooden leg which was the only prize he had gained, in bravely fighting the battles of his country, but of which he was so proud, that he was often heard to declare, he valued it more, than all his other limbs put together; indeed, so highly did he esteem it, that he had it gallantly enchased and relieved with silver devices, which caused it to be related in divers histories and legends, that he wore a silver leg.

Like that choleric warrior, Achilles, he was somewhat subject to extempore bursts of passion, which were oftentimes rather unpleasant to his favorites and attendants, whose perceptions he was apt to quicken, after the manner of his illustrious imitator, Peter the Great, by anointing their shoulders with his walking-staff.

He was, in fact, the very reverse of his predecessors, being neither tranquil and inert, like Walter, the Doubter, nor restless and fidgeting, like William, the Testy; but a man, or rather a governor, of such uncommon activity and decision of mind, that he never sought or accepted the advice of others; depending confidently upon his single head, as did the heroes of yore upon their single arms, to work his way through all difficulties and dangers. To tell the simple truth, he wanted no other requisite for a perfect statesman, than to think always right, for no one can deny, that he always acted as he thought; and if he wanted in correctness, he made up for it in perseverance,—an excellent quality! since it is surely more dignified for a ruler to be persevering and consistent in error, than wavering and contradictory, in endeavoring to do what is right. This much is certain, and it is a maxim worthy the attention of all legislators, both great and small who stand shaking in the wind, without knowing which way to steer,—a ruler who acts according to his own will, is sure of pleasing himself, while he who seeks to satisfy the wishes and whims of others, runs a great risk of pleasing nobody. The clock that stands still, and points steadfastly in one direction, is certain of being right twice in the four-and-twenty hours,—while others may keep going continually, and continually be going wrong.

Nor did this magnanimous virtue escape the discern

ment of the good people of Nieuw-Nederlands; \* on the contrary, so high an opinion had they of the independent mind and vigorous intellect of their new governor, that they universally called him *Hardkopping Piet*, † or Peter the  
 5 Headstrong,—a great compliment to his understanding!

If from all that I have said, thou dost not gather, worthy reader, that Peter Stuyvesant was a tough, sturdy, valiant, weatherbeaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor, either I have written to but little purpose, or thou art very dull at drawing  
 10 conclusions.

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LESSON LXIV.—ODE ON ART.—CHARLES SPRAGUE

When, from the sacred garden driven,  
 Man fled before his Maker's wrath,  
 An angel left her place in heaven,  
 And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.  
 5 'T was Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke  
 Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;  
 And thus with seraph voice she spoke,—  
 "The Curse a Blessing shall be found."  
 She led him through the trackless wild,  
 10 Where noontide sunbeam never blazed;  
 The thistle shrunk, the harvest smiled,  
 And Nature gladdened, as she gazed.  
 Earth's thousand tribes of living things,  
 At Art's command, to him are given;  
 15 The village grows, the city springs,  
 And point their spires of faith to heaven.  
 He rends the oak,—and bids it ride,  
 To guard the shores its beauty graced;  
 He smites the rock,—upheaved in pride,  
 20 See towers of strength and domes of taste.  
 Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,  
 Fire bears his banner on the wave,  
 He bids the mortal poison heal,  
 And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.  
 25 He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,  
 Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;  
 He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,  
 And mocks his own Creator's skill.

\* Pronounced *New Naylorlants*.

† Pronounced *Piet*



With thoughts that swell his glowing soul,  
He bids the ore illumine the page,  
And proudly scorning Time's control,  
Commerces with an unborn age.

- 5 In fields of air he writes his name,  
And treads the chambers of the sky ;  
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame  
That quivers round the Throne on high.  
10 In war renowned, in peace sublime,  
He moves in greatness and in grace ;  
His power, subduing space and time,  
Links realm to realm, and race to race.
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LESSON LXV.—ROBERT BURNS.—F. G. HALLECK

The memory of Burns,—a name  
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,  
A nation's glory, and her shame,  
In silent sadness up.

- 5 A nation's glory,—be the rest  
Forgot,—she 's canonized his mind ;  
And it is joy to speak the best  
We may of human kind.  
10 I've stood beside the cottage bed  
Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath  
A straw-thatched roof above his head,  
A straw-wrought couch beneath.  
And I have stood beside the pile,  
His monument,—that tells to heaven  
15 The homage of earth's proudest isle  
To that Bard-peasant given !  
Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,  
Boy-Minstrel, in thy dreaming hour ;  
And know, however low his lot,  
20 A Poet's pride and power.  
The pride that lifted Burns from earth,  
The power that gave a child of song  
Ascendancy o'er rank and birth,  
The rich, the brave, the strong ;  
25 And if despondency weigh down  
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,

Despair :—thy name is written on  
The roll of common men.

5 There have been loftier themes than his,  
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,  
And lays lit up with Poesy's  
Purer and holier fires :

10 Yet read the names that know not death ;  
Few nobler ones than Burns are there ;  
And few have won a greener wreath  
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,  
In which the answering heart would speak  
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,  
Or the smile light the cheek ;

15 And his that music, to whose tone  
The common pulse of man keeps time,  
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,  
In cold or sunny clime.

20 And who hath heard his song, nor knelt  
Before its spell, with willing knee,  
And listen'd, and believed, and felt  
The Poet's mastery ?

25 O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,  
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers  
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,  
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours ;

30 On fields where brave men " die or do,"  
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,  
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,  
From throne to cottage hearth ;

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,  
What wild vows falter on the tongue,  
When " Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"  
Or " Auld Lang Syne " is sung !

35 Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,  
Come with his Cottar's hymn of praise,  
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,  
With " Logan's " banks and braes.

40 And when he breathes his master-lay  
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,

All passions in our frames of clay  
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,  
And our own world, its gloom and glee,  
5 Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,  
And death's sublimity.

And Burns,—though brief the race he ran,  
Though rough and dark the path he trod,—  
10 Lived,—died,—in form and soul a Man,  
The image of his God.

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LESSON LXVI.—THE FUTURE LIFE.—W. C. BRYANT.

Lines addressed to a deceased Friend.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps  
The disembodied spirits of the dead,  
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps,  
And perishes among the dust we tread?

5 For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,  
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;  
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again  
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?  
10 That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?  
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,  
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind  
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,  
15 And larger movements of the unfettered mind,  
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,  
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,  
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,  
20 Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,  
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will  
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,  
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

25 For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,  
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll



And wrath hath left its scar,—that fire of hell  
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,  
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,

5 The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,  
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same ?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,  
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this,—

The wisdom which is love,—till I become

10 Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ?

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LESSON LXVII.—THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
That dwells where'er the south wind blows ;  
Where, underneath the white thorn in the glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,  
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.  
With what a tender and empassion'd voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,  
When the fast-ushering star of morning comes,  
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf ;  
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaled Eve,  
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,  
Departs with silent pace ! That spirit moves  
In the green valley, where the silver brook,  
From its full laver, pours the white cascade ;  
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,  
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter,  
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,  
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself  
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,  
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid  
The silent majesty of these deep woods,  
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,  
As to the sunshine, and the pure bright air,  
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards  
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.  
For them there was an eloquent voice in all  
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,  
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,  
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds ;  
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun

- Aslant the wooded slope at evening goes ;  
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in ;  
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,  
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,  
5 In many a lazy syllable, repeating  
Their old poetical legends to the wind.

- And this is the sweet spirit that doth fill  
The world ; and, in these wayward days of youth,  
My busy fancy oft embodies it,  
10 As the bright image of the light and beauty  
That dwell in nature, of the heavenly forms  
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues  
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds  
When the sun sets. Within her eye  
15 The heaven of April, with its changing light,  
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,  
And on her lip the rich red rose. Her hair  
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,  
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek  
20 Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,  
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,  
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,  
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes  
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy  
25 To have it round us, and her silver voice  
Is the rich music of a summer bird,  
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

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LESSON LXVIII.—THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.—N. P. WILLIS.

- Woe ! for my vine-clad home !  
That it should ever be so dark to me,  
With its bright threshold, and its whispering tree !  
That I should ever come,  
5 Fearing the lonely echo of a tread,  
Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead !  
Lead on ! my orphan boy !  
Thy home is not so desolate to thee,  
And the low shiver in the linden tree  
10 May bring to thee a joy ;  
But, oh ! how dark is the bright home before thee  
To her who with a joyous spirit bore thee !

Lead on! for thou art now  
My sole remaining helper. God hath spoken,  
And the strong heart I leaned upon is broken.

And I have seen his brow,  
5 The forehead of my upright one, and just,  
Trode by the hoof of battle to the dust.

He will not meet thee there  
Who blessed thee at the eventide, my son!  
And when the shadows of the night steal on,  
10 He will not call to prayer.  
The lips that melted, giving thee to God,  
Are in the icy keeping of the sod!

Ay, my own boy! thy sire  
Is with the sleepers of the valley cast,  
15 And the proud glory of my life hath past,  
With his high glance of fire.  
Woe! that the linden and the vine should bloom,  
And a just man be gathered to the tomb!

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LESSON LXIX.—THE SICILIAN VESPERS.—J. G. WHITTIER.

Silence o'er sea and earth  
With the veil of evening fell,  
Till the convent tower sent deeply forth  
The chime of its vesper-bell.\*

5 One moment, and that solemn sound  
Fell heavily on the ear;  
But a sterner echo passed around,  
Which the boldest shook to hear.

The startled monks thronged up,  
10 In the torchlight cold and dim;  
And the priest let fall his incense cup,  
And the virgin hushed her hymn;  
For a boding clash, and a clanging tramp,  
And a summoning voice were heard,  
15 And fretted wall, and tombstone da up,  
To the fearful echo stirred.

The peasant heard the sound,  
As he sat beside his hearth;  
And the song and the dance were hushed around,  
20 With the fireside tale of mirth.

\* The signal adopted by the Sicilians. for commencing the massacre of their French conquerors.



The chieftain shook in his bannered hall,  
As the sound of war drew nigh ;  
And the warder shrank from the castle wall  
As the gleam of spears went by.

5 Woe, woe, to the stranger then,  
At the feast and flow of wine,  
In the red array of mailed men,  
Or bowed at the holy shrine !  
For the wakened pride of an injured land  
10 Had burst its iron thrall ;  
From the plumed chief to the pilgrim band ;  
Woe, woe, to the sons of Gaul !

Proud beings fell that hour,  
With the young and passing fair ;  
15 And the flame went up from dome and tower  
The avenger's arm was there !  
The stranger priest at the altar stood,  
And clasped his beads in prayer,  
But the holy shrine grew dim with blood,—  
20 The avenger found him there !

Woe, woe, to the sons of Gaul,  
To the serf and mailed lord !  
They were gathered darkly, one and all,  
To the harvest of the sword ;  
25 And the morning sun, with a quiet smile,  
Shone out o'er hill and glen,  
On ruined temple and mouldering pile,  
And the ghastly forms of men.

Ay, the sunshine sweetly smiled,  
30 As its early glance came forth ;  
It had no sympathy with the wild  
And terrible things of earth ;  
And the man of blood that day might read,  
In a language freely given,  
35 How ill his dark and midnight deed  
Became the light of heaven.

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LESSON LXX.—MEXICAN MYTHOLOGY.—WM. H. PRESCOTT.

The Aztecs, or ancient Mexicans, had no adequate conception of the true God. The idea of unity,—of a being, with whom volition is action, who has no need of inferior

ministers to execute his purposes,—was too simple, or too vast, for their understandings; and they sought relief, as usual, in a plurality of deities, who presided over the elements, the changes of the seasons, and the various occupations of man. Of these, there were thirteen principal deities, and more than two hundred inferior; to each of whom some special day, or appropriate festival, was consecrated.

At the head of all stood the terrible Mexican Mars;\* although it is doing injustice to the heroic war-god of antiquity, to identify him with this sanguinary monster. This was the patron deity of the nation. His fantastic image was loaded with costly ornaments. His temples were the most stately and august of the public edifices; and his altars reeked with the blood of human hecatombs, in every city of the empire. Disastrous, indeed, must have been the influence of such a superstition on the character of the people.

A far more interesting personage in their mythology was the god† of the air, a divinity who, during his residence on earth, instructed the natives in the use of metals, in agriculture, and in the arts of government. He was one of those benefactors of their species, doubtless, who have been deified by the gratitude of posterity. Under him, the earth teemed with fruits and flowers, without the pains of culture. An ear of Indian corn was as much as a single man could carry. The cotton, as it grew, took, of its own accord, the rich dyes of human art. The air was filled with intoxicating perfumes, and the sweet melody of birds. In short, these were the halcyon days, which find a place in the mythic systems of so many nations of the Old World. It was the *golden age* of Anahuac.

From some cause, not explained, this god incurred the wrath of one of the principal gods, and was compelled to abandon the country. On his way, he stopped at the city of Cholula, where a temple was dedicated to his worship, the massy ruins of which still form one of the most interesting relics of antiquity in Mexico. When he reached the shores of the Mexican Gulf, he took leave of his followers, promising, that he and his descendants would revisit them hereafter, and then, entering his wizard skiff,

\* Huitzilopotchli

† Quetzalcoatl.

made of serpents' skins, embarked on the great ocean for the fabled land of Tlapallan. He was said to have been tall in stature, with a white skin, long, dark hair, and a flowing beard. The Mexicans looked confidently to the  
5 return of the benevolent deity; and this remarkable tradition, deeply cherished in their hearts, prepared the way for the future success of the Spaniards.

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LESSON LXXI.—THE TRUE GREATNESS OF OUR COUNTRY.—

W. H. SEWARD.

[From a Discourse before a Benevolent Society, in Baltimore.]

At present, we behold only the rising of our sun of empire—only the fair seeds and beginnings of a great nation. Whether that glowing orb shall attain to a meridian height, or fall suddenly from its glorious sphere—  
5 whether those prolific seeds shall mature into autumnal ripeness, or shall perish yielding no harvest, depends on God's will and providence. But God's will and providence operate not by casualty or caprice, but by fixed and revealed laws. If we would secure the greatness set before us, we  
10 must find the way which those laws indicate, and keep within it. That way is new and all untried. We departed early—we departed at the beginning—from the beaten track of national ambition. Our lot was cast in an age of revolution—a revolution which was to bring all mankind  
15 from a state of servitude to the exercise of self-government—from under the tyranny of physical force to the gentle sway of opinion, from under subjection to matter to dominion over nature.

It was ours to lead the way,—to take up the cross of  
20 republicanism, and bear it before the nations, to fight its earliest battles, to enjoy its earliest triumphs, to illustrate its purifying and elevating virtues, and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and our magnanimity, to cheer and sustain its future followers through the baptism of  
25 blood and the martyrdom of fire. A mission so noble and benevolent demands a generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness is to be won by beneficence without ambition. We are in danger of losing that holy zeal. We are surrounded by temptations. Our dwellings become  
30 palaces, and our villages are transformed, as if by magic, into great cities. Fugitives from famine, and oppression, and the sword, crowd our shores, and proclaim to us that



we alone are free, and great, and happy Our empire enlarges. The continent and its islands seem ready to fall within our grasp, and more than even fabulous wealth opens under our feet. No public virtue can withstand, none ever encountered, such seductions as these. Our own virtue and moderation must be renewed and fortified, under circumstances so new and peculiar.

- Where shall we seek the influence adequate to a task so arduous as this? Shall we invoke the press and the pulpit? They only reflect the actual condition of the public morals, and cannot change them. Shall we resort to the executive authority? The time has passed when it could compose and modify the political elements around it. Shall we go to the senate? Conspiracies, seditions, and corruptions, in all free countries, have begun there. Where, then, shall we go to find an agency that can uphold and renovate declining public virtue? Where should we go but there, where all republican virtue begins and must end? where the Promethean fire is ever to be rekindled until it shall finally expire? where motives are formed and passions disciplined? To the domestic fireside and humble school, where the American citizen is trained. Instruct him there, that it will not be enough that he can claim for his country Lacedæmonian heroism, but that more than Spartan valor and more than Roman magnificence is required of her. Go, then, ye laborers in a noble cause; gather the young Catholic and the young Protestant alike into the nursery of freedom; and teach them there that, although Religion has many and different shrines on which may be made the offering of a "broken spirit," which God will not despise; yet that their country has appointed only one altar and one sacrifice for all her sons, and that ambition and avarice must be slain on that altar, for it is consecrated to HUMANITY.

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LESSON LXXII.—ZENOBIA'S AMBITION.—WILLIAM WARE.

- I am charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved any thing great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not

only of Palmyra, but of the East. That I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra? I am applauded by you all for what I have  
5 already done. You would not it should have been less.

But why pause here? Is so much ambition praiseworthy, and more criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt, on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine, on the other? Were not  
10 Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win. Rome has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, and I swear not  
15 that the Mediterranean shall hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right,—I would that the world were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and  
20 the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask nor fear the answer. Whom have I wronged?—what province have I oppressed?—what city pillaged?—what region drained with taxes?—whose life have I unjustly taken, or estates coveted or robbed?—whose honor have I  
25 wantonly assailed?—whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I trenched upon?—I dwell, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that I reign not more *over* you than *within* you. The foundation of my throne is not more  
30 power, than love.

Suppose now, my ambition add another province to our realm. Is it an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourself and the late royal Odenatus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united  
35 and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets  
40 of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry which here seeks its market.

This is no vain boasting:—receive it not so, good friends. It is but truth. He who traduces himself, sins with him who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself, or

less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me.  
5 If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and will bear it.

But I have spoken, that you may know your queen,—not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you then that I am ambitious,—that I crave dominion,  
0 and while I live will reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too,—you can bear me witness that I do,—that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

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LESSON LXXIII.—TRIALS OF THE POET AND THE SCHOLAR.—  
GEO. S. HILLARD.

In a highly civilized age, the poet finds himself perplexed with contradictions which he cannot reconcile, and anomalies which he cannot comprehend. Coming out from the soft ideal world, in which he has dreamed away  
5 his youth, he is constantly repelled by some iron reality. The aspect of life to him seems cold, hard and prosaic. It renews the legend of *Œdipus* and the Sphinx. With a face of stone, it propounds to him a riddle, which he must guess or be devoured. It is an age of frightful ex-  
10 tremes of social condition; of colossal wealth and heart-crushing poverty; of courts and custom-houses; of corn-laws and game-laws; of man-traps and spring-guns.

The smoke from the almshouse and the jail, blots the pure sky. The race of life is not to the swift, nor its battle to the strong. A sensitive conscience, a delicate taste,  
15 the gift of genius, and the ornament of learning, are rather obstacles, than helps, in the way of what is called success. Men are turned into petrifications by the slow-dropping influences of artificial life. The heroic virtues of the elder  
20 age, have vanished with its free speech, and its simple manners. There seems to be no pulse of hearty life in any thing, whether it be good or bad. Virtue is timid, and vice is cunning. Love is cold and calculating, and hatred masks its dagger with a smile.

25 In this world of hollow forms and gilded seeming, the claims of the poet are unheeded, and his voice unheard.



- The gifts which he proffers, are unvalued by those who have forgotten the dreams of their youth, and wandered away from the primal light of their being. He looks around him; and the mournful fact presses itself upon his
- 5 conviction, that there is no cover laid for him at Nature's table. His very existence seems to him a mistake. And now begins that fiery struggle in which the temper of his genius is to be tried, and which moves the deepest springs of compassion and sympathy, in the human heart.
- 10 Poetry has invented nothing more pathetic, history has recorded nothing more sad, than those mournful experiences which are so often the lot of the scholar and the man of genius. The dethronement of kings, and the beggary of nobles, are less affecting than the wrongs, the sor-
- 15 rows, the long-protracted trials, the forlorn conditions of great and gifted minds; nobles, whose patents are of elder date than the pyramids, and kings by the anointment of God's own hand.

- What tragedies can be read, in the history of literature,
- 20 deeper than Macbeth, more moving than Lear? Milton, old, poor, and blind, selling Paradise Lost for five pounds; Dryden beaten by ruffians at the prompting of a worthless peer, who, in Plato's commonwealth, would have been changing the poet's plate; Tasso, a creature as delicately
- 25 moulded as if, like the Peris, he had fed upon nothing grosser than the breath of flowers, wearing out the best years of his life in the gloom of a dungeon; Racine hurried to his grave by the rebuke of a heartless king; Chatterton, at midnight, homeless and hungry, bathing the
- 30 un pitying stones of London with the hot tears of anguish and despair; Johnson, at the age of thirty-six, dining behind a screen at the house of Cave, because he was too shabbily dressed to appear at the table; Burns taken from the plough, which he had "followed in glory and in joy
- 35 upon the mountain side," to gauge ale-firkins, and watch for contraband tobacco.

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LESSON LXXIV.—THE YANKEES.—SAMUEL KETTEL.

Yankee-land, or the New England portion of the United States, does not make a great figure in the map of the American Republic; yet the traveller who leaves it out of his route, can tell you but little of what the Americans are.

It is in New England that you find Jonathan at home. In the other states, there is a mixture, greater or less, of foreign population; but in New England the population is homogeneous and native,—the emigrant does not settle there,—the country is too full of people; while the more fertile soil of the west holds out superior attractions to the stranger. It is no lubber-land; there is no getting half-a-dollar a day for sleeping, in Massachusetts or Vermont; the rocky soil and rough climate of this region, require thrift and industry in the occupant. In the west, he may scratch the ground, throw in the seed, and leave the rest to nature; but here his toil must never be remitted; and as valor comes of sherris, so doth prosperity come of industry.

While the Yankees are themselves, they will hold their own, let politics twist about as they will. They are like cats, throw them up as you please, they will come down upon their feet. Shut their industry out from one career, and it will force itself into another. Dry up twenty sources of their prosperity, and they will open twenty more. They have a perseverance that will never languish, while any thing remains to be tried; they have a resolution that will try any thing, if need be; and when a Yankee says "I'll try," the thing is done.

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LESSON LXXV.—CUSTOM OF WHITEWASHING.—FRANCIS  
HOPKINSON.\*

My wish is to give you some account of the people of these new States; but I am far from being qualified for the purpose, having as yet seen little more than the cities of New York and Philadelphia. I have discovered but few national singularities among them. Their customs and manners are nearly the same with those of England, which they have long been used to copy. For, previous to the revolution, the Americans were from their infancy taught to look up to the English, as patterns of perfection in all things. I have observed, however, one custom, which, for aught I know, is peculiar to this country: an account of it will serve to fill up the remainder of this sheet, and may afford you some amusement.

When a young couple are about to enter the matrimo-

\* This piece has been incorrectly ascribed to the pen of Dr. Franklin. Hopkinson possessed much of that ease and humor, which have rendered the writings of the former so universally admired.



- nial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty, is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of *whitewashing*, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. A young woman
- 5 would forego the most advantageous connexion, and even disappoint the warmest wish of her heart, rather than resign the invaluable right. You would wonder what this privilege of *whitewashing* is:—I will endeavor to give you some idea of the ceremony, as I have seen it performed.
- 10 There is no season of the year, in which the lady may not claim her privilege, if she pleases; but the latter end of May is most generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge by certain prognostics when the storm is nigh at hand. When the lady is un-
- 15 usually fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the filthiness of every thing about her,—these are signs which ought not to be neglected; yet they are not decisive, as they sometimes come on, and go off again, without produc-
- 20 ing any further effect. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheelbarrow with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets with lime dissolved in water, there is then no time to be lost; he immediately locks up the apartment, or closet,
- 25 where his papers or his private property are kept, and, putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight; for a husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage; his authority is superseded, his commission is suspended; and the very
- 30 scullion, who cleans the brasses in the kitchen, becomes of more consideration and importance than he. He has nothing for it but to abdicate, and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.
- The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls
- 35 are in a few minutes stripped of their furniture; paintings, prints, and looking-glasses, lie in a huddled heap, about the floors, the curtains are torn from the testers, the beds crammed into the windows; chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles crowd the yard; and the garden fence bends
- 40 beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, and ragged breeches. Here may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass; for the foreground of the picture, gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, spits and pots, and the



fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. There, a closet has disgorged its bowels, cracked tumblers, broken wine-glasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, handfuls of old  
 5 corks, tops of teapots and stoppers of departed decanters; —from the rag hole in the garret, to the rat hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment. In this tem-  
 10 pest, the words of Lear naturally present themselves, and might, with some alteration, be made strictly applicable :

—————"Let the great gods,  
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,  
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
 15 That hast within thee undivulged crimes  
 Unwhipp'd of Justice! ———  
 ————Close pent-up Guilt,  
 Raise your concealing continents, and ask  
 These dreadful summoners grace!"

LESSON LXXVI.—SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.—ID.

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and the ceilings of every room and closet, with brushes dipped in a solution of lime, called *whitewash*; to pour buckets  
 5 of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with rough brushes, wet with soap-suds, and dipped in stone-cutter's sand. The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the pent-house, at the risk of her neck, and, with  
 10 a mug in her hand, and a bucket within reach, she dashes away innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

I have been told, that an action at law was once brought against one of these water-nymphs, by a person who had  
 15 a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation; but, after a long argument, it was determined by the whole court that the action would not lie, inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences; and so the poor gentleman was doubly  
 20 nonsuited; for he lost not only his suit of clothes but his suit at law.

These smearings and scratchings, washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremony is to

cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house-raising, or a ship-launch, when all the hands within reach are collected together; recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleaning match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to make things clean; it matters not how many useful, ornamental, or valuable articles are mutilated, or suffer death under the operation; a mahogany chair and carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be made clean, at all events; but their preservation is not worthy of attention. For instance, a fine large engraving is laid flat upon the floor; smaller prints are piled upon it, and the superincumbent weight cracks the glasses of the lower tier; but this is of no consequence. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, until the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvass of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; the spirit and oil used on this occasion, are suffered to leak through, and spoil the engraving; no matter,—if the glass is clean, and the frame shine, it is sufficient; the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able mathematician has made an accurate calculation, founded on long experience, and has discovered that the losses and destruction incident to two whitewashings, are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

The cleaning frolic over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance. The storm abates, and all would be well again; but it is impossible that so great a convulsion, in so small a community, should not produce some further effects. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore throats or sore eyes, occasioned by the caustic quality of the lime, or with severe colds, from the exhalations of wet floors or damp walls.

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LESSON LXXVII.—SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.—ID.

I know a gentleman, who was fond of accounting for every thing in a philosophical way. He considers this, which I have called a custom, as a real periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is ingenious and whimsical; but I am not at leisure to give you

the detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but, after much study, he conceived he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building, about  
5 twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables; and a few prints, of the cheapest sort, were hung against the walls. His hope was, that, when the whitewashing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apart  
10 ment, and scrub and smear and scour to their hearts' content; and so spend the violence of the disease in this outpost, while he enjoyed himself in quiet at head-quarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation: it was impossible it should, since a principal part of the  
15 gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband, at least once a year, and to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

There is a much better contrivance than this of the  
20 philosopher, which is, to cover the walls of the house with paper; this is generally done; and, though it cannot abolish, it at least shortens, the period of female dominion. The paper is decorated with flowers of various fancies, and made so ornamental, that the women have admitted  
25 the fashion without perceiving the design.

There is also another alleviation of the husband's distress: he generally has the privilege of a small room or closet for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place,  
30 and stands like the land of Goshen amid the plagues of Egypt. But then he must be extremely cautious, and ever on his guard; for should he inadvertently go abroad, and leave the key in his door, the housemaid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately  
35 enters in triumph, with buckets, brooms, and brushes; takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers *to rights*,—to his utter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment. For instance:

A gentleman was sued by the executors of a tradesman,  
40 on a charge found against him in the deceased's books, to the amount of thirty pounds. The defendant was strongly impressed with the idea, that he had discharged the debt, and taken a receipt; but, as the transaction was of long standing, he knew not where to find the receipt.



The suit went on in course, and the time approached, when judgment would be obtained against him. He then sat seriously down to examine a large bundle of old papers, which he had untied, and displayed on a table, for  
5 that purpose. In the midst of his search, he was suddenly called away on business of importance;—he forgot to lock the door of his room. The housemaid, who had been long looking out for such an opportunity, immediately entered with the usual implements, and, with great  
10 alacrity, fell to cleaning the room, and putting things *to rights*. The first object that struck her eye was the confused situation of the papers on the table; these were without delay bundled together, as so many dirty knives and forks; but in the action, a small piece of paper fell  
15 unnoticed on the floor, which happened to be the very receipt in question; as it had no very respectable appearance, it was soon after swept out with the common dirt of the room, and carried in the rubbish-pan into the yard. The tradesman had neglected to enter the credit in his  
20 book; the defendant could find nothing to obviate the charge, and so judgment went against him for the debt and costs. A fortnight after the whole was settled, and the money paid, one of the children found the receipt among the rubbish in the yard.

25 There is another custom, peculiar to the city of Philadelphia, and nearly allied to the former. I mean, that of washing the pavement before the doors, every Saturday evening. I, at first, took this to be a regulation of the police; but, on further inquiry, find it is a religious rite,  
30 preparatory to the Sabbath; and is, I believe, the only religious rite, in which the numerous sectaries of this city perfectly agree. The ceremony begins about sunset, and continues till about ten or eleven at night. It is very difficult for a stranger to walk the streets on those evenings;  
35 he runs a continual risk of having a bucket of dirty water thrown against his legs; but a Philadelphian born is so much accustomed to the danger, that he avoids it with surprising dexterity. It is from this circumstance that a Philadelphian may be known anywhere by his gait. The  
40 streets of New York are paved with rough stones; these indeed are not washed; but the dirt is so thoroughly swept from before the doors, that the stones stand up sharp and prominent, to the great inconvenience of those who are not accustomed to so rough a path. But habit reconciles

every thing. It is diverting enough to see a Philadelphian at New York; he walks the streets with as much painful caution as if his toes were covered with corns, or his feet lamed with the gout; while a New Yorker, a little approving the plain masonry of Philadelphia, shuffles along the pavement, like a parrot on a mahogany table.

It must be acknowledged, that the ablutions I have mentioned, are attended with no small inconvenience; but the women would not be induced, on any consideration, to resign their privilege. Notwithstanding this, I can give you the strongest assurances that the women of America make the most faithful wives, and the most attentive mothers, in the world; and I am sure you will join me in opinion, that, if a married man is made miserable only *one* week in a whole year, he will have no great cause to complain of the matrimonial bond.

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LESSON LXXVIII.—THE FORCE OF CURIOSITY.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

How swells my theme! how vain my power I find  
To track the windings of the curious mind!  
Let aught be hid, though useless, nothing boots,  
Straightway it must be pluck'd up by the roots.

5 How oft we lay the volume down to ask  
Of him, the victim in the Iron Mask;  
The crusted medal rub with painful care,  
To spell the legend out,—that is not there;  
With dubious gaze o'er mossgrown tombstones bend

10 To find a name—the herald never penned;  
Dig through the lava-deluged city's breast,  
Learn all we can, and wisely guess the rest:  
Ancient or modern, sacred or profane,  
All must be known, and all obscure made plain;

15 If 't was a pippin tempted Eve to sin,  
If glorious Byron drugged his muse with gin;  
If Troy e'er stood, if Shakspeare stole a deer,  
If Israel's missing tribes found refuge here;  
If like a villain Captain Henry lied,

20 If like a martyr Captain Morgan died.  
Its aim oft idle, lovely in its end,  
We turn to look. then linger to befriend.

The maid of Egypt thus was led to save  
A nation's future leader from the wave ;  
New things to hear when erst the Gentiles ran,  
'Truth closed what Curiosity began.

- 5 How many a noble art, now widely known,  
Owes its young impulse to this power alone ;  
Even in its slightest working we may trace  
A deed that changed the fortunes of a race ;  
Bruce, banned and hunted on his native soil,  
10 With curious eye surveyed a spider's toil ;  
Six times the little climber strove and failed ;  
Six times the chief before his foes had quailed ;  
" Once more," he cried, " in thine my doom I read,  
Once more I dare the fight if thou succeed ;"

- 15 'T was done : the insect's fate he made his own :  
Once more the battle waged, and gained a throne.

- Behold the sick man in his easy chair ;  
Barred from the busy crowd and bracing air,  
How every passing trifle proves its power  
20 To while away the long, dull, lazy hour !  
As down the pane the rival rain-drops chase,  
Curious he 'll watch to see which wins the race ;  
And let two dogs beneath his window fight,  
He 'll shut his Bible to enjoy the sight.

- 25 So with each newborn nothing rolls the day,  
Till some kind neighbor stumbling in his way,  
Draws up his chair, the sufferer to amuse,  
And makes him happy, while he tells—The News.

- The News ! our morning, noon, and evening cry ;  
30 Day unto day repeats it till we die.  
For this the cit, the critic, and the fop,  
Dally the hour away in Tonsor's shop ;  
For this the gossip takes her daily route,  
And wears your threshold and your patience out ;  
35 For this we leave the parson in the lurch,  
And pause to prattle on the way to church ;  
Even when some confined friend we gather round,  
We ask, " What news ?"—then lay him in the ground ;  
To this the breakfast owes its sweetest zest,  
40 For this the dinner cools, the bed remains unpressed.
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## LESSON LXXIX.—THE WINDS.—W. C. BRYANT.

- Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air,  
Softly ye played a few brief hours ago ;  
Ye bore the murmuring bee ; ye tossed the hair  
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow ;  
5 Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of blue ;  
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew ;  
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,  
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.
- How are ye changed ! Ye take the cataract's sound ;  
10 Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might ;  
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground ;  
The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.  
The clouds before you shoot like eagles past ;  
The homes of men are rocking in your blast ;  
15 Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast,  
Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.
- The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,  
To scape your wrath ; ye seize and dash them dead.  
Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain ;  
20 The harvest field becomes a river's bed ;  
And torrents tumble from the hills around ;  
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned ;  
And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound,  
Rise, as the rushing waters swell and spread.
- 25 Ye dart upon the deep ; and straight is heard  
A wilder roar ; and men grow pale, and pray :  
Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird  
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray .  
See ! to the breaking mast the sailor clings ;  
30 Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,  
And take the mountain billow on your wings,  
And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.
- Why rage ye thus ?—no strife for liberty  
Has made you mad ; no tyrant, strong through fear,  
35 Has chained your pinions till ye wrenched them free,  
And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere :  
For ye were born in freedom where ye blow ;  
Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go ;  
Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of snow,  
40 Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

- O ye wild winds! a mightier Power than yours  
 In chains upon the shore of Europe lies  
 The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,  
 Watch his mute throws with terror in their eyes  
 5 And armed warriors all around him stand,  
 And, as he struggles, tighten every band,  
 And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,  
 To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.
- Yet oh! when that wronged Spirit of our race  
 10 Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains  
 And leap in freedom from his prison-place,  
 Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,  
 Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,  
 To waste the loveliness that time could spare,  
 15 To fill the earth with woe, and blot her fair  
 Unconscious breast with blood from human veins
- But may he like the Spring-time come abroad,  
 Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,  
 When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,  
 20 Come spouting up the unsealed springs to light;  
 Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet,  
 The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,  
 And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet  
 Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

LESSON LXXX.—DAYBREAK.—RICHARD H. DANA, SEN.

"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun rising: the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."—*The Pilgrim's Progress*.

- Now, brighter than the host that all night long,  
 In fiery armor, up the heavens high  
 Stood watch, thou comest to wait the morning's song,  
 Thou comest to tell me day again is nigh.  
 5 Star of the dawning, cheerful is thine eye;  
 And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.  
 Thou seem'st to look on me, as asking why  
 My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;  
 Thou bid'st me turn to God, and seek my rest in Him.
- 10 "Canst thou grow sad," thou say'st, "as earth grows  
 bright?  
 And sigh, when little birds begin discourse

- In quick, low voices, ere the streaming light  
Pours on their nests, as sprung from day's fresh source!  
With creatures innocent thou must perforce  
A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.  
5 And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,  
Of ills and pains of life must be the cure,  
And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to endure."

- I feel its calm. But there's a sombrous hue  
Along that eastern cloud of deep, dull red;  
10 Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew;  
And all the woods and hilltops stand outspread  
With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort shed.  
Still,—save the bird that scarcely lifts its song,—  
The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead,—  
15 The silent city emptied of its throng,  
And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love, hate, and wrong.

- But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth,  
Will quicken soon; and hard, hot toil and strife,  
With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping earth  
20 With discord strange, and all that man calls life.  
With thousand scattered beauties nature's rife,  
And airs, and woods, and streams breathe harmonies;  
Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife;  
Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties:  
25 He feverish, blinded, lives, and, feverish, sated, dies.

- And 'tis because man useth so amiss  
Her dearest blessings, Nature seemeth sad;  
Else why should she in such fresh hour as this  
Not lift the veil, in revelation glad,  
30 From her fair face? It is that man is mad!  
Then chide me not, clear star, that I repine  
When Nature grieves: nor deem this heart is bad.  
Thou look'st towards earth; but yet the heavens are thine,  
While I to earth am bound: When will the heavens be  
mine?

- 35 If man would but his finer nature learn,  
And not in life fantastic lose the sense  
Of simpler things; could Nature's features stern  
Teach him be thoughtful; then, with soul intense,  
I should not yearn for God to take me hence.



But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bowed,  
Remembering humbly why it is, and whence :  
But when I see cold man, of reason proud,  
My solitude is sad,—I'm lonely in the crowd.

- 5 But not for this alone, the silent tear  
Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,  
Nor for this solemn hour : fresh life is near ;  
But all my joys ! they died when newly born.  
Thousands will wake to joy ; while I, forlorn,  
10 And, like the stricken deer, with sickly eye,  
Shall see them pass. Breathe calm,—my spirit's torn,  
Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high !  
Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring nigh !  
And when I grieve, oh ! rather let it be  
15 That I, whom Nature taught to sit with her  
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea ;  
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir  
Of woods and waters, feel the quickening spur  
To my strong spirit ; who, as mine own child,  
20 Do love the flower, and in the ragged bur  
A beauty see ; that I this mother mild  
Should leave, and go with care, and passions fierce and  
wild !

- How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft  
Shot 'thwart the earth ! In crown of living fire  
25 Up comes the Day ! As if they conscious quass'd  
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire  
Laugh in the wakening light. Go, vain Desire !  
The dusky lights have gone : go thou thy way !  
And pining Discontent, like them, expire !  
30 Be called my chamber, PEACE, when ends the day ;  
And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing and pray !

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LESSON LXXXI.—THE LIGHT OF HOME.—MRS. S. J. HALE.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,  
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,  
And thou must go ;—but never when there,  
Forget the light of home.

- 5 Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,  
It dazzles to lead astray :

Like the meteor's flash 't will deepen the night,  
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,  
And pure as vestal fire ;

5 'T will burn, 't will burn, forever the same.  
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest tost,  
And thy hopes may vanish like foam ;  
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,  
10 Then look to the light of home.

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,  
Thou shalt see the beacon bright,  
For never, till shining on thy shroud,  
Can be quenched its holy light.

15 The sun of fame 't will gild the name,  
But the heart ne'er felt its ray ;  
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,  
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,  
20 Should life's wretched wanderer come !  
But my boy, when the world is dark to thee,  
Then turn to the light of home.

LESSON LXXXII.—A PSALM OF LIFE.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
"Life is but an empty dream !"  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

5 Life is real ! Life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
10 Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting ;  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,

5 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act,—act in the living Present!

10 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us

Footsteps on the sands of time;

15 Footprints, that perhaps another,

Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,

Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,

20 With a heart for any fate;

Still achieving, still pursuing,

Learn to labor and to wait.

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LESSON LXXXIII.—TO THE CONDOR.—E. F. ELLET.

Wondrous, majestic bird! whose mighty wing  
Dwells not with puny warblers of the spring;—

Nor on earth's silent breast,—

5 Powerful to soar in strength and pride on high,

And sweep the azure bosom of the sky,—

Chooses its place of rest.

Proud nursling of the tempest, where repose

Thy pinions at the daylight's fading close?

In what far clime of night

10 Dost thou in silence, breathless and alone,—

While round thee swells of life no kindred tone ...

Suspend thy tireless flight?

The mountain's frozen peak is lone and bare;

No foot of man hath ever rested there;—

15 Yet 't is thy sport to soar



Far o'er its frowning summit ;—and the plain  
Would seek to win thy downward wing in vain,  
Or the green sea-beat shore.

5 The limits of thy course no daring eye  
Has marked ;—thy glorious path of light on high  
Is trackless and unknown ;  
The gorgeous sun thy quenchless gaze may share ;  
Sole tenant of his boundless realm of air,  
Thou art, with him, alone.

10 Imperial wanderer ! the storms that shake  
Earth's towers, and bid her rooted mountains quake,  
Are never felt by thee !—  
Beyond the bolt,—beyond the lightning's gleam,  
Basking forever in the unclouded beam,—  
15 Thy home immensity !

And thus the soul, with upward flight like thine,  
May track the realms where heaven's own glories shine,  
And scorn the tempest's power ;—  
Yet meaner cares oppress its drooping wings ;  
20 Still to earth's joys the sky-born wanderer clings,—  
Those pageants of an hour !

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LXXXIV.—A CHILD CARRIED AWAY BY AN EAGLE.—  
*Professor Wilson.*

The great Golden Eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and away with something in his talons. One single sudden female shriek,—and then shouts and outcries, as if a church spire had tumbled down on a  
5 congregation, at a sacrament ! “ Hannah Lamond's bairn ! Hannah Lamond's bairn ! ” was the loud fast-spreading cry. “ The eagle's ta'en aff Hannah Lamond's bairn ! ” and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain. Two miles, of hill, and dale, and  
10 copse, and shingle, and many intersecting brooks, lay between ; but, in an incredibly short time, the foot of the mountain was alive with people.

The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rock-ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy  
15 cliff, which Mark Steuart, the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain ? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing of hands in vain, rooted to the ground, or running back and forwards, like so many ants

essaying their new wings in discomfiture. "What's the use,—what's the use,—o' ony puir human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down,—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies,—as if  
5 they would force the deaf heavens to hear!

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white,—and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody had noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the  
10 swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eyesight. "Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized, in the name o' the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and, on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes, and over the huge stones,  
15 up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death,—fearless as a goat playing among the precipices.

No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of  
20 dreams, climbed the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated stair-cases, deep as draw-wells, or coal pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds, at midnight? It is  
25 all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion,—who sees her baby, whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death,—bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devour-  
30 ing den, and fiercer and more furious far, in the passion of love, than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that with their heavy wings would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child, in deliverance, before the eye of the all-seeing God!

35 No stop,—no stay,—she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear, then, but once crossed her heart, as up—up—up—to the little image made of her  
40 own flesh and blood. "The God who holds me now from perishing,—will not the same God save me, when my child is on my bosom?" Down came the fierce rushing of the eagles' wings,—each savage bird dashing close to her head so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at

once they quailed, and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of the cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the Christian mother falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasping  
5 her child,—dead—dead—dead,—no doubt,—but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled up, just as it was, when she laid it down asleep, among the fresh hay, in a nook of the harvest field.

Oh! what a pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her  
10 heart from that faint feeble cry:—"It lives—it lives—it lives!" and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring, at the fount of life and love! "O Thou great, and thou dreadful God! whither hast thou  
15 brought me,—one of the most sinful of thy creatures? Oh! save my soul, lest it perish, even for thy own name's sake! O Thou, who diedst to save sinners, have mercy upon me!"

Cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old  
20 trees,—far—far down,—and dwindled into specks, a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary, or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath?—and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle  
25 of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die,—and when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings, will return; and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead bosom that can protect  
30 it no longer.

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## LESSON LXXXV.—SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.—ID.

Where all this while was Mark Steuart, the sailor? Half way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick;—and he who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the  
5 gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights.

"And who will take care of my poor bed-ridden mother," thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain, in its grasp, that  
10 hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered, "God!" She looked around, expecting to see an angel.—



but nothing moved, except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye,—by some secret sympathy of her soul with the inanimate object,—watched its fall; and it seemed to stop, not far  
6 off, on a small platform.

Her child was bound within her bosom,—she remembered not how or when,—but it was safe;—and scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm root-bound soil,  
10 with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. There, a loosened stone leapt over a ledge; and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the  
15 shingle rattled down the screes, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff.

Steep as the wall of a house, was now the side of the  
20 precipice. But it was matted with ivy centuries old,—long ago dead, and without a single green leaf,—but with thousands of arm-thick stems, petrified into the rock, and covering it, as with a trellis. She bound her baby to her neck, and with hands and feet clung to that fearful ladder.  
25 Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish,—so great was the multitude, on their knees! and, hush! the voice of psalms! a hymn breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain,—but nothing dirge-like,—breathing not of  
30 death, but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune, perhaps the very words, but them she heard not,—in her own hut, she and her mother,—or in the kirk, along with all the congregation. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy; and, in sudden inspiration, believ-  
35 ing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless, as if she had been changed into a winged creature.

Again her feet touched stones and earth,—the psalm was hushed,—but a tremulous sobbing voice was close beside her, and lo! a she-goat, with two little kids at her  
40 feet. “Wild heights,” thought she, “do these creatures climb;—but the dam will lead down her kid by the easiest paths, for oh! even in the brute creatures, what is the holy power of a mother’s love!” and turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she  
45 wept.

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never touched before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamt of scaling it; and the golden eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had  
5 brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain-side, though scarred, and seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible;—and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead's Cliff. Many were now attempting it,—and ere the cautious  
10 mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, though among dangers, that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another; and she knew that God had delivered her and her  
15 child, in safety, into the care of their fellow-creatures.

Not a word was spoken,—eyes said enough,—she hushed her friends with her hands,—and, with uplifted eyes, pointed to the guides sent to her by Heaven. Small green plats, where those creatures nibble the wild-flowers,  
20 became now more frequent,—trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brush-wood dwindled away into straggling shrubs; and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.  
25 There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing, and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs:—sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyrie;—then had succeeded a silence deep as death;—in a little while arose  
30 the hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication;—the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway;—and now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like the wind-swept wood. And, for whose  
35 sake, was all this alternation of agony? A poor, humble creature, unknown to many even by name,—one who had but few friends, nor wished for more,—contented to work all day, here,—there,—any where,—that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child,—and who on Sabbath took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart  
40 for paupers, in the kirk.

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## LESSON LXXXVI.—SCENE AT THE DEDICATION OF A HEATHEN TEMPLE.—WILLIAM WARE.

As we drew near to the lofty fabric, I thought that no scene of such various beauty and magnificence, had ever met my eye. The temple itself is a work of unrivalled art. In size, it surpasses any other building of the same  
5 kind in Rome, and for the excellence of workmanship, and purity of design, although it may fall below the standard of Hadrian's age, yet for a certain air of grandeur, and luxuriance of invention, in its details, and lavish profusion of embellishment in gold and silver, no temple nor other  
10 edifice of any preceding age, ever perhaps resembled it.

Its order is Corinthian, of the Roman form, and the entire building is surrounded by its slender columns, each composed of a single piece of marble. Upon the front is wrought Apollo surrounded by the Hours. The western  
15 extremity is approached by a flight of steps, of the same breadth as the temple itself. At the eastern, there extends beyond the walls, to a distance equal to the length of the building, a marble platform, upon which stands the altar of sacrifice, and which is ascended by various flights of  
20 steps, some little more than a gently rising plain, up which the beasts are led that are destined to the altar.

When this vast extent of wall and column, of the most dazzling brightness, came into view, everywhere covered, together with the surrounding temples, palaces, and theatres, with a dense mass of human beings, of all climes and regions, dressed out in their richest attire,—music, from innumerable instruments, filling the heavens with harmony,  
25 —shouts of the proud and excited populace, every few moments, and from different points, as Aurelian advanced, shaking the air with its thrilling din,—the neighing of  
30 horses, the frequent blasts of the trumpet,—the whole made more solemnly imposing by the vast masses of cloud, which swept over the sky, now suddenly unveiling, and again eclipsing, the sun, the great god of this idolatry,  
35 and from which few could withdraw their gaze; when, at once, this all broke upon my eye and ear, I was like a child who before had never seen aught but his own village, and his own rural temple, in the effect wrought upon me, and the passiveness with which I abandoned myself to the  
40 sway of the senses. Not one there was more ravished by the outward circumstance and show. I thought of Rome.



thousand years, of her power, her greatness, and universal empire, and, for a moment, my step was not less proud than that of Aurelian.

But after that moment,—when the senses had had their  
5 fill, when the eye had seen the glory, and the ear had fed upon the harmony and the praise, then I thought and felt very differently; sorrow and compassion, for these gay multitudes, were at my heart; prophetic forebodings of disaster, danger, and ruin to those, to whose sacred cause I  
10 had linked myself, made my tongue to falter in its speech, and my limbs to tremble. I thought that the superstition, which was upheld by the wealth and the power, whose manifestations were before me, had its roots in the very centre of the earth,—far too deep down, for a few, like myself, ever  
15 to reach them. I was like one whose last hope of life and escape, is suddenly struck away.

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LESSON LXXXVII.—SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.—ID.

I was roused from these meditations, by our arrival at the eastern front of the temple. Between the two central columns, on a throne of gold and ivory, sat the emperor of the world, surrounded by the senate, the colleges of augurs and haruspices, and by the priests of the various  
5 temples of the capital, all in their peculiar costume. Then Fronto, the priest of the temple, when the crier had proclaimed that the hour of worship and sacrifice had come, and had commanded silence to be observed,—standing at  
10 the altar, glittering in his white and golden robes, like a messenger of light,—bared his head, and lifting his face up toward the sun, offered, in clear and sounding tones, the prayer of dedication.

As he came toward the close of his prayer, he, as is so  
15 usual, with loud and almost frantic cries, and importunate repetition, called upon the god to hear him, and then, with appropriate names and praises, invoked the Father of gods and men, to be present and hear. Just as he had thus solemnly invoked Jupiter by name, and was about to call  
20 on the other gods in the same manner, the clouds, which had been deepening and darkening, suddenly obscured the sun; a distant peal of thunder rolled along the heavens, and, at the same moment, from the dark recesses of the temple, a voice of preternatural power came forth, proclaim-

ing, so that the whole multitude heard, the words,—“God is but one; the King eternal, immortal, invisible!”

- It is impossible to describe the horror that seized those multitudes. Many cried out with fear, and each seemed  
5 to shrink behind the other. Paleness sat upon every face. The priest paused, as if struck by a power from above. Even the brazen Fronto was appalled. Aurelian leaped from his seat, and by his countenance, white and awe-struck, showed that to him it came, as a voice from the  
10 gods. He spoke not, but stood gazing at the dark entrance into the temple, from which the sound had come. Fronto hastily approached him, and whispering but one word, as it were, into his ear, the emperor started; the spell that bound him, was dissolved; and recovering him-  
15 self,—making, indeed, as though a very different feeling had possessed him,—cried out, in fierce tones, to his guards, “Search the temple! some miscreant, hid away among the columns, profanes thus the worship and the place. Seize him, and drag him forth to instant death!”  
20 The guards of the emperor, and the servants of the temple, rushed in at that bidding. They soon emerged, saying that the search was fruitless. The temple, in all its aisles and apartments, was empty.
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LESSON LXXXVIII.—SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.—ID.

- The heavens were again obscured by thick clouds, which, accumulating into dark masses, began now nearer and nearer to shoot forth lightning, and roll their thunders. The priest commenced the last office, prayer to the god, to  
5 whom the new temple had been thus solemnly consecrated. He again bowed his head, and again lifted up his voice. But no sooner had he invoked the god of the temple, and besought his ear, than again, from its dark interior, the same awful sounds issued forth, this time  
10 saying, “Thy gods, O Rome, are false and lying gods; God is but one!”  
Aurelian, pale as it seemed to me with superstitious fear, strove to shake it off, giving it, artfully and with violence, the appearance of offended dignity. His voice  
15 was a shriek, rather than a human utterance, as it cried out, “This is but a Christian device; search the temple, till the accursed Nazarine be found, and hew him piece-meal!—” More he would have said; but, at the instant,

a bolt of lightning shot from the heavens, and, lighting upon a large sycamore, which shaded a part of the temple-court, clove it in twain. The swollen cloud at the same moment burst, and a deluge of rain poured upon the city. 5 the temple, the gazing multitudes, and the kindled altars. The sacred fires went out, in hissing darkness; a tempest of wind whirled the limbs of the slaughtered victims into the air, and abroad over the neighboring streets. All was confusion, uproar, terror and dismay. The crowds 10 sought safety in the houses of the nearest inhabitants, and the porches of the palaces. Aurelian and the senators, and those nearest him, fled to the interior of the temple. The heavens blazed with the quick flashing of the lightning; and the temple itself seemed to rock beneath the 15 voice of the thunder. I never knew in Rome so terrific a tempest. The stoutest trembled; for life hung by a thread. Great numbers, it has now been found, in every part of the capitol, fell a prey to the fiery bolts. The capitol itself was struck, and the brass statue of Vespasian, in the forum, 20 thrown down, and partly melted. The Tiber, in a few hours, overran its banks, and laid much of the city and its borders under water.

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## LESSON LXXXIX.—HAMILTON AND JAY.—DR. HAWKS.

It were, indeed, a bold task to venture to draw into comparison the relative merits of Jay and Hamilton, on the fame and fortunes of their country,—a bold task,—and yet, bold as it is, we feel impelled, before closing, at least 5 to venture on opening it. They were undoubtedly, "*par nobile fratrum*," and yet not *twin* brothers,—"*pares sed impares*,"—like, but unlike. In patriotic attachment equal, for who would venture therein to assign to either the superiority; yet was that attachment, though equal in 10 degree, yet far different in kind: with Hamilton it was a sentiment, with Jay a principle,—with Hamilton enthusiastic passion, with Jay duty as well as love,—with Hamilton patriotism was the paramount law, with Jay a law "*sub graviore lege*."\* Either would have gone through 15 fire and water to do his country service, and laid down freely his life for her safety,—Hamilton with the roused courage of a lion,—Jay with the calm fearlessness of a man; or rather, Hamilton's courage would have been that

\* Under a weightier law



of the soldier,—Jay's that of the Christian. Of the latter it might be truly said,—

5                                   “Conscience made him firm,  
That boon companion, who her strong breastplate  
Buckles on him that fears no guilt within,  
And bids him on, and fear not.”

10       In intellectual power, in depth, and grasp, and versatility of mind, as well as in all the splendid and brilliant parts which captivate and adorn, Hamilton was greatly, not to say immeasurably, Jay's superior. In the calm and deeper wisdom of practical duty,—in the government of others, and still more in the government of himself,—in seeing clearly the right, and following it whithersoever it led, firmly, patiently, self-deniedly, Jay was again greatly,  
15 if not immeasurably, Hamilton's superior. In statesman-like talent, Hamilton's mind had in it more of “constructive” power, Jay's of “executive.”—Hamilton had GENIUS, Jay had wisdom. We would have taken Hamilton to plan a government, and Jay to carry it into execution; and, in a court of law, we would have Hamilton for our  
20 advocate, if our cause were generous, and Jay for judge, if our cause were just.

25       The fame of Hamilton, like his parts, we deem to shine brighter and farther than Jay's, but we are not sure that it should be so, or rather we are quite sure that it should not. For, when we come to examine and compare their relative course, and its bearing on the country and its fortunes, the reputation of Hamilton we find to go as far beyond his practical share in it, as Jay's falls short  
30 of his. Hamilton's civil official life was a brief and single, though brilliant one. Jay's numbered the years of a generation, and exhausted every department of diplomatic, civil, and judicial trust. In fidelity to their country, both were pure to their heart's core; yet was Hamilton  
35 loved, perhaps, more than trusted, and Jay trusted, perhaps, more than loved.

Such were they, we deem, in differing, if not contrasted, points of character. Their lives, too, when viewed from a distance, stand out in equally striking, but much more  
40 painful, contrast. Jay's, viewed as a whole, has in it a completeness of parts, such as a nicer critic demands for the perfection of an epic poem, with its beginning of promise, its heroic middle, and its peaceful end. and par-

taking, too, somewhat of the same cold stateliness,—noble, however, still and glorious, and ever pointing, as such poem does, to the stars,—“*Sic itur ad astra.*” The life of Hamilton, on the other hand, broken and fragmentary, 5 begun in the darkness of romantic interest, running on into the sympathy of all high passion, and at length breaking off in the midst, like some half-told tale of sorrow, amid tears and blood, even as does the theme of the tragic poet. The name of Hamilton, therefore, was 10 a name to conjure with,—that of Jay’s to swear by. Hamilton had his frailties, arising out of passion, as tragic heroes have. Jay’s name was faultless, and his course passionless, as becomes the epic leader, and; in point of fact was, while living, a name at which frailty blushed, 15 and corruption trembled.

If we ask whence, humanly speaking, came such disparity of the fate between equals, the stricter morals, the happier life, the more peaceful death, to what can we trace it, but to the healthful power of religion, over the 20 heart and conduct? Was not this, we ask, the ruling secret? Hamilton was a Christian in his youth, and a penitent Christian, we doubt not, on his dying bed; but Jay was a Christian, so far as man may judge, every day and hour of his life. He had but one rule, the gospel of 25 Christ; in that he was nurtured,—ruled by that, through grace he lived,—resting on that, in prayer, he died.

Admitting, then, as we do, both names to be objects of our highest sympathetic admiration, yet, with the name of Hamilton, as the master says of tragedy, the lesson is 30 given,—“with pity and in fear.” Not so with that of Jay; with him we walk fearless, as in the steps of one who was a CHRISTIAN, as well as a PATRIOT.

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LESSON XC.—ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the head of the 5 government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead.

But how little is there of the great and good, which can



die ! To their country they yet live, and live forever. They live, in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth ; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep  
5 engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example ; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs  
10 of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.

A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while, and then  
15 expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind ; so that, when it glimmers, in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows ; but it leaves the world all  
20 light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit.

Bacon died ; but the human understanding, roused, by the touch of his miraculous wand, to a perception of the true philosophy, and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course, successfully and gloriously.  
25 Newton died ; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on, in the orbits which he saw, and described for them, in the infinity of space.

No two men now live,—perhaps it may be doubted, whether any two men have ever lived, in one age,—who,  
30 more than those we now commemorate, have impressed their own sentiments, in regard to politics and government, on mankind, infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others, or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work  
35 doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant, will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer ; for it has struck its roots deep ; it has sent them to the very centre ; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it ; its branches spread wide ; they  
40 stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens.

We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come, in which the American revolution will appear less than it is. One of the greatest events in human



history. No age will come, in which it will cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July, 1776. And no age  
5 will come, we trust, so ignorant, or so unjust, as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of these we now honor, in producing that momentous event.

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## LESSON XCI.—THE DESTINY OF OUR REPUBLIC.—G. S. HILLARD.

Let no one accuse me of seeing wild visions, and dreaming impossible dreams. I am only stating what may be done, and what will be done. We may most shamefully betray the trust reposed in us,—we may most miserably  
5 defeat the fond hopes entertained of us. We may become the scorn of tyrants and the jest of slaves. From our fate, oppression may assume a bolder front of insolence, and its victims sink into a darker despair.

In that event, how unspeakable will be our disgrace,—  
10 with what weight of mountains will the infamy lie upon our souls. The gulf of our ruin will be as deep, as the elevation we might have attained, is high. How wilt thou fall from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Our beloved country with ashes for beauty, the golden  
15 cord of our union broken, its scattered fragments presenting every form of misrule, from the wildest anarchy to the most ruthless despotism, our “soil drenched with fraternal blood,” the life of man stripped of its grace and dignity, the prizes of honor gone, and virtue divorced from half its  
20 encouragements and supports,—these are gloomy pictures, which I would not invite your imaginations to dwell upon, but only to glance at, for the sake of the warning lessons we may draw from them.

Remember, that we can have none of those consolations,  
25 which sustain the patriot, who mourns over the undeserved misfortunes of his country. Our Rome cannot fall. and we be innocent. No conqueror will chain us to the car of his triumph,—no countless swarm of Huns and Goths will bury the memorials and trophies of civilized  
30 life, beneath a living tide of barbarism. Our own selfishness, our own neglect, our own passions, and our own vices, will furnish the elements of our destruction. With

our own hands, we shall tear down the stately edifice of our glory. We shall die by self-inflicted wounds.

But we will not talk of themes like these. We will not think of failure, dishonor, and despair. We will elevate  
5 our minds to the contemplation of our high duties, and the great trust committed to us. We will resolve to lay the foundations of our prosperity on that rock of private virtue, which cannot be shaken, until the laws of the moral world are reversed. From our own breasts shall flow the salient  
10 springs of national increase. Then our success, our happiness, our glory, will be as inevitable, as the inferences of mathematics. We may calmly smile at all the croakings of all the ravens, whether of native or foreign breed.

The whole will not grow weak, by the increase of its  
15 parts. Our growth will be like that of the mountain oak, which strikes its roots more deeply into the soil, and clings to it with a closer grasp, as its lofty head is exalted, and its broad arms stretched out. The loud burst of joy and gratitude, which this, the anniversary of our Independence,  
20 is breaking from the full hearts of a mighty people, will never cease to be heard. No chasms of sullen silence will interrupt its course,—no discordant notes of sectional madness, mar the general harmony. Year after year will increase it, by tributes from now unpeopled solitudes. The  
25 farthest West shall hear it and rejoice,—the Oregon shall swell it with the voice of its waters,—the Rocky mountains shall fling back the glad sound from their snowy crests.

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LESSON XCH.—POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE OF THE WISE AND GOOD.—ANDREWS NORTON.

The relations, between man and man, cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names and characters dwell in our  
5 thoughts and hearts. We live and commune with them in their writings. We enjoy the benefit of their labors. Our institutions have been founded by them. We are surrounded by the works of the dead. Our knowledge and our arts, are the fruit of their toil. Our minds have  
10 been formed by their instructions. We are most intimately connected with them, by a thousand dependencies. Those whom we have loved, in life, are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us re-

- mains. They are with us, in our solitary walks ; and their voices speak to our hearts, in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections, and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part  
5 of our treasure laid up in heaven. For, above all, we are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those we have loved, we too shall soon join the innumerable company of the spirits of just men made perfect. Our affections,  
10 and our hopes, are not buried in the dust, to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance and their love for us, in heaven ; and we will cherish our remembrance and our love for them, while on earth.
- 15 Creatures of imitation and sympathy, as we are, we look around us for support and countenance, even in our virtues. We recur for them, most securely, to the examples of the dead. There is a degree of insecurity and uncertainty, about living worth. The stamp has not yet been put upon  
20 it, which precludes all change, and seals it up, as a just object of admiration for future times. There is no service which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow-creatures, better, than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example. If he do not confer upon them this  
25 benefit ; if he leave a character dark with vices, in the sight of God, but dazzling with shining qualities, in the view of men ; it may be that all his other services had better have been forborne, and he had passed, inactive and unnoticed, through life. It is a dictate of wisdom, there-  
30 fore, as well as feeling, when a man, eminent for his virtues and talents, has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness, and add them to the treasury of human improvement. The true Christian *liveth not for himself and dieth not for himself* ; and it is thus, in one respect  
35 that he dieth not for himself. •

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LESSON XCH. — LOOK ALOFT. — J. LAWRENCE, JR.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale  
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,  
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart  
“Look aloft !” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

- 5 If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,  
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,



Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed  
 "Look aloft!" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine  
 eye,

Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,  
 5 Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,  
 "Look aloft!" to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,  
 The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,  
 "Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,  
 10 To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh! when death comes in his terrors, to cast  
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,  
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,  
 And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart.

LESSON XCIV.—ODE ON WAR.—WM. H. BURLEIGH.

Hark!—the cry of Death is ringing  
 Wildly from the reeking plain:  
 Guilty Glory, too, is flinging  
 Proudly forth her vaunting strain.  
 5 / Thousands on the field are lying,  
 Slaughtered in the ruthless strife;  
 Wildly mingled, dead and dying  
 Show the waste of human life!

Christian! can you idly slumber,  
 10 While this work of hell goes on?  
 Can you calmly sit and number  
 Fellow-beings, one by one,  
 On the field of battle falling,  
 Sinking to a bloody grave?  
 5 Up! the God of peace is calling,  
 Calling upon you to save!

Listen to the supplications  
 Of the widowed ones of earth;  
 Listen to the cry of nations,  
 20 Ringing loudly, wildly forth,—  
 Nations bruised, and crushed forever  
 By the iron heel of War!  
 God of mercy, wilt thou never  
 Send deliverance from afar?

- Yes ! a light is faintly gleaming  
Through the cloud that hovers o'er ;  
Soon the radiance of its beaming  
Full upon our land will pour ;  
5 'T is the light that tells the dawning  
Of the bright millennial day,  
Heralding its blessed morning  
With its peace-bestowing ray.
- 10 GOD shall spread abroad his banner,  
Sign of universal peace ;  
And the earth shall shout hosanna,  
And the reign of blood shall cease.  
Man no more shall seek dominion  
Through a sea of human gore ;  
15 War shall spread its gloomy pinion  
O'er the peaceful earth no more.
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## LESSON XCV.—THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.—HENRY PICKERING.

- Hark ! to the sounding gale ! how through the soul  
It vibrates, and in thunder seems to roll  
Along the mountains ! Loud the forest moans,  
And, naked to the blast, the o'ermastering spirit owns.
- 5 Rustling, the leaves are rudely hurried by,  
Or in dark eddies whirled ; while from on high  
The ruffian Winds, as if in giant mirth,  
Unseat the mountain pine, and headlong dash to earth !  
With crest of foam, the uplifted flood no more  
10 Flows placidly along the sylvan shore ;  
But, vexed to madness, heaves its turbid wave,  
Threatening to leave the banks it whilom loved to lave :  
And in the angry heavens, where, wheeling low,  
The sun exhibits yet a fitful glow,  
5 The clouds, obedient to the stormy power,  
Or shattered, fly along, or still more darkly lower.  
Amazement seizes all ! within the vale  
Shrinking, the mute herd snuff the shivering gale ;  
The while, with tossing head and streaming mane,  
20 The horse affrighted bounds, or wildly skims the plain.  
Whither, with charms to Fancy yet so dear,  
Whither has fled the lovely infant year ?

Where, too, the groves in greener pomp arrayed ?  
The deep and solemn gloom of the inspiring shade ?

The verdant heaven that once the woods o'erspread,  
And underneath a pensive twilight shed,  
5 Is shrivelled all : dead the vine-mantled bowers,  
And withered in their bloom the beautiful young flowers

Mute, too, the voice of Joy ! no tuneful bird  
Amid the leafless forest now is heard ;  
Nor more may ploughboy's laugh the bosom cheer,  
10 Nor in the velvet glade Love's whisper charm the ear.

But lo ! the ruthless storm its force hath spent ;  
And see ! where sinking 'neath yon cloudy tent,  
The sun withdraws his last cold, feeble ray,  
Abandoning to Night his short and dubious sway

15 A heavier gloom pervades the chilly air !  
Now in their northern caves the Winds prepare  
The nitrous frost to sheet with dazzling white,  
The long deserted fields at the return of light :

Or with keen icy breath they may glass o'er  
20 The restless wave, and on the lucid floor  
Let fall the feathery shower, and far and wide  
Involve in snowy robe the land and fettered tide !

Thus shut the varied scene ! and thus, in turn,  
O Autumn ! thou within thine ample urn  
25 Sweep'st all earth's glories. Ah, for one brief hour,  
Spare the soft virgin's bloom and tender human flower !

LESSON XCVI.—MAN.—N. Y. EVENING POST.

The human mind,—that lofty thing !

The palace and the throne,  
Where reason sits a sceptred king,  
And breathes his judgment tone.

5 Oh ! who with silent step shall trace  
The borders of that haunted place.

Nor in his weakness own  
That mystery and marvel bind  
That lofty thing,—the human mind !

10 The human heart,—that restless thing !  
The tempter and the tried :



The joyous, yet the suffering,—  
 The source of pain and pride ;  
 The gorgeous thronged,—the desolate,  
 The seat of love, the lair of hate,—  
 5 Self-stung, self-deified !  
 Yet do we bless thee as thou art,  
 Thou restless thing,—the human heart !  
 The human soul,—that startling thing !  
 Mysterious and sublime !  
 10 The angel sleeping on the wing  
 Worn by the scoffs of time,—  
 The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,  
 The earth-enslaved, the glory-crowned,  
 The stricken in its prime !  
 15 From heaven in tears to earth it stole,  
 That startling thing,—the human soul !  
 And this is man :—Oh ! ask of him,  
 The gifted and forgiven,—  
 While o'er his vision, drear and dim,  
 20 The wrecks of time are driven ;  
 If pride or passion in their power,  
 Can chain the time, or charm the hour,  
 Or stand in place of heaven ?  
 He bends the brow, he bows the knee,—  
 25 “Creator, Father ! none but thee !”

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LESSON XCVII.—PASSAGE DOWN THE OHIO.—JAMES K. PAULDING.

As down Ohio's ever-ebbing tide,  
 Oarless and sailless, silently they glide,  
 How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how fair,  
 Was the lone land that met the strangers there !  
 5 No smiling villages, or curling smoke,  
 The busy haunts of busy men bespoke ;  
 No solitary hut the banks along,  
 Sent forth blithe Labor's homely, rustic song ;  
 No urchin gambolled on the smooth white sand,  
 10 Or hurled the skipping-stone with playful hand,  
 While playmate dog plunged in the clear blue wave,  
 And swam, in vain, the sinking prize to save.  
 Where now are seen, along the river side,  
 Young busy towns, in buxom painted pride,

And fleets of gliding boats with riches crowned,  
To distant Orleans or St. Louis bound,  
Nothing appeared but nature unsubdued,  
One endless, noiseless woodland solitude,  
5 Or boundless prairie, that aye seemed to be  
As level and as lifeless as the sea ;  
They seemed to breathe in this wide world alone,  
Heirs of the Earth,—the land was all their own !

'T was evening now : the hour of toil was o'er,  
10 Yet still they durst not seek the fearful shore,  
Lest watchful Indian crew should silent creep,  
And spring upon and murder them in sleep ;  
So through the livelong night they held their way,  
And 't was a night might shame the fairest day ;  
15 So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,  
They cared not though the day ne'er came again.  
The moon high wheeled the distant hills above,  
Silvered the fleecy foliage of the grove,  
That, as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,  
20 Whispered, it loved the gentle visit well :  
That fair-faced orb alone to move appeared,  
That zephyr was the only sound they heard.  
No deep-mouthed hound the hunter's haunt betrayed  
No lights upon the shore or waters played,  
25 No loud laugh broke upon the silent air,  
To tell the wanderers man was nestling there.  
All, all was still, on gliding bark and shore,  
As if the earth now slept to wake no more.

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LESSON XCVIII.—SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.—RUFUS DAWES

The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,  
And wheels her course in a joyous flight,  
I know her track through the balmy air,  
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there ;  
5 She leaves the tops of the mountains green,  
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,  
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight ;  
Then she mounts again, and around her flings  
10 A shower of light from her purple wings,  
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,  
That silently fills it with ecstasy !

At noon, she hies to a cool retreat,  
 Where bowering elms over waters meet;  
 She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip;  
 That smiles, as it curls, like a maiden's lip,  
 5 When her tremulous bosom would hide in vain,  
 From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve, she hangs o'er the western sky  
 Dark clouds for a glorious canopy;  
 And round the skirts of each sweeping fold,  
 10 She paints a border of crimson and gold,  
 Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,  
 When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,  
 When her presence is felt with the deepest power;  
 15 She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream  
 With shadows that flit like a fairy dream:—  
 Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,  
 The Spirit of Beauty is every where!

LESSON XCIX.—EDUCATION OF FEMALES.—JOSEPH STORY.

If Christianity may be said to have given a permanent elevation to woman, as an intellectual and moral being, it is as true, that the present age, above all others, has given play to her genius, and taught us to reverence its influence. It was the fashion of other times to treat the literary acquirements of the sex, as starched pedantry, or vain pretension; to stigmatize them as inconsistent with those domestic affections and virtues, which constitute the charm of society. We had abundant homilies read upon their amiable weaknesses and sentimental delicacy, upon their timid gentleness and submissive dependence; as if to taste the fruit of knowledge were a deadly sin, and ignorance were the sole guardian of innocence. Their whole lives were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" and 15 concealment of intellectual power was often resorted to, to escape the dangerous imputation of masculine strength.

In the higher walks of life, the satirist was not without color for the suggestion, that it was

"A youth of folly, an old age of cards;"

20 and that, elsewhere, "most women had no character at all," beyond that of purity and devotion to their families.



Admirable as are these qualities, it seemed an abuse of the gifts of Providence, to deny to mothers the power of instructing their children, to wives the privilege of sharing the intellectual pursuits of their husbands, to sisters and daughters the delight of ministering knowledge in the fireside circle, to youth and beauty the charm of refined sense, to age and infirmity the consolation of studies which elevate the soul, and gladden the listless hours of despondency.

- 10 These things have, in a great measure, passed away. The prejudices, which dishonored the sex, have yielded to the influence of truth. By slow, but sure advances, education has extended itself through all ranks of female society. There is no longer any dread, lest the culture of science should foster that masculine boldness, or restless independence, which alarms by its sallies, or wounds by its inconsistencies. We have seen that here, as every-  
where else, knowledge is favorable to human virtue and human happiness; that the refinement of literature  
20 adds lustre to the devotion of piety; that true learning, like true taste, is modest and unostentatious; that grace of manners receives a higher polish from the discipline of the schools; that cultivated genius sheds a cheering light over domestic duties, and its very sparkles, like  
25 those of the diamond, attest at once its power and its purity.

- There is not a rank of female society, however high, which does not now pay homage to literature, or that would not blush, even at the suspicion of that ignorance, which, a  
30 half century ago, was neither uncommon, nor discreditable. There is not a parent, whose pride may not glow at the thought, that his daughter's happiness is, in a great measure, within her own command, whether she keeps the cool, sequestered vale of life, or visits the busy walks of  
35 fashion.

- A new path is thus opened for female exertion, to alleviate the pressure of misfortune, without any supposed sacrifice of dignity, or modesty. Man no longer aspires to an exclusive dominion in authorship. He has rivals, or  
40 allies, in almost every department of knowledge; and they are to be found among those, whose elegance of manners, and blamelessness of life, command his respect, as much as their talents excite his admiration.
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## LESSON C.—THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.—ORVILLE DEWEY.

The world is filled with the voices of the dead. They speak, not from the public records of the great world only, but from the private history of our own experience. They speak to us, in a thousand remembrances, in a thousand incidents, events, associations. They speak to us, not only from their silent graves, but from the throng of life. Though they are invisible, yet life is filled with their presence.

They are with us, by the silent fireside, and in the secluded chamber: they are with us, in the paths of society, and in the crowded assembly of men. They speak to us, from the lonely way-side; and they speak to us, from the venerable walls that echo to the steps of a multitude, and to the voice of prayer. Go, where we will, the dead are with us. We live, we converse, with those, who once lived and conversed with us. Their well remembered tone mingles with the whispering breezes, with the sound of the falling leaf, with the jubilee shout of the spring-time. The earth is filled with their shadowy train.

But there are more substantial expressions of the presence of the dead, with the living. The earth is filled with the labors, the works, of the dead. Almost all the literature in the world, the discoveries of science, the glories of art, the ever-during temples, the dwelling-places of generations, the comforts and improvements of life, the languages, the maxims, the opinions, of the living, the very frame-work of society, the institutions of nations, the fabrics of empire,—all are the works of the dead: by these, they who are dead, yet speak.

## LESSON CI.—THE JEWISH REVELATION.—DR. NOYES.

The peculiar religious character of the Psalms, which distinguishes them from the productions of other nations of antiquity, is well worthy of the attention of such as are disposed to doubt the reality of the Jewish revelation. I do not refer to the prophetic character, which some of them are supposed to possess, but to the comparative purity and fervor of religious feeling, which they manifest; the sublimity and justness of the views of the Deity, and of his government of the world, which they present; and

- the clear perception of a spiritual good, infinitely to be preferred to any external possession, which is found in them. Let them be considered, as the expression and fruit of the principles of the Jewish religion, as they existed
- 5 in the minds of pious Israelites, and do they not bear delightful testimony to the reality of the successive revelations, alleged to have been made to the Hebrew nation, and of the peculiar relation which the Most High is said to have sustained towards them?
- 10 Let the unbeliever compare the productions of the Hebrew poets, with those of the most enlightened periods of Grecian literature. Let him explain, how it happened, that in the most celebrated cities of antiquity, which human reason had adorned with the most splendid trophies of art,
- 15 whose architecture it is now thought high praise to imitate well, whose sculpture almost gave life to marble, whose poetry has never been surpassed, and whose eloquence has never been equalled, a religion prevailed, so absurd and frivolous, as to be beneath the contempt of a child, at the
- 20 present day; while in an obscure corner of the world, in a nation in some respects imperfectly civilized, were breathed forth those strains of devotion, which now animate the hearts of millions, and are the vehicle of their feelings to the throne of God. Let him say, if there be not some
- 25 ground for the conclusion, that whilst the corner-stone of the heathen systems of religion, was unassisted human reason, that of the Jewish was an immediate revelation from the Father of lights.

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LESSON CH.—INCITEMENTS TO AMERICAN INTELLECT.—

G. S. HILLARD.

- The motives to intellectual action, press upon us with peculiar force, in our country, because the connection is here so immediate between character and happiness, and because there is nothing between us and ruin, but
- 5 intelligence which sees the right, and virtue which pursues it.

- There are such elements of hope and fear, mingled in the great experiment which is here trying, the results are so momentous to humanity, that all the voices of the past
- 10 and the future, seem to blend in one sound of warning and



entreaty, addressing itself, not only to the general, but to the individual ear. By the wrecks of shattered states, by the quenched lights of promise, that once shone upon man, by the long deferred hopes of humanity, by all that has  
5 been done and suffered, in the cause of liberty, by the martyrs that died before the sight, by the exiles, whose hearts have been crushed in dumb despair, by the memory of our fathers and their blood in our veins,—it calls upon us, each and all, to be faithful to the trust which God has  
10 committed to our hands.

That fine natures should here feel their energies palsied by the cold touch of indifference, that they should turn to Westminster Abbey, or the Alps, or the Vatican, to quicken their flagging pulses, is, of all mental anomalies,  
15 the most inexplicable. The danger would seem to be rather, that the spring of a sensitive mind may be broken by the weight of obligation that rests upon it, and that the stimulant, by its very excess, may become a narcotic.

The poet must not plead his delicacy of organization, as  
20 an excuse, for dwelling apart in trim gardens of leisure, and looking at the world only through the loop-holes of his retreat. Let him fling himself, with gallant heart, upon the stirring life, that heaves and foams around him. He must call home his imagination from those spots, on  
25 which the light of other days has thrown its pensive charm, and be content to dwell among his own people. The future and the present must inspire him, and not the past. He must transfer, to his pictures, the glow of morning, and not the hues of sunset. He must not go to any  
30 foreign Pharpar, or Abana, for the sweet influences which he may find in that familiar stream, on whose banks he has played as a child, and mused as a man.

Let him dedicate his powers to the best interests of his country. Let him sow the seeds of beauty along that  
35 dusty road, where humanity toils and sweats in the sun. Let him spurn the baseness which ministers food to the passions which blot out, in man's soul, the image of God. Let not his hands add one seductive charm to the unzoned form of pleasure, nor twine the roses of his genius around  
40 the reveller's wine-cup. Let him mingle with his verse those grave and high elements befitting him, around whom the air of freedom blows, and upon whom the light of heaven shines. Let him teach those stern virtues of self-control and self-renunciation, of faith and patience, of

abstinence and fortitude,—which constitute the foundations alike of individual happiness, and of national prosperity.

Let him help to rear up this great people to the stature and symmetry of a moral manhood. Let him look abroad upon this young world in hope, and not in despondency. Let him not be repelled by the coarse surface of material life. Let him survey it, with the piercing insight of genius, and in the reconciling spirit of love. Let him find inspiration, wherever man is found; in the sailor, singing at the windlass; in the roaring flames of the furnace; in the dizzy spindles of the factory; in the regular beat of the thresher's flail; in the smoke of the steam-ship; in the whistle of the locomotive. Let the mountain wind blow courage into him. Let him pluck from the stars of his own wintry sky, thoughts, serene as their own light, lofty as their own place. Let the purity of the majestic heavens flow into his soul. Let his genius soar upon the wings of faith, and charm with the beauty of truth.

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### LESSON CHII.—IMPORTANCE OF KNOWLEDGE TO THE MECHANIC.

G. B. EMERSON.

Let us imagine, for a moment, the condition of an individual, who has not advanced beyond the merest elements of knowledge, who understands nothing of the principles even of his own art, and inquire, what change will be wrought in his feelings, his hopes, and happiness, in all that makes up the character, by the gradual inpouring of knowledge. He has now the capacity of thought, but it is a barren faculty, never nourished by the food of the mind, and never rising above the poor objects of sense. Labor and rest, the hope of mere animal enjoyment, or the fear of want, the care of providing covering and food, make up the whole sum of his existence.

Such a man may be industrious, but he cannot love labor, for it is not relieved by the excitement of improving, or changing, the processes of his art, nor cheered by the hope of a better condition. When released from labor, he does not rejoice, for mere idleness is not enjoyment; and he has no book, no lesson of science, no play of the mind, no interesting pursuit, to give a zest to the hour of leisure. Home has few charms for him; he has little taste for the quiet, the social converse, and exchange of

feeling and thought, the innocent enjoyments that ought to dwell there. Society has little to interest him, for he has no sympathy for the pleasures or pursuits, the cares or the troubles of others, to whom he cannot feel nor  
5 perceive his bonds of relationship.

All of life is but a poor boon for such a man ; and happy for himself and for mankind, if the few ties that hold him to this negative existence, be not broken. Happy for him, if that best and surest friend of man, that messenger of good news from Heaven to the poorest wretch on  
10 earth, Religion, bringing the fear of God, appear to save him. Without her to support, should temptation assail him, what an easy victim would he fall to vice or crime ! How little would be necessary to overturn his ill-balanced  
15 principles, and throw him grovelling in intemperance, or send him abroad, on the ocean, or the highway, an enemy to himself and his kind !

But let the light of science fall upon that man ; open to him the fountain of knowledge ; let a few principles of  
20 philosophy enter his mind, and awaken the dormant power of thought ; he begins to look upon his art, with an altered eye. It ceases to be a dark mechanical process, which he cannot understand ; he regards it, as an object of inquiry, and begins to penetrate the reasons, and acquire a new  
25 mastery over his own instruments. He finds other and better modes of doing what he had done before, blindly and without interest, a thousand times. He learns to profit by the experience of others, and ventures upon untried paths. Difficulties, which before would have stopped  
30 him at the outset, receive a ready solution from some luminous principle of science. He gains new knowledge and new skill, and can improve the quality of his manufacture, while he shortens the process, and diminishes his own labor.

35 Then, labor becomes sweet to him ; it is accompanied by the consciousness of increasing power ; it is leading him forward to a higher place among his fellow-men. Relaxation, too, is sweet to him, as it enables him to add to his intellectual stores, and to mature, by undisturbed  
40 meditation, the plans and conceptions of the hour of labor. His home has acquired a new charm ; for he is become a man of thought, and feels and enjoys the peace and seclusion of that sacred retreat ; and he carries thither the honest complacency which is the companion of well-



earned success. There, too, bright visions of the future sphere open upon him, and excite a kindly feeling towards those who are to share in his prosperity.

Thus, his mind and heart expand together. He has  
5 become an intelligent being; and, while he has learned to esteem himself, he has also learned to live no longer for himself alone. Society opens, like a new world, to him; he looks upon his fellow-creatures with interest and sympathy, and feels that he has a place in their affections  
10 and respect. Temptations assail him in vain. He is armed by high and pure thoughts. He takes a wider view of his relations with the beings about and above him. He welcomes every generous virtue that adorns and dignifies the human character. He delights in the  
15 exercise of reason,—he glories in the consciousness and the hope of immortality.

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LESSON CIV.—MACER PREACHING ON THE STEPS OF THE  
CAPITOL AT ROME.—WILLIAM WARE.

The crowd was restless and noisy, heaving to and fro, like the fiery mass of a boiling crater. A thousand exclamations and imprecations filled the air. I thought it doubtful, whether the rage which seemed to fill a great  
5 proportion of those around me, would so much as permit him to open his mouth. It seemed rather, as if he would at once be dragged, from where he stood, to the prefect's tribunal, or hurled from the steps, and sacrificed at once to the fury of the populace. Upon the column, on his right  
10 hand, hung, emblazoned with gold, and beautiful with all the art of the chirographer, the edict of Aurelian. It was upon parchment, within a brazen frame.

Soon as quiet was restored, so that any single voice could be heard, he began.

15 “Romans! the emperor, in his edict, tells me not to preach to you. Not to preach Christ in Rome, neither within a church, nor in the streets. Shall I obey him? When Christ says, ‘Go forth, and preach the gospel to every creature,’ shall I give ear to a Roman emperor, who  
20 bids me hold my peace? Not so, not so, Romans. I love God too well, and Christ too well, and you too well, to need such bidding. I love Aurelian, too; I have served long under him; and he was ever good to me. He was a good, as well as great general; and I loved him. I love

him now, but not so well as these; not so well as you. And if I obeyed this edict, it would show that I loved him better than you, and better than these, which would be false.

- 5 If I obeyed this edict, I should never speak to you again of this new religion, as you call it. I should leave you all to perish in your sins, without any of that knowledge, or faith, or hope in Christ, which would save you from them, and form you after the image of God, and after  
10 death carry you up to dwell with him, and with just men, forever and ever. I should then, indeed, show that I hated you, which I can never do. I love you, and Rome, I cannot tell how much,—as much as a child ever loved a mother, or children one another. And therefore, it is, that  
15 no power on earth,—nor above it, nor under it,—save that of God, shall hinder me from declaring to you, the doctrine which I think you need, nay, without which, you never can be happy. For, what can your gods do for you? What are they doing? They lift you not up to them-  
20 selves,—they push you down rather to hell. They cannot save you from those raging fires of sorrow and remorse, which, here, on earth, do constitute a hell hot as any that burns below.

- I have told you before, and I tell you now, your vices  
25 are undermining the foundations of this great empire. There is no power to cure these, but in 'Jesus Christ.' And, when I know this, shall I cease to preach Christ to you, because a man, a man like myself, forbids me? Would you not still prepare for a friend, or a child, the  
30 medicine that would save his life, though you were charged by another ever so imperiously to forbear? The gospel is the divine medicament that is to heal all your sicknesses, cure all your diseases, remove all your miseries, cleanse all your pollutions, correct all your errors,  
35 and confirm within you all necessary truth.

- And when it is this healing draught for which your souls cry aloud, for which they thirst even unto death, shall I, the messenger of God, sent in the name of his Son, to bear to your lips the cup, of which, if you once drink, you shall  
40 live forever, withhold from you that cup, or dash it to the ground? Shall I, a mediator between God and man, falter in my speech, and my tongue hang palsied in my mouth, because Aurelian speaks? What to me, O Romans

is the edict of a Roman emperor? DOWN, DOWN, ACCURSED SCRAWL! nor insult longer both God and man."

And saying that, he reached forth his hand, and, seizing the parchment, wrenched it from its brazen frame, and, 5 rending it to shreds, strewed them abroad upon the air.

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LESSON CV.—DEATH A SUBLIME AND UNIVERSAL MORALIST.—  
JARED SPARKS.

No object is so insignificant, no event so trivial, as not to carry with it a moral and religious influence. The trees, that spring out of the earth, are moralists. They are emblems of the life of man. They grow up; they put on 5 the garments of freshness and beauty. Yet these continue but for a time; decay seizes upon the root and the trunk, and they gradually go back to their original elements. The blossoms, that open to the rising sun, but are closed at night, never to open again, are moralists. The seasons 10 are moralists, teaching the lessons of wisdom, manifesting the wonders of the Creator, and calling on man to reflect on his condition and destiny. History is a perpetual moralist, disclosing the annals of past ages, showing the impotency of pride and greatness, the weakness of human 15 power, the folly of human wisdom. The daily occurrences in society are moralists. The success or failure of enterprise, the prosperity of the bad, the adversity of the good, the disappointed hopes of the sanguine and active, the sufferings of the virtuous, the caprices of fortune 20 in every condition of life, all these are fraught with moral instructions, and, if properly applied, will fix the power of religion in the heart.

But there is a greater moralist still; and that is—DEATH. Here is a teacher, who speaks in a voice which none can 25 mistake; who comes with a power which none can resist. Since we last assembled in this place, as the humble and united worshippers of God, this stern messenger, this mysterious agent of Omnipotence, has come among our numbers, and laid his withering hand on one, whom we 30 have been taught to honor and respect, whose fame was a nation's boast, whose genius was a brilliant spark from the ethereal fire, whose attainments were equalled only by the grasp of his intellect, the profoundness of his judgment, the exuberance of his fancy, the magic of his elo- 35 quence.

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## LESSON CVI.—REFORM IN MORALS.—DR. BEECHER.

The crisis has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves, probably, the amazing question is to be decided, whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved or thrown away; whether our Sabbaths shall  
5 be a delight or a loathing; whether the taverns, on that holy day, shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God, with humble worshippers; whether riot and profaneness shall fill our streets, and poverty our dwellings, and convicts our jails, and violence our land, or  
10 whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness, shall be the stability of our times; whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves. Be not deceived. Human nature in this state is like human  
15 nature everywhere. All actual difference in our favor is adventitious, and the result of our laws, institutions, and habits. It is a moral influence, which, with the blessing of God, has formed a state of society so eminently desirable. The same influence which has formed it, is indis-  
20 pensable to its preservation. The rocks and hills of New England will remain until the last conflagration. But let the Sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God be abandoned, the government and religious instruction of children neglected, and the streams of intemperance  
25 be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no more surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defence.

If we neglect our duty, and suffer our laws and institutions to go down, we give them up forever. It is easy to  
30 relax, easy to retreat, but impossible, when the abomination of desolation has once passed over New England, to rear again the thrown down altars, and gather again the fragments, and build up the ruins of demolished institutions. Another New England, nor we, nor our children,  
35 shall ever see, if this be destroyed. All is lost irretrievably, when the land-marks are once removed, and the bands which now hold us, are once broken. Such institutions, and such a state of society, can be established only by such men as our fathers were, and in such cir-  
40 cumstances as they were in. They could not have made a New England in Holland. They made the attempt, but failed.

The hand that overturns our laws and altars, is the hand of death, unbarring the gate of Pandemonium, and letting loose upon our land the crimes and the miseries of hell. If the Most High should stand aloof, and cast  
 5 not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it would seem to be full of superlative woe. But He will not stand aloof. As we shall have begun an open controversy with Him, He will contend openly with us. And never, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations  
 10 to fall into the hands of the living God. The day of vengeance is in His heart, the day of judgment has come; the great earthquake which sinks Babylon is shaking the nations, and the waves of the mighty commotion are dashing upon every shore. Is this then a time to remove  
 15 foundations, when the earth itself is shaken? Is this a time to forfeit the protection of God, when the hearts of men are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth? Is this a time to run upon His neck and the thick bosses of His buckler,  
 20 when the nations are drinking blood, and fainting, and passing away in His wrath? Is this a time to throw away the shield of faith, when His arrows are drunk with the blood of the slain? To cut from the anchor of hope, when the clouds are collecting, and the sea and the waves are roar-  
 25 ing, and thunders are uttering their voices, and lightnings blazing in the heavens, and the great hail is falling from heaven upon men, and every mountain, sea, and island is fleeing in dismay, from the face of an incensed God?

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LESSON CVII.—THE CHILD OF THE TOMB;—A STORY OF NEW BURYPORT.—WM. B. TAPPAN.

The following fact is found in Knapp's "Life of Lord Dexter."

Where WHITEFIELD sleeps, remembered, in the dust,  
 The lowly vault held once a double trust;  
 And PARSONS, reverend name, that quiet tomb  
 Possessed,—to wait the day of weal and doom.  
 5 Another servant of the living God,  
 PRINCE, who, (bereft of sight,) his way had trod,  
 Unerringly and safe, life's journey through,—  
 Now sought admittance to these slumberers too.  
 As earth receded, and the mansions blest  
 10 Rose on his vision,—“Let my body rest

With Whitefield's,"—said he, yielding up his breath,  
 In life beloved, and not disjoined in death.  
 Obedient to his wish, in order then  
 Were all things done ; the tomb was oped to ken  
 Of curious eyes,—made ready to enclose  
 Another tenant in its hushed repose :  
 And, lighted with a single lamp, whose ray  
 Fell dimly down upon the mouldering clay,  
 Was left, prepared, to silence as of night,  
 10 Till hour appointed for the funeral rite.

It chanced, the plodding teacher of a school,—  
 A man of whim, bold, reckless, yet no fool,—  
 Deemed this an opportunity to test  
 How far the fears of spirits might infest  
 15 The bosom of a child. A 'likely' boy,  
 The choicest of his flock, a mother's joy,  
 He took, unscrupulous of means, if he  
 His ends might gain, and solve the mystery.

Both stood within the mansion of the dead,  
 20 And while the stripling mused, the teacher fled,  
 Leaving the child, where the dull cresset shone,  
 With the dumb relics and his God alone.  
 As the trap-door fell suddenly, the stroke,  
 Sullen and harsh, his solemn revery broke.  
 25 Where is he?—Barred within the dreadful womb  
 Of the cold earth,—the living in the tomb!  
 The opened coffins—showed Death's doings, sad,—  
 The awful dust in damps and grave-mould clad.  
 Though near the haunt of busy, cheerful day,  
 30 He, to drear night and solitude the prey!  
 Must he be watcher with these corpses!—Who  
 Can tell what sights may rise? Will reason then be true?  
 -Must he,—a blooming, laughter-loving child,—  
 Be mated thus?—The thought was cruel, wild!  
 35 His knees together smote, as first, in fear.  
 He gazed around his prison ;—then a tear  
 Sprang to his eyes in kind relief; and said  
 The little boy, "*I will not be afraid.*  
*Was ever spirit of the good man known*  
 40 *To injure children whom it found alone ?*"  
 And straight he taxed his memory, to supply  
 Stories and texts, to show he *might* rely



Most safely, humbly, on his Father's care,—  
 Who hears a child's, as well as prelate's, prayer.  
 And thus he stood,—on Whitefield's form his glance  
 In reverence fixed,—and hoped deliverance.

- 5     Meanwhile, the recreant teacher,—where was he ?  
 Gone in effrontery to take his tea  
 With the lad's mother !—Supper done, he told  
 The feat that should display her son as bold.  
 With eye indignant, and with words of flame,  
 10   How showers that mother's scorn, rebuke, and shame  
 And bids him haste ! and hastes herself, to bring  
 Him from Death's realm, who knew not yet its sting :  
 And yet believed,—so well her son she knew,—  
 The noble boy would to himself be true :  
 15   He would sustain himself, and she would find  
 Him patient and possessed, she trusted well his mind.

- The boy yet lives,—and from that distant hour  
 Dates much of truth that on his heart hath power ;—  
 And chiefly this,—whate'er of wit is wed  
 20   To word of his,—*to reverence the dead.*

LESSON CVIII.—LOVE AND FAME.—H. T. TUCKERMAN.

- Give me the boon of Love !  
 I ask no more for fame ;  
 Far better one unpurchased heart  
 Than Glory's proudest name.  
 5     Why wake a fever in the blood,  
 Or damp the spirit now,  
 To gain a wreath whose leaves shall wave  
 Above a withered brow ?
- Give me the boon of Love !  
 10   Ambition's meed is vain ;  
 Dearer Affection's earnest smile  
 Than Honor's richest train.  
 I'd rather lean upon a breast  
 Responsive to my own,  
 15   Than sit pavilioned gorgeously  
 Upon a kingly throne.
- Like the Chaldean sage,  
 Fame's worshippers adore

The brilliant orbs that scatter light  
O'er heaven's azure floor ;  
But in their very hearts enshrined,  
The votaries of Love  
5 Keep e'er the holy flame, which once  
Illumed the courts above.

Give me the boon of Love !  
Renown is but a breath,  
Whose loudest echo ever floats  
10 From out the halls of death.  
A loving eye beguiles me more  
Than Fame's emblazoned seal,  
And one sweet tone of tenderness  
Than Triumph's wildest peal.

Give me the boon of Love !  
The path of Fame is drear,  
And Glory's arch doth ever span  
15 A hill-side cold and sere.  
One wild flower from the path of Love,  
20 All lowly though it lie,  
Is dearer than the wreath that waves  
To stern Ambition's eye.

Give me the boon of Love !  
The lamp of Fame shines far,  
25 But Love's soft light glows near and warm,—  
A pure and household star.  
One tender glance can fill the soul  
With a perennial fire ;  
But Glory's flame burns fitfully,—  
30 A lone, funereal pyre.

Give me the boon of Love !  
Fame's trumpet-strains depart,  
But Love's sweet lute breathes melody  
That lingers in the heart ;  
35 And the scroll of fame will burn,  
When sea and earth consume ;  
But the rose of Love, in a happier sphere  
Will live in deathless bloom !

## LESSON CIX.—LAMENTATION OF REBECCA THE JEWESS.—G. LUNT

- If I had Jubal's chorded shell,  
O'er which the first-born music rolled,  
In burning tones, that loved to dwell  
Amongst those wires of trembling gold;  
5 If to my soul one note were given  
Of that high harp, whose sweeter tone  
Caught its majestic strain from heaven,  
And glowed like fire round Israel's throne .  
Up to the deep blue starry sky  
10 Then might my soul aspire, and hold  
Communion fervent, strong and high,  
With bard and king, and prophet old:  
Then might my spirit dare to trace  
The path our ancient people trod,  
15 When the gray sires of Jacob's race,  
Like faithful servants, walked with God!  
But Israel's song, alas! is hushed,  
That all her tales of triumph told,  
And mute is every voice, that gushed  
20 In music to her harps of gold;  
And could my lyre attune its string  
To lofty themes they loved of yore,  
Alas! my lips could only sing  
All that we *were* but *are* no more!  
25 Our hearts are still by Jordan's stream,  
And there our footsteps fain would be;  
But oh! 't is like the captive's dream  
Of home, his eyes may never see.  
A cloud is on our fathers' graves,  
30 And darkly spreads o'er Zion's hill,  
And there their sons must stand as slaves,  
Or roam like houseless wanderers still.  
Yet where the rose of Sharon blooms,  
And cedars wave the stately head,  
35 Even now, from out the place of tombs,  
Breaks a deep voice that stirs the dead.  
Through the wide world's tumultuous roar,  
Floats clear and sweet the solemn word,—  
"O virgin daughter, faint no more;  
40 Thy tears are seen, thy prayers are heard!  
What though, with spirits crushed and broke,  
Thy tribes like desert exiles rove,



Though Judah feels the stranger's yoke,  
And Ephraim is a heartless dove?—  
Yet,—yet shall Judah's LION wake,  
Yet shall the day of promise come.  
5 Thy sons from iron bondage break,  
And God shall lead the wanderers home!"

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## LESSON CX.—TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—GRENVILLE MELLEN.

- Wake your harp's music!—louder,—higher,  
And pour your strains along;  
And smite again each quivering wire,  
In all the pride of song!  
5 Shout like those godlike men of old,  
Who, daring storm and foe,  
On this blest soil their anthem rolled,  
Two hundred years ago!
- From native shores by tempests driven,  
10 They sought a purer sky,  
And found, beneath a milder heaven,  
The home of liberty!  
An altar rose,—and prayers,—a ray  
Broke on their night of woe,—  
15 The harbinger of Freedom's day,  
Two hundred years ago!
- They clung around that symbol too,  
'Their refuge and their all;  
And swore, while skies and waves were blue,  
20 That altar should not fall.  
'They stood upon the red man's sod,  
'Neath heaven's unpillared bow,  
With home,—a country, and a God,  
Two hundred years ago!
- Oh! 't was a hard unyielding fate  
That drove them to the seas,  
And Persecution strove with Hate,  
To darken her decrees:  
But safe above each coral grave,  
30 Each blooming ship did go,—  
A God was on the western wave,  
Two hundred years ago!

They knelt them on the desert sand,  
By waters cold and rude,  
Alone upon the dreary strand  
Of oceaned solitude !

5 They looked upon the high blue air,  
And felt their spirits glow,  
Resolved to live or perish there,—  
Two hundred years ago !

10 The warrior's red right arm was bared,  
His eyes flashed deep and wild :  
Was there a foreign footstep dared  
To seek his home and child ?  
The dark chiefs yelled alarm,—and swore  
The white man's blood should flow,  
15 And his hewn bones should bleach their shore,—  
Two hundred years ago !

But lo ! the warrior's eye grew dim,  
His arm was left alone,—  
The still, black wilds which sheltered him,  
20 No longer were his own !  
Time fled,—and on the hallowed ground  
His highest pine lies low,—  
And cities swell where forests frowned,  
Two hundred years ago !

25 Oh ! stay not to recount the tale,—  
'T was bloody,—and 't is past ;  
The firmest cheek might well grow pale,  
To hear it to the last.  
The God of heaven, who prospers us,  
30 Could bid a nation grow,  
And shield us from the red man's curse,  
Two hundred years ago !

Come then,—great shades of glorious men,  
From your still glorious grave ;  
35 Look on your own proud land again,  
O bravest of the brave !  
We call you from each mouldering tomb,  
And each blue wave below,  
To bless the world ye snatched from doom  
40 Two hundred years ago !

- Then to your harps,—yet louder,—higher,  
And pour your strains along,—  
And smite again each quivering wire,  
In all the pride of song !  
5 Shout for those godlike men of old,  
Who, daring storm and foe,  
On this blest soil their anthem rolled,  
Two hundred years ago !
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## LESSON CXI.—THE STAGE.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

- Lo, where the Stage, the poor, degraded Stage,  
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age ;  
There,—where, to raise the drama's moral tone,  
Fool Harlequin usurps Apollo's throne ;  
5 There,—where grown children gather round to praise  
The new-vamped legends of their nursery days ;  
Where one loose scene shall turn more souls to shame,  
Than ten of Channing's lectures can reclaim ;  
There,—where in idiot rapture we adore  
10 The herded vagabonds of every shore ;  
Women, unsexed, who, lost to woman's pride,  
The drunkard's stagger ape, the bully's stride ;  
Pert, lisping girls, who, still in childhood's fetters,  
Babble of love, yet barely know their letters ;  
15 Neat-jointed mummers, mocking nature's shape,  
To prove how nearly man can match an ape ;  
Vaulters, who, rightly served at home, perchance  
Had dangled from the rope on which they dance ;  
Dwarfs, mimics, jugglers, all that yield content,  
20 Where Sin holds carnival, and Wit keeps lent ;  
Where, shoals on shoals, the modest million rush,  
One sex to laugh, and one to try to blush,  
When mincing Ravenot sports tight pantalettes,  
And turns fops' heads while turning pirouettes ;  
25 There, at each ribald sally, where we hear  
The knowing giggle and the scurrile jeer,  
While from the intellectual gallery first  
Rolls the base plaudit, loudest at the worst.
- Gods ! who can grace yon desecrated dome,  
30 When he may turn his Shakspeare o'er at home ?  
Who there can group the pure ones of his race,  
To see and hear what bids him veil his face ?



- Ask ye who can? why, I, and you, and you:  
No matter what the nonsense, if 't is new.  
To Dr. Logic's wit our sons give ear;  
They have no time for Hamlet, or for Lear;  
5 Our daughters turn from gentle Juliet's woe,  
To count the twirls of Almaviva's toe.

- Not theirs the blame who furnish forth the treat,  
But ours, who throng the board, and grossly eat.  
We laud, indeed, the virtue-kindling Stage,  
10 And prate of Shakspeare and his deathless page;  
But go, announce his best, on Cooper call,  
Cooper, "the noblest Roman of them all;"  
Where are the crowds so wont to choke the door?  
'T is an old thing, they've seen it all before.
- 15 Pray Heaven, if yet indeed the Stage must stand,  
With guiltless mirth it may delight the land;  
Far better else each scenic temple fall,  
And one approving silence curtain all.  
Despots to shame may yield their rising youth,  
20 But Freedom dwells with purity and truth.  
Then make the effort, ye who rule the Stage,—  
With novel decency surprise the age;  
Even Wit, so long forgot, may play its part,  
And Nature yet have power to melt the heart;  
25 Perchance the listeners, to their instinct true,  
May fancy common sense,—'t were surely Something New.
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LESSON CXII.—THE BURIAL-PLACE AT LAUREL HILL.—  
W. G. CLARK.

- Here the lamented dead in dust shall lie,  
Life's lingering languors o'er, its labors done;  
Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky,  
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.
- 5 Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,  
With funeral face and slow, shall enter in;  
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,  
No more to suffer, and no more to sin.
- And in this hallowed spot, where Nature showers  
10 Her summer smiles from fair and stainless skies,  
Affection's hand may strew her dewy flowers,  
Whose fragrant incense from the grave shall rise.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words  
Which grief sententious gives to marble pale,  
Shall teach the heart ; while waters, leaves, and birds,  
Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

- 5 Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour  
On scented airs the unavailing sigh,—  
While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore,  
And landscapes blooming,—that the loved must die ?

- There is an emblem in this peaceful scene :  
10 Soon rainbow colors on the woods will fall ;  
And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,  
As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall.

- Then, cold and pale, in distant vistas round,  
Disrobed and tuneless, all the woods will stand ;  
15 While the chained streams are silent as the ground,  
As Death had numbed them with his icy hand.

- Yet when the warm soft winds shall rise in spring,  
Like struggling day-beams o'er a blasted heath,  
The bird returned shall poise her golden wing,  
20 And liberal Nature break the spell of Death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,  
The blessed dead to endless youth shall rise ;  
And hear th' archangel's thrilling summons blend  
Its tone with anthems from the upper skies.

- 25 *There* shall the good of earth be found at last,  
Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand,  
Where Love her crown attains,—her trials past,—  
And, filled with rapture, hails “ the better land ! ”

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LESSON CXIII.—THE GOOD WIFE.—GEORGE W. BURNAP.

“ The good wife ! ” How much of this world's happiness and prosperity, is contained in the compass of these two short words ! Her influence is immense. The power of a wife, for good, or for evil, is altogether irresistible.

- 5 Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is, to a man, wisdom, and courage, and strength, and hope, and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, despair. No condition is hopeless, when the wife possesses firmness, decision,  
10 energy, economy. There is no outward prosperity which

can counteract indolence, folly, and extravagance at home. No spirit can long resist bad domestic influences.

Man is strong; but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but, to sustain him, he  
5 needs a tranquil mind, and a whole heart. He expends his whole moral force, in the conflicts of the world. His feelings are daily lacerated, to the utmost point of endurance, by perpetual collision, irritation, and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be  
10 to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort; and his soul renews its strength, and again goes forth, with fresh vigor, to encounter the labors and troubles of the world. But if at home he find no rest, and there is met by a bad temper, sullenness, or gloom; or is assailed  
15 by discontent, complaint, and reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into total despair.

Let woman know, then, that she ministers at the very fountain of life and happiness. It is her hand that lades  
20 out, with overflowing cup, its soul-refreshing waters, or casts in the branch of bitterness, which makes them poison and death. Her ardent spirit breathes the breath of life into all enterprise. Her patience and constancy are mainly instrumental, in carrying forward, to completion, the best  
25 human designs. Her more delicate moral sensibility is the unseen power which is ever at work to purify and refine society. And the nearest glimpse of heaven that mortals ever get on earth, is that domestic circle, which her hands have trained to intelligence, virtue and love,  
30 which her gentle influence pervades, and of which her radiant presence is the centre and the sun.

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LESSON CXIV.—A GOOD DAUGHTER.—J. G. PALFREY.

A good daughter!—there are other ministries of love, more conspicuous than hers, but none, in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none, to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond.—There is no such thing,  
5 as a comparative estimate of a parent's affection, for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad; and he lives more among temptations, which hardly per-  
10 mit the affection that is following him perhaps over half



the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof, for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house.

5 Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sun-light, and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex, have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom  
10 which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm, as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and orna-  
15 ment of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending but all-expressive proofs of love.

20 And then what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener of a mother's cares! what an ever present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! Oh! how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have  
25 them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests on them, bring rapture to a parent's heart. A true love will, almost certainly, always greet their approaching steps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely which feelings  
30 implanted by nature excite, but one made intense, and overflowing, by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness, do not call  
45 forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

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LESSON CXV.—RELIGION THE GUARDIAN OF THE SOUL.—  
ORVILLE DEWEY.

One of the circumstances of our moral condition, is danger. Religion, then, should be a guardian, and a vigilant guardian; and let us be assured that the Gospel is such. Such emphatically do we need. If we cannot bear  
5 a religion that admonishes us, watches over us, warns us,

restrains us ; let us be assured that we cannot bear a religion that will save us. Religion should be the keeper of the soul ; and without such a keeper, in the slow and undermining process of temptation, or amidst the sudden  
5 and strong assaults of passion, it will be overcome and lost.

Again, the human condition is one of weakness. There are weak points, where religion should be stationed to support and strengthen us. Points, did I say ? Are we not encompassed with weakness ? Where, in the whole circle  
10 of our spiritual interests and affections, are we not exposed, and vulnerable ? Where have we not need to set up the barriers of habit, and to build the strongest defences, with which resolutions, and vows, and prayers, can surround us ? Where, and wherein, I ask again, is any man safe ?  
15 What virtue of any man, is secure from frailty ? What strong purpose of his, is not liable to failure ? What affection of his heart can say, "I have strength, I am established, and nothing can move me ?"

How weak is man in trouble, in perplexity, in doubt ;—  
20 how weak in affliction, or when sickness bows the spirit, or when approaching death is unloosing all the bands of his pride and self-reliance ! And whose spirit does not sometimes faint under its *intrinsic* weakness, under its *native* frailty, and the burthen and pressure of its necessities ? Religion, then, should bring supply, and support,  
25 and strength to the soul ; and the Gospel does bring supply, and support, and strength. And it thus meets a universal want. Every mind *needs* the stability which principle gives ; needs the comfort which piety gives ; needs it continually, in all the varying experience of life.  
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LESSON CXVI.—FEATURES OF AMERICAN SCENERY.—TUDOR

Our numerous waterfalls, the enchanting beauty of Lake George and its pellucid flood, of Lake Champlain, and the lesser lakes, afford many objects of the most picturesque character ; while the inland seas, from Superior to Ontario, and that astounding cataract, whose roar  
5 would hardly be increased by the united murmurs of all the cascades of Europe, are calculated to inspire vast and sublime conceptions. The effects, too, of our climate, composed of a Siberian winter, and an Italian summer,  
10 furnish new and peculiar objects, for description. The

circumstances of remote regions are here blended, and strikingly opposite appearances witnessed, in the same spot, at different seasons of the year. In our winters, we have the sun at the same altitude as in Italy, shining  
5 on an unlimited surface of snow, which can only be found in the higher latitudes of Europe, where the sun, in the winter, rises little above the horizon. The dazzling brilliancy of a winter's day, and a moonlight night, in an atmosphere astonishingly clear and frosty, when the  
10 utmost splendor of the sky is reflected from a surface of spotless white, attended with the most excessive cold, is peculiar to the northern part of the United States. What, too, can surpass the celestial purity and transparency of the atmosphere, in a fine autumnal day, when our  
15 vision, and our thought, seem carried to the third heaven; the gorgeous magnificence of the close, when the sun sinks from our view, surrounded with various masses of clouds, fringed with gold and purple, and reflecting, in evanescent tints, all the hues of the rainbow.

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LESSON CXVII.—STUDY OF HUMAN NATURE ESSENTIAL TO A  
TEACHER.—G. B. EMERSON.

If you were about to engage, in a capacity higher than that of a day laborer, in any other pursuit than that of teaching, would you not set yourself at once to understand what was the object which you should endeavor to  
5 have in view, and what the machinery by which you could attain it? If you were going to manufacture woollen goods, you would wish to understand the nature of the raw material, the processes and machinery by which it is to be acted on, and to judge of the quality of the  
10 article you wished to produce. Will you do less, when the mechanism with which you are to operate is the work of an Infinite Architect? and the web to be woven is the rich and varied fabric of human character?

If you were about to engage in agriculture, you would  
15 take care to inform yourself as to the nature of the soil, its adaptation to the various kinds of grain and vegetables, and the season of the year, at which, in this climate, it is most proper to prepare the ground, to plough, to sow the seed, and to reap and gather into the barn. Will you  
20 take less care, when the soil is the human soul, the seed



is the word of life, the harvest, the end of the world, and the reapers, angels?

If you were going to navigate the ocean, you would wish to know how to judge of the ship, to sail and steer, 5 you would inquire about the currents that would set you from your course, and the winds that should bear you onward; you would learn to trace the moon's course among the stars, and to look aloft to the sun in his path, that you might not drift at random on the broad sea, but 10 speed towards your desired haven, as if you could see it rising before you above the blue waves. So much you would do that you might convey in safety a few tons of merchandise; and all men would hold you unwise if you did less. Shall they not tax you with worse than folly, if 15 you make less preparation when your ship is the human soul, freighted with a parent's and a nation's hopes,—with the hopes of immortality,—if you fail to study the currents of passion, to provide against the rocks of temptation, and to look aloft for the guiding light which shines 20 only from Heaven.

But, to speak without simile, the study of mental philosophy is of the greatest importance to a teacher, in every point of view. If we would exercise the several powers, we must know what they are, and by what discipline they 25 are to be trained. If we would cultivate them harmoniously, in their natural order and proportion, we must know which of them first come into action, which are developed at a later age, and what are the province and functions of each. Without this knowledge, we can 30 hardly fail of losing the most propitious times for beginning their cultivation; we shall make the common mistake of attempting certain studies too soon, or we shall make use of means little suited to the ends we have in view.

Important as this study is, it is no more difficult than 35 any other, if, in regard to it, we take the same course which we find the true one in other investigations,—if, laying aside conjectures, dreams, and speculations, we adopt the safe and philosophical rule, to observe carefully 40 and extensively the facts, and draw from them only their legitimate conclusions.

There are three sources from which we are to draw light; first, the facts of our own consciousness, the most difficult of all to consult; second, the facts we observe in

the mental growth of others, especially of children; and last, the great storehouse of recorded facts contained in the works of those, who, directly or indirectly, have written upon this subject.

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## LESSON CXVIII.—EDUCATION.—DR. HUMPHREY.

[From an Inaugural Address delivered at Amherst College.]

Convened as we are this day, in the portals of science and literature, and with their arduous heights, and profound depths, and Elysian fields before us, *education* offers itself as the inspiring theme of our present meditations. This, in a free, enlightened, and Christian state, is confessedly a subject of the highest moment. How can the diamond reveal its lustre from beneath incumbent rocks and earthly strata? How can the marble speak, or stand forth in all the divine symmetry of the human form, till it is taken from the quarry, and fashioned by the hand of the artist? And how can man be intelligent, happy, or useful, without the culture and discipline of education?

It is this that smooths and polishes the roughnesses of his nature. It is this, that unlocks the prison-house of his mind, and brings out the captive. It is the transforming hand of education, which is now, in so many heathen lands, moulding savageness and ignorance, pagan fanaticism, and brutal stupidity, revenge, and treachery, and lust,—and, in short, all the warring elements of our lapsed nature, into the various forms of exterior decency, of mental symmetry, and of Christian loveliness. It is education that pours light into the understanding, lays up its golden treasures in the memory, softens the asperities of the temper, checks the waywardness of passion and appetite, and trains to habits of industry, temperance, and benevolence. It is this, which qualifies men for the pulpit, the senate, the bar, the art of healing, and the bench of justice. It is to education, to its domestic agents, its schools and colleges, its universities and literary societies, that the world is indebted for a thousand comforts and elegancies of civilized life, for almost every useful art, discovery, and invention.

In a word, education, regarding man as a rational, accountable, and immortal being, elevates, expands, and enriches his mind; cultivates the best affections of his heart; pours a thousand sweet and gladdening streams around the dwellings of the poor, as well as the mansions



of the rich ; and while it greatly multiplies and enhances the enjoyments of time, helps to train up the soul for the bliss of eternity.

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LESSON CXIX.—PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—EDWARD EVERETT

[From an Address before the Mass. Mechanic Association.]

Besides all that may be hoped for, by the diligent and ingenious use of the materials for improvement, afforded by the present state of the arts, the progress of science teaches us to believe, that principles, elements, and  
5 powers, are in existence and operation around us, of which we have a very imperfect knowledge, perhaps no knowledge whatever.

Commencing with the mariner's compass, in the middle  
10 ages, a series of discoveries have been made, connected with magnetism, electricity, galvanism, the polarity of light, and the electro-magnetic phenomena, which are occupying so much attention at the present day, all of which are more or less applicable to the useful arts, and which may well produce the conviction that, if, in some  
15 respects, we are at the meridian, we are, in other respects, in the dawn of science.

In short, all art is a creation of the mind of man ;—an essence of infinite capacity for improvement. And it is of the nature of every intelligence, endowed with *such* a  
20 capacity, however mature in respect to the past, to be at all times, in respect to the future, in a state of hopeful infancy. However vast the space measured behind, the space before is immeasurable ; and though the mind may estimate the progress it has made, the boldest stretch of  
25 its powers is inadequate to measure the progress of which it is capable.

Let me say, then, PERSEVERE. Do any ask what you have done, and what you are doing, for the public good ? Send them to your exhibition rooms, and let them see the  
30 walls of the Temple of American Liberty,\* fitly covered with the products of American art. And while they gaze, with admiration, on these creations of the mechanical arts of the country, bid them remember that they are the productions of a people, whose fathers were told by the  
35 British ministry, they should not manufacture a hob-nail. Does any one ask, in disdain, for the great names who

\* Faneuil Hall.



have illustrated the mechanic arts; tell him of Arkwright and Watt, of Franklin, of Whitney and Fulton, whose memory will dwell in the grateful recollections of posterity, when the titled and laureled destroyers of mankind  
5 shall be remembered only with detestation.

Mechanics of America, respect your calling, respect yourselves. The cause of human improvement has no firmer, or more powerful friends. In the great temple of nature, whose foundation is the earth,—whose pillars are  
10 the eternal hills,—whose roof is the star-lit sky,—whose organ-tones are the whispering breeze and the sounding storm,—whose architect is God, there is no ministry more noble than that of the intelligent mechanic!

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LESSON CXX.—PURPOSE OF THE BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT.—  
DANIEL WEBSTER.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it  
5 pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that, which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know, that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the  
10 earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate, where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial.

But our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep  
15 sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the revolution. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of  
20 imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart.

Let it not be supposed, that our object is to perpetuate  
25 national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish

that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit, which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences, which have been produced, by the  
5 same events, on the general interests of mankind.

We come, as Americans, to mark a spot, which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where  
10 the first great battle of the revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event, to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that wearied and withered  
15 age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding  
20 patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured, that the foundations of our national power still stand strong.

We wish that this column, rising towards heaven, among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated  
25 to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the  
30 liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

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CXXI.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.—J. R. DRAKE.

When Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.  
5 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light;

Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand,  
The symbol of her chosen land.

5     Majestic monarch of the cloud,  
      Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trummings loud  
      And see the lightning lances driven,  
When strive the warriors of the storm,  
10     And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—  
Child of the sun ! to thee 't is given  
      To guard the banner of the free ;  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
      To ward away the battle stroke ;  
15     And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
      The harbingers of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high,  
20     When speaks the signal trumpet tone.  
And the long line comes gleaming on.  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
25     To where thy sky-born glories burn ;  
And, as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance ;  
And when the cannon-mouthings loud,  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud ;  
30     And gory sabres rise and fall,  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall ;  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
      And cowering foes shall shrink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
35     That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
40     And frightened waves rush wildly back,  
Before the broadside's reeling rack :  
Each dying wanderer of the sea,  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee ;



And smile to see thy splendor fly,  
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.  
Flag of the free heart's hope and home !  
By angel hands to valor given ;  
5 The stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
For ever float that standard sheet !  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
10 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?

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## LESSON CXXII.—GREECE IN 1820.—J. C. BROOKS.

Land of the brave ! where lie inurned  
The shrouded forms of mortal clay,  
In whom the fire of valor burned,  
And blazed upon the battle's fray ;  
5 Land where the gallant Spartan few  
Bled at Thermopylæ of yore,  
When death his purple garment threw  
On Hellas' consecrated shore !  
Land of the Muse ! within thy bowers  
10 Her soul-entrancing echoes rung,  
While on their course the rapid hours  
Paused at the melody she rung ;  
Till every grove and every hill,  
And every stream that flowed along,  
15 From morn to night repeated still  
The winning harmony of song.  
Land of dead heroes ! living slaves !  
Shall glory gild thy clime no more ?  
Her banner float above thy waves,  
20 Where proudly it hath swept before ?  
Hath not remembrance then a charm  
To break the fetter and the chain ;  
To bid thy children nerve the arm,  
And strike for freedom once again ?  
25 No ! coward souls ! the light which shone  
On Leuctra's war-empurpled day,  
The light which beamed on Marathon,  
Hath lost its splendor, ceased to play ;  
And thou art but a shadow now,  
30 With helmet shattered, spear in rust ;

Thine honor but a dream, and thou  
Despised, degraded in the dust !  
Where sleeps the spirit, that of old  
Dashed down to earth the Persian plume,  
5 When the loud chant of triumph told  
How fatal was the despot's doom ?  
The bold three hundred—where are they,  
Who died on battle's gory breast ?  
Tyrants have trampled on the clay,  
10 Where death has hushed them into rest.

Yet, Ida, yet upon thy hill,  
A glory shines of ages fled ;  
And fame her light is pouring still,  
Not on the living, but the dead ;  
15 But 't is the dim sepulchral light,  
Which sheds a faint and feeble ray,  
As moon-beams on the brow of night,  
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Greece ! yet awake thee from thy trance ;  
20 Behold thy banner waves afar ;  
Behold the glittering weapons glance  
Along the gleaming front of war !  
A gallant chief of high emprise,\*  
Is urging foremost in the field,  
25 Who calls upon thee to arise  
In might, in majesty revealed.

In vain, in vain the hero calls ;  
In vain he sounds the trumpet loud ;  
His banner totters ; see, it falls  
30 In ruin, freedom's battle shroud ;  
Thy children have no soul to dare  
Such deeds as glorified their sires ;  
Their valor 's but a meteor's glare,  
Which gleams a moment and expires.

Lost land ! where Genius made his reign.  
And reared his golden arch on high  
Where science raised her sacred fane.  
Its summit peering to the sky ;  
35 Upon thy clime the midnight deep  
Of ignorance hath-brooded long ;

\* Ypsilanti.

And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep  
The sons of science and of song.

Thy sun hath set, the evening storm  
Hath passed in giant fury by,  
5 To blast the beauty of thy form,  
And spread its pall upon the sky ;  
Gone is thy glory's diadem,  
And freedom never more shall cease  
To pour her mournful requiem  
10 O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece !

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LESSON CXXIII.—THE WILD BOY.—CHARLES WEST *B. 1830.*

He sat upon the wave-washed shore  
With madness in his eye ;  
The surge's dash,—the breaker's roar,  
Pass'd unregarded by ;  
5 He noted not the billows' roll,  
He heeded not their strife,—  
For terror had usurped his soul,  
And stopped the streams of life.

They spoke him kindly,—but he gazed,  
10 And offered no reply ;—  
They gave him food,—he looked amazed,  
And threw the morsel by.  
He was as one o'er whom a spell  
Of darkness hath been cast ;  
15 His spirit seemed to dwell alone,  
With dangers that were past.

The city of his home and heart,  
So grand,—so gaily bright,  
Now touched by fate's unerring dart,  
20 Had vanished from his sight.  
The earthquake's paralyzing shake  
Had rent it from its hold,—  
And nothing but a putrid lake,  
Its tale of terror told.

25 His kindred there, a numerous band,  
Had watched his youthful bloom,—  
In the broad ruin of the land,  
All—all had met their doom !



But the last night, a mother's voice,  
 Breathed over him in prayer,—  
 She perished,—he was left no choice  
 But mute and blank despair.

- 5 He sat alone, of all the crowd  
 That lately thronged around,—  
 The ocean winds were piping loud,  
 He did not heed their sound ;  
 They asked him of that city's fate,  
 10 But reason's reign was o'er,—  
 He pointed to her ruined state,  
 Then fled,—and spoke no more.
- 

LESSON CXXIV.—THE CURE OF MELANCHOLY.—CARLOS WILCOX

- And thou to whom long worshipped nature lends  
 No strength to fly from grief or bear its weight,  
 Stop not to rail at foes or fickle friends,  
 Nor set the world at naught, nor spurn at fate ;  
 5 None seek thy misery, none thy being hate ;  
 Break from thy former self, thy life begin ;  
 Do thou the good thy thoughts oft meditate,  
 And thou shalt feel the good man's peace within,  
 And at thy dying day his wreath of glory win.
- 10 With deeds of virtue to embalm his name,  
 He dies in triumph or serene delight ;  
 Weaker and weaker grows his mortal frame  
 At every breath, but in immortal might  
 His spirit grows, preparing for its flight :  
 15 The world recedes and fades like clouds of even,  
 But heaven comes nearer fast, and grows more bright,  
 All intervening mists far off are driven ;  
 The world will vanish soon, and all will soon be heaven.
- Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief ?  
 20 Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold ?  
 Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief ?  
 Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.  
 'T is when the rose is wrapped in many a fold  
 Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there  
 25 Its life and beauty ; not, when all unrolled.  
 Leaf after leaf its bosom rich and fair  
 Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

- Wake! thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,  
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night  
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours  
To take their swift and everlasting flight;  
5 Wake! ere the earthborn charm unnerve thee quite,  
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;  
Do something,—do it soon,—with all thy might;  
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,  
And God himself inactive were no longer blessed.
- 10 Some high or humble enterprise of good  
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,  
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,  
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined;  
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind  
15 To this thy purpose,—to begin, pursue,  
With thoughts all fixed and feelings purely kind,  
Strength to complete and with delight review,  
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.
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## LESSON CXXV.—MY NATIVE VILLAGE.—JOHN H. BRYANT

- There lies a village in a peaceful vale,  
With sloping hills and waving woods around,  
Fenced from the blasts. There never ruder gale  
Bows the tall grass that covers all the ground;  
5 And planted shrubs are there, and cherished flowers  
And a bright verdure born of gentle showers.
- 'T was there my young existence was begun,  
My earliest sports were on its flowery green,  
And often, when my schoolboy task was done,  
10 I climbed its hills to view the pleasant scene,  
And stood and gazed till the sun's setting ray  
Shone on the height,—the sweetest of the day.
- There, when that hour of mellow light was come,  
And mountain shadows cooled the ripened grain  
15 I watched the weary yeoman plodding home,  
In the lone path that winds across the plain,  
To rest his limbs, and watch his child at play,  
And tell him o'er the labors of the day.
- And when the woods put on their autumn glow  
20 And the bright sun came in among the trees,

And leaves were gathering in the glen below,  
Swept softly from the mountains by the breeze,  
I wandered till the starlight on the stream  
At length awoke me from my fairy dream.

- 5 Ah! happy days, too happy to return,  
Fled on the wings of youth's departed years,  
A bitter lesson has been mine to learn,  
The truth of life, its labors, pains, and fears;  
Yet does the memory of my boyhood stay,  
0 A twilight of the brightness passed away.

My thoughts steal back to that sweet village still;  
Its flowers and peaceful shades before me rise;  
The play-place and the prospect from the hill,  
Its summer verdure, and autumnal dyes;

- 15 The present brings its storms; but, while they last,  
I shelter me in the delightful past.

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LESSON CXXVI.—THE PRESS.—JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

Look abroad, over the face of this vast and almost illimitable continent, and behold multitudes which no man can number, impatient of the slow process of education, wrestling with the powers of nature, and the obstructions of  
5 accident, and, like the patriarch, refusing to let go their hold, till the day break, and they receive the promised blessing, and the recompense of the struggle.

- You will perceive, too, in the remotest corners, where civilization has planted her standard, that there the Press, the  
10 mightiest engine, ever yet invented by the genius of man, is producing a moral revolution, on a scale of grandeur and magnificence, unknown to all former generations. By it, information of every transaction of government, and of all important occurrences, in the four quarters of the world,  
15 is transmitted with a degree of speed and regularity, that the most sagacious could not have foreseen, nor the most enthusiastic have dared to hope for, fifty years ago. By the Press, every cottage is supplied with its newspaper, and elementary books, in the most useful sciences; and  
20 every cradle is supplied with tracts and toy-books, to teach the infant to lisp lessons of wisdom and piety, long before his mind has power to conceive, or firmness to retain, their meaning.

The power of this engine, in the moral and intellectual



- universe, is inconceivable. There is no ordinary operation of the physical elements, to which its mighty influence can be compared. We can find, only in the visions of the apocalyptic saint, a parallel to its tremendous action.
- 5 Guided by truth and reason, like the sound of the seventh trumpet, it opens the temple of God in heaven, and shows to the eye of the faithful and regenerated spirit, within the veil of that temple, in the presence-chamber of the Almighty, the ark of his testament. Controlled by false-
- 10 hood and fraud, its force, like the opening of the sixth seal of the mystic volume, produces earthquakes, turns the sun to sackcloth, and the moon to blood, moves every mountain and island out of their places, and causes even the heaven we hope for, to depart as a scroll, when it is rolled
- 15 together.
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## LESSON CXXVII.—MOUNT AUBURN.—NEHEMIAH ADAMS.

There is a spot within a few miles of Boston, which is destined to be distinguished as a burying-place. "Sweet Auburn" was familiarly known as a place of favorite resort; its shady and intricate retreats, affording opportunity

5 for social or solitary rambles, and its botanic richness a field for pastime and study. The place has been purchased by an Association, and consecrated as a cemetery, with the name of *Mount Auburn*.

- Its distant appearance was formerly better than at present, many of the trees now being removed. It looked like
- 10 a large mound rather than a hill, its central elevation being surrounded by deep glens and valleys, whose tree tops preserved a regular ascent, and reduced the otherwise prominent height of the centre to the slope of a large
- 15 dome. It always seemed as though it were destined to some important and solemn use.

- From the bridge across Charles river, in Cambridge, at sunset, when the horizontal light rayed into it, and the glowing western sky showed in relief the quick motion of
- 20 the leaves in the fresh evening air, it has appeared like a solemn and mournful place, enlivened, against its will, by the voices and joy of a multitude, and showing, as it assumed its natural shades, that it was of a melancholy and sorrowing spirit.

- 25 Now, its dense woods are thinned; and, from the common road to the place, and, within a fraction of a mile,

where the last house on the left leaves the view unbroken, you see a large white object, with a black centre, peering out from the side of a hill; the nature and object of which a stranger is not at a loss to know, as the Egyptian Portal  
5 of the grounds, appearing before him with its inscription, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

There has been a large number of avenues and paths laid through the place. The paths wind through romantic  
10 recesses. It was with a peculiar sensation that we walked through the place, when the avenues were first made. It was like viewing a great, but mournful conquest. Man had invaded a hitherto sacred and safe retreat; and the axe and plough-share had let in the common sun. The  
15 turf had just been removed from the ways, exposing a glebe made rich by the decay of a thousand autumns.

The robins were rejoicing over a strange supply of food. The sound of the workman's implements, from different parts of the place, showed that "Sweet Auburn" was no  
20 longer a safe retreat; and the sudden appearance of a trench, with blocks of granite near, and other preparations for a tomb, made known the change that had taken place in the character of this beautiful retirement.

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LESSON CXXVIII.—TRYING TO PLEASE.—EDWARD T. CHANNING

We know, that it is difficult to draw the line between good social dispositions and actions generally, and a sickly regard to false exactions; and to avoid useless discriminations, we shall venture to say, that we dislike much of the  
5 current language on the subject of pleasing. We dislike the phrase, "trying to please." It is deceptive, and the practice itself leads to effeminacy or fraud. It puts men in wrong positions towards each other.

To shun giving needless offence is one thing, and most  
10 important. This passive good-will or negative benevolence is not sustained without effort; and, as it is little noticed by those whom it spares, it is likely to be disinterested, and can scarcely do harm to either party.

Then, again, to give innocent pleasure to others by  
15 active efforts and personal sacrifices in their behalf, is safe for all concerned. And to gratify our friends by our moral excellence and high reputation, is a natural reward, though we should not propose it as the object, of virtuous action.

And undoubtedly our customary civilities and attentions are in part designed to give pleasure.

- But Chesterfield's "passionate desire of pleasing everybody," this endeavoring so to adapt ourselves to the dispositions of others, that admiration and gratitude shall beam upon us whenever we appear, and our very persons become idols, is not the prompting or expression of benevolence; and it is foreign to the true spirit and purpose of civility. There is selfishness on both sides, and mutual mischief.
- 10 Men have no right to such a show of devotion, and we have no right to offer it.

- We are not placed here, solely or chiefly, to please or to be pleased, even in the best sense that we can give to these terms; but to be good and to do good. And, so far as
- 15 manners promote these objects, let them be cultivated with enthusiasm, as virtues; and, so far as they *then* give pleasure, they yield a natural fruit.

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LESSON CXXIX.—DEFENCE OF CHARLES GREENLEAF.—

G. S. HILLARD.

Gentlemen, it is time for me to bring my remarks to a close. I believe that I have left no point un urged, which may be presented to you in an aspect favorable to the prisoner; and he now awaits your merciful consideration.

- 5 I presume that no advocate, in a capital cause, was ever satisfied with his efforts, in his client's behalf; who did not feel, or fancy, on a sober re-consideration of his argument, that he might have done better. I am prepared to be disturbed by this reflection hereafter; and, if so, I must draw
- 10 what comfort I can, from that, I now feel,—that I have done what I could.

- I have endeavored to argue this cause fairly. I am not conscious of having mis-stated the facts in evidence, or laid down the law incorrectly; and if I have, I shall be
- 15 sure to hear of it, before the case is through. In such cases, however, there is no great difference, between what can be accomplished by the highest or the humblest faculties. The prisoner is saved, if at all, by the law and facts; and by these, and these alone, do I solicit my client's
- 20 acquittal. If I have failed, or been wanting, let them speak for me, and make up for my deficiencies.

There is another class of considerations, in this case, which might be urged,—another class of emotions which



might be addressed in my client's behalf. In countries, where the passions have a more predominating sway, where the organization of man is more excitable, and his blood more easily stirred, an advocate would not omit to  
5 urge these considerations,—to appeal to these sensibilities.

I might speak to you of the gloom which an unfavorable verdict will spread among a large circle of friends and relatives, of the anguish of his heart-broken wife, of the withering blight which will fall upon his innocent children,  
10 of the deep, unmoving shadow which will settle upon his once cheerful hearth.

But that stern fibre, which the mind and character derives from our northern skies, rebukes such attempts, and ensures their failure, if made. Such chords, if skilfully  
15 struck, will tremble and vibrate for a moment, but will not draw the judgment from its place. Justice is deaf, passionless, inexorable. Upon the guilty head, the great axe must fall, no matter what chords of love it severs in its sweep.

But, of these considerations, I may make a legitimate  
20 use. From them I may deepen the earnestness, with which I adjure you to deal with this case wisely, soberly, conscientiously, with the best faculties of your minds, and the brightest effluence of your moral sense. Judge it mercifully, as you would be judged, when the verdict is to pass  
25 upon your lives. Give to the prisoner all that you can, not inconsistent with the claims of truth, not repugnant to the solemn sanctions of your oath.

By all that makes life sweet to you, take not his away lightly. By that good name which is the immediate jewel  
30 of your souls, by the tranquil satisfaction of regular and successful industry, by the sustaining sympathy of your friends, by the sunshine that beams from old familiar faces, by the sweet charities of domestic life, by the kisses of your children, which perhaps are warm upon your lips,  
35 close not the gates of mercy against your brother man, unless driven by that awful voice of duty, before which all earthly considerations must ever give way.

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LESSON CXXX.—THE GENIUS OF ARISTOPHANES.—C. C. FELTON

The greatness of the genius of Aristophanes, is not generally appreciated. The value of his comedies, as illustrations of the political antiquities, the life, morals, and manners of Athens, is not fully understood. The truth is,

we are indebted to him for information upon the working of the Attic institutions, which, had all his plays been lost, we should have vainly sought for in the works of other authors. With what boldness and vigor does he sketch  
5 that many-headed despot, the Demos of Athens; with what austere truth, does he draw the character of the Athenian Demagogue, and, in him, the Demagogue of all times; how many rays of light are poured from his comedies, upon the popular and judicial tribunals,—the assemblies in the Pnyx, the Senate, and the Heliastic courts!

No intelligent reader can doubt, that Aristophanes was a man of the most profound acquaintance with the political institutions of his age; no reader of poetic fancy can fail to see that he possessed an extraordinary creative  
15 genius. It is impossible to study his works attentively, without feeling that his was the master mind of the Attic drama. The brightest flashes of a high poetical spirit, are constantly breaking out, from the midst of the broadest merriment, and the sharpest satire. An imagination of  
20 endless variety and strength, enlivens those lyrical passages which gem his works, and are among the most precious brilliants of the Greek language. In the drawing of characters, his plays exhibit consummate skill. The clearness of his conceptions, the precision of his outlines, the consistency with which his personages are throughout main-  
25 tained, cannot fail to impress the reader, with the perfection of his judgment, and the masterly management of the resources of his art.

He had the inestimable advantage, too, of writing in a  
30 language which is undoubtedly the highest attainment of human speech; and all the rich varieties and harmonies of this wondrous instrument, he held at his supreme command. Its flexibility, under his shaping hand, is almost miraculous. At one moment, he is revelling in the wildest  
35 mirth, and the next, he is sweeping through the loftiest region of lyrical inspiration; but the language never breaks down under his adventurous flight. The very words he wants, come, like beings instinct with life, and fall into their proper places, at his bidding. His wit is as manifold  
40 and startling, as the myriad-minded Shakspeare's. Indeed, although these great men stood two thousand years apart, and moved in widely differing spheres of poetical activity, still many striking points of resemblance exist between the genius of the English, and of the Grecian bard.

## LESSON CXXXI.—RESPONSIBILITY OF AMERICANS.—

E. S. GANNETT.

The Christian world is passing through a momentous crisis. A struggle has begun, such as the kingdoms of Europe have never before known. The elements of revolution no longer slumber in any one of them. Ever and anon, they break forth in tumult and bloodshed. Smothered, they are not idle; pent up in the confinement which sovereigns impose on them, they are but accumulating strength for new eruptions. Two parties exist throughout all the states of Europe, with the exception perhaps of imperial Russia,—the popular party, and the party that support old institutions, either because they know that, if these fall, they shall be buried in the ruins, or because habit has so accustomed them to subjection, that they feel no wish to part with their chains.

The cause of freedom, of human rights, and the world's improvement, depends on the fidelity of the popular party to the principles which they have undertaken to sustain. A fearful contest must ensue, with reciprocal defeat, and mutual obstinacy. If the popular party should prevail, it can only be after long and desperate efforts, under which they will need every encouragement. With this party, our sympathies are inseparably linked. From our example, came the first ray that penetrated the darkness, from which they have awoke. Under its steady influence, they hope to press on to the accomplishment of their wishes. If its aspect should be changed, their disappointment would be severe, it might be fatal.

The eyes of Europe are upon us; the monarch, from his throne, watches us with an angry countenance; the peasant turns his gaze on us, with joyful faith; the writers, on politics, quote our condition, as a proof of the possibility of popular government; the heroes of freedom animate their followers, by reminding them of our success. At no moment of the last half century, has it been so important, that we should send up a clear and strong light which may be seen across the Atlantic. An awful charge of unfaithfulness to the interests of mankind, will be recorded against us, if we suffer this light to be obscured, by the mingling vapors of passion, and misrule, and sin.

But not Europe, alone, will be influenced by the character we give to our destiny. The republics of the south have no other guide towards the establishment of order



and freedom, than our example. If this should fail them, the last stay would be torn from their hope. We are placed under a most solemn obligation, to keep before them this motive to perseverance, in their endeavors to place  
5 free institutions on a sure basis. Shall we leave those wide regions to despair and anarchy? Better that they had patiently borne a foreign yoke, though it bowed their necks to the ground.

Citizens of the United States, it has been said of us,  
10 with truth, that we are at the head of the popular party of the world. Shall we be ashamed of so glorious a rank? or shall we basely desert our place, and throw away our distinction? Forbid it, self-respect, patriotism, philanthropy! Christians, we believe that God has made us a  
15 name and a praise, among the nations. We believe that our religion yields its best fruits in a free land. Shall we be regardless of our duty, as creatures of the Divine Power, and recipients of his goodness? Shall we be indifferent to the effects which our religion may work in the world?  
20 Forbid it our gratitude, our faith, our piety!

In one way only, can we discharge our duty to the rest of mankind; by the purity and elevation of character that shall distinguish us as a people. If we sink into luxury, vice, or moral apathy, our brightness will be lost, our  
25 prosperity deprived of its vital element; and we shall appear disgraced before man, guilty before God.

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LESSON CXXXII.—THE MOCKING-BIRD.—ALEXANDER WILSON

The plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well-proportioned, and  
5 even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his  
10 genius.

To these qualities, we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mell-w tones of the wood-thrush, to the savage screams of the bald eagle. In measure and  
15 accent, he faithfully follows his originals. In force and

sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted upon the top of a tall bush, or half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises preëminent over every competitor.

The ear can listen to *his* music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or, at the most, five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor, for half an hour, or an hour, at a time; his expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy. He mounts and descends, as his song swells, or dies away; and, as my friend, Mr. Bartram, has beautifully expressed it, "he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, which expired in the last elevated strain."

While thus exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together, on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect:—so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed on, by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed, by the fancied calls of their mates; or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

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LESSON CXXXIII.—THE EUROPEAN AND THE AMERICAN NATIONS.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

In many respects, the European and the American nations are alike. They are alike Christian states, civilized states, and commercial states. They have access to the same common fountains of intelligence; they all draw

from those sources which belong to the whole civilized world. In knowledge and letters,—in the arts of peace and war,—they differ in degrees; but they bear, nevertheless, a general resemblance.

- 5 On the other hand, in matters of government and social institution, the nations on this continent are founded upon principles which never did prevail, in considerable extent either at any other time, or in any other place. There has never been presented, to the mind of man, a more  
10 interesting subject of contemplation, than the establishment of so many nations in America, partaking in the civilization, and in the arts of the old world, but having left behind them those cumbrous institutions which had their origin in a dark and military age.
- 15 Whatsoever European experience has developed, favorable to the freedom and the happiness of man; whatsoever European genius has invented for his improvement or gratification; whatsoever of refinement or polish, the culture of European society presents, for his adoption and  
20 enjoyment,—all this is offered to man in America, with the additional advantages of the full power of erecting forms of government on free and simple principles, without overturning institutions suited to times long passed, but too strongly supported, either by interests or pre-  
25 judices, to be shaken without convulsions.

- This unprecedented state of things, presents the happiest of all occasions for an attempt to establish national intercourse upon improved principles; upon principles tending to peace and the mutual prosperity of nations.
- 30 In this respect, America, the whole of America, has a new career before her. If we look back on the history of Europe, we see how great a portion of the last two centuries, her states have been at war, for interests connected mainly with her feudal monarchies; wars, for particular  
35 dynasties; wars, to support or defeat particular successions; wars, to enlarge or curtail the dominions of particular crowns; wars, to support or to dissolve family alliances; wars, in fine, to enforce or to resist religious intolerance. What long and bloody chapters do these  
40 not fill, in the history of European politics!

Who does not see, and who does not rejoice to see, that America has a glorious chance of escaping, at least, these causes of contention? Who does not see, and who does not rejoice to see, that, on this continent, under other



- forms of government, we have before us the noble hope of being able, by the mere influence of civil liberty and religious toleration, to dry up these outpouring fountains of blood, and to extinguish these consuming fires of war?
- 5 The general opinion of the age, favors such hopes and such prospects. There is a growing disposition to treat the intercourse of nations more like the useful intercourse of friends: philosophy,—just views of national advantage, good sense, and the dictates of a common religion, and an
- 10 increasing conviction that war is not the interest of the human race,—all concur to increase the interest created by this new accession to the list of nations.
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## LESSON CXXXIV.—THE TIMES, THE MANNERS, AND THE MEN.—

J. R. LOWELL.

- New times demand new measures and new men ;  
The world advances, and in time outgrows  
The laws that in our fathers' day were best ;  
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
- 5 Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,  
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.  
We cannot bring Utopia at once ;  
But better almost be at work in sin,  
Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep.
- 10 No man is born into the world, whose work  
Is not born with him ; there is always work,  
And tools to work withal, for those who will ;  
And blessed are the horny hands of toil !  
The busy world shoves angrily aside
- 15 The man who stands with arms akimbo set,  
Until occasion tells him what to do ;  
And he who waits to have his task marked out,  
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.  
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds.
- 20 Reason and Government, like two broad seas,  
Yearn for each other, with outstretched arms  
Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,  
And roll their white surf higher every day.  
The field lies wide before us, where to reap
- 25 The easy harvest of a deathless name,  
Though with no better sickles than our swords.  
My soul is not a palace of the past

- Where outworn creeds, like Rome's grey senate, quake  
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,  
That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.  
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe for change :
- 5 Then let it come. I have no dread of what  
Is called for by the instinct of mankind.  
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart  
Because we tear a parchment more or less.  
Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
- 10 With endless change, is fitted to the hour ;  
Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect  
The promise of the future, not the past.  
I do not fear to follow out the truth,  
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
- 15 Let us speak plain : there is more force in names  
Than most men dream of ; and a lie may keep  
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk  
Behind the shield of some fair seeming name.  
Let us call tyrants *tyrants*, and maintain
- 20 That only freedom comes by grace of God,  
And all that comes not by His grace must fall ;  
For men in earnest have no time to waste  
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.
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## LESSON CXXXV.—LIBERTY TO ATHENS.—JAMES G. PERCIVAL

- The flag of freedom floats once more  
Around the lofty Parthenon ;  
It waves, as waved the palm of yore,  
In days departed long and gone ;
- 5 As bright a glory from the skies,  
Pours down its light around those towers,  
And once again the Greeks arise,  
As in their country's noblest hours ;  
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
- 10 Minerva's sacred hill is free,—  
Oh ! may she keep her equal laws,  
While man shall live, and time shall be !
- The pride of all her shrines went down ;  
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk had reft  
15 The laurel from her civic crown ;  
Her helm by many a sword was cleft .

She lay among her ruins low,—  
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,  
And, crushed and bruised by many a blow,  
5 She cowered beneath her savage foes ;  
But now, again she springs from earth,  
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks ;  
She rises in a brighter birth,  
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

10 It is the classic jubilee,—  
Their servile years have rolled away ;  
The clouds that hovered o'er them flee,  
They hail the dawn of freedom's day ;  
From Heaven the golden light descends,  
15 'The times of old are on the wing,  
And glory there her pinion bends,  
And beauty wakes a fairer spring ;  
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,  
Are all in triumph's pomp arrayed ;  
20 A light that points their tyrants' graves,  
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

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LESSON CXXXVI.—THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.—  
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villagers with strange alarms.

5 Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the Death-Angel touches those swift keys !  
What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear, even now, the infinite fierce chorus,  
10 'The cries of agony, the endless groan,—  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
15 And loud amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.



I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests, upon their teocallis,  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin.

- 5 The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;  
The shout, that every prayer for mercy drowns ;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns !

- 10 The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

- Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
15 Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

- Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
20 There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead  
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

- 25 Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;  
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "

- Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals  
30 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of Love arise.

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LESSON CXXXVII.—IMMORTALITY.—RICHARD H. DANA, SEN.

- Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love ?  
And doth Death cancel the great bond that holds  
Commingleing spirits ? Are thoughts that know no bounds  
But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out  
5 The Eternal Mind,—the Father of all thought,—

- Are they become mere tenants of a tomb ?—  
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms  
Of uncreated light have visited, and lived ?—  
Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne,  
5 Which One, with gentle hand, the veil of flesh  
Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed  
In glory ?—throne, before which, even now,  
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down,  
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed ?  
10 Souls, that Thee know by a mysterious sense,  
Thou awful, unseen Presence ! are they quenched ?  
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes  
By that bright day which ends not ; as the sun  
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars ?  
15 And with our frames do perish all our loves ?  
Do those that took their root, and put forth buds,  
And their soft leaves unfolded, in the warmth  
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,  
Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers ?  
20 Are thoughts and passions, that to the tongue give speech,  
And make it send forth winning harmonies,—  
That to the cheek do give its living glow,  
And vision in the eye the soul intense  
With that for which there is no utterance,—  
25 Are these the body's accidents ?—no more ?—  
To live in it, and, when that dies, go out  
Like the burnt taper's flame ?

Oh ! listen, man !

- A voice within us speaks that startling word,  
30 "Man, thou shalt never die !" Celestial voices  
Hymn it unto our souls ; according harps, . . .  
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars  
Of morning sang together, sound forth still  
The song of our great immortality :  
35 Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,  
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas  
Join in this solemn, universal song.  
Oh ! listen, ye, our spirits ; drink it in  
From all the air. 'T is in the gentle moonlight ;  
40 'T is floating midst Day's setting glories ; Night.  
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step  
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears :  
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,

All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,  
 As one vast mystic instrument, are touched  
 By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords  
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.

- 5 The dying hear it ; and, as sounds of earth  
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

LESSON CXXXVIII.—THE GRAY OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN —  
 HARRY HIBBARD.

[A Natural Image in Franconia Mountain Notch.]

- Where a tall post beside the road displays  
 Its lettered arm, pointing the traveller's eye,  
 Through the small opening mid the green birch trees,  
 Toward yonder mountain summit towering high,  
 5 There pause. What doth thy anxious gaze espy ?  
 A crag abrupt hung from the mountain's brow !  
 Look closer ! scan that bare sharp cliff on high ;  
 Aha ! the wondrous shape bursts on thee now !  
 A perfect human face,—neck, chin, mouth, nose, and brow !  
 10 And full and plain those features are displayed,  
 Thus profiled forth against the clear blue sky ;  
 As though some sculptor's chisel here had made  
 This fragment of colossal imagery,  
 The compass of his plastic art to try.  
 15 From the curved neck up to the shaggy hair  
 That shoots on pine trees from the head on high,  
 All, all is perfect : no illusions there  
 To cheat the expecting eye with fancied forms of air !  
 Most wondrous vision ! the broad earth hath not,  
 20 Through all her bounds, an object like to thee,  
 That traveller e'er recorded, nor a spot  
 More fit to stir the poet's phantasy.  
 Gray Old Man of the Mountain, awfully  
 There from thy wreath of clouds thou dost uprear  
 25 Those features grand, the same eternally !  
 Lone dweller mid the hills ! with gaze austere  
 Thou lookest down, methinks, on all below thee here !  
 And curious travellers have descried the trace  
 Of the sage Franklin's physiognomy  
 30 In that most grave and philosophic face.  
 If it be true, Old Man, that we do see  
 Sage Franklin's countenance, thou indeed must be



A learned philosopher most wise and staid,  
 From all that thou hast had a chance to see,  
 Since Earth began. Here thou, too, oft hast played  
 With lightnings, glancing round thy rugged head.

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LESSON CXXXIX.—THE NOVEL READER.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Look now, directed by yon candle's blaze,  
 Where the false shutter half its trust betrays,—  
 Mark that fair girl, reclining in her bed,  
 Its curtain round her polished shoulders spread :  
 5 Dark midnight reigns, the storm is up in power ;  
 What keeps her waking in that dreary hour ?  
 See where the volume on her pillow lies,—  
 Claims Radcliffe or Chapone those frequent sighs ?  
 'Tis some wild legend,—now her kind eye fills,  
 10 And now cold terror every fibre chills ;  
 Still she reads on,—in fiction's labyrinth lost,  
 Of tyrant fathers, and of true love crossed :  
 Of clanking fetters, low, mysterious groans,  
 Blood-crusted daggers, and uncoffined bones,  
 15 Pale, gliding ghosts, with fingers dropping gore,  
 And blue flames dancing round a dungeon door ;—  
 Still she reads on,—even though to read she fears,  
 And in each key-hole moan strange voices hears,  
 While every shadow that withdraws her look,  
 20 Glares in her face the goblin of her book ;  
 Still o'er the leaves her craving eye is cast ;  
 On all she feasts, yet hungers for the last ;  
 Counts what remain, now sighs there are no more,  
 And now even those half tempted to skip o'er ;  
 25 At length, the bad all killed, the good all pleased,  
 Her thirsting curiosity appeased,  
 She shuts the dear, dear book, that made her weep,  
 Puts out the light, and turns away to sleep.

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LESSON CXL.—MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—ISAAC HILL.

The highest mountains, within the known limits of the  
 old thirteen United States, are the cluster in New Hamp-  
 shire, called the White Mountains. These mountains are  
 supposed to be older than any of the ranges of high  
 5 mountains in Europe. Mont Blanc, and Mont St. Ber-  
 nard, may peer above them, and reach their tops beyond

the line of perpetual congelation ; but Mount Washington had been thousands of years in existence, before the internal fires upheaved the European Alps.

The beauty and grandeur of scenery in Scotland, or  
5 Switzerland, or any other country of Europe, cannot exceed that of this mountain region. What magnificent landscape will compare with the different views at the Notch ;—with the Silver Cascade, half a mile from its entrance, issuing from the mountain eight hundred feet  
10 above the subjacent valley, passing over, almost perpendicularly, a series of rocks so little broken, as to preserve the appearance of a uniform current, and yet so far disturbed, as to be perfectly white ;—with the Flume, at no great distance, falling over three precipices, from the  
15 height of two hundred and fifty feet, down the two first in a single current, and over the last in three, uniting again at the bottom in a basin, formed by the hand of Nature, perhaps by the wearing of the waters, in the rocks ;—with the  
20 impending rocks, directly overhead on either side, to a vast height, rent asunder by that Power which first upheaved the mountains, leaving barely space for the head stream of the Saco, and the road to pass ;—with the track of the awful avalanches, at no great distance, on either side, coming down from the height, throwing rocks, trees, and  
25 earth across the defile, damming up the stream, and forcing it to seek new channels, and covering up or carrying away, clean to the surface of the hard rock, the long travelled road !

If the eye is not here sated, with the grandeur and  
30 beauty of the stupendous works of the Almighty, and the changes he has wrought, let the traveller pass into the Franconia Notch, near the source of the Merrimack river, twenty miles southerly of the White Mountain Notch.

The Man of the Mountain has long been personated  
35 and apostrophized ; his covered head is the sure forerunner of the thunder shower or storm ; and, in the world of fiction, he is made the main agent of the mountain genii, who bewilder and mislead the benighted traveller, and whose lodgment is in the rocky caverns, hitherto unfrequented by the human tread. The Profile is perched at  
40 the height of more than a thousand feet : the solid rock presents a side view or profile of the human face, every feature of which, in the due proportion, is conspicuous. It is no inanimate profile : it looks the living man, as if

his voice could reach to the proportionate distance of his greater size.

The mountain region of New Hampshire, has been denominated the Switzerland of America. Our scenery is surpassed, in beauty, by no scenery on earth. Coming down from our mountains, I would direct your attention to our beautiful lakes. The eye never traced a more splendid prospect, than the view from Red Hill. The view from Mount Washington, shows the high mountains around, as successive dark waves of the sea, at your feet, and all other objects, the villages and the sea, as more indistinct from their distance.

The view from Red Hill, an elevation of some twenty-five hundred feet, which is gained on horseback, brings all objects distinctly to the naked eye. On the one hand, the Winnipiseogee lake, twenty-two miles in length, with its bays, and islands, and surrounding villages, and farms of parti-colored fields, spreads out like a field of glass, at the southeast. Loch Lomond, with all its splendor and beauty, presents no scenery that is not equalled in the environs of the Winnipiseogee. Its suite of hills and mountains, serves as a contrast, to increase its splendor. We stand upon the higher of the three points of Red Hill, limited everywhere by regular circular lines, and elegant in its figure beyond most other mountains. The autumnal foliage, overspreading the ranges of mountains, in the season after vegetation has been arrested by the frosts, is a beauty in our scenery that has never been described by any inhabitant of Great Britain, because no such scenery ever there existed.

If Mr. Jefferson thought a single point upon the Potomac, where that river breaks through the Blue Ridge, to be worth, to the European observer, a voyage across the Atlantic, will it be deemed extravagant, if I should say to the inhabitants of a town or city of the United States, anywhere along the Atlantic Ocean, that the Notch of the White Hills, the Notch of the Franconia mountains, the Cascade, or the Flume, or the Face of the Old Man, or the view from Red Hill, one alone, or all together, are worth ten times the expense and labor of a journey of one hundred, five hundred, or one thousand miles?

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## LESSON CXLI.—LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS.—HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Among all the objects of mental association, ancient buildings and ruins affect us with the deepest and most vivid emotions. They were the works of beings like ourselves. While a mist, impervious to mortal view, hangs over the future, all our fond imaginings of the things, which “eye hath not seen nor ear heard,” in the eternity to come, are inevitably associated with the men, the events and things, which have gone to join the eternity that is past.

- 10 When imagination has in vain essayed to rise beyond the stars, which “proclaim the story of their birth,” inquisitive to know the occupations and condition of the sages and heroes, whom we hope to join in a higher empyrean, she drops her weary wing, and is compelled to alight  
15 among the fragments of “gorgeous palaces and cloud-capped towers,” which cover their human ruins, and, by aid of these localities, to ruminate upon their virtues, and their faults, on their deeds in the cabinet, and in the field, and upon the revolutions of the successive ages in which  
20 they lived. To this propensity may be traced the sublimated feelings of the man, who, familiar with the stories of Sesostris, the Pharaohs, and the Ptolemies, surveys the pyramids, not merely as stupendous fabrics of mechanical skill, but as monuments of the pride and ambitious folly  
25 of kings, and of the debasement and oppression of the wretched myriads, by whose labors they were raised to the skies. To this must be referred the awe and contrition, which solemnize and melt the heart of the Christian, who looks into the holy sepulchre, and believes he sees  
30 the place where the Lord was laid.

- From this originate the musings of the scholar, who, amid the ruins of the Parthenon and the Acropolis, transports his imagination to the age of Pericles and Phidias;—the reflections of all, not dead to sentiment, who  
35 descend to the subterranean habitations of Pompeii,—handle the utensils that once ministered to the wants, and the ornaments subservient to the luxury, of a polished city,—behold the rut of wheels upon the pavement hidden for ages from human sight,—and realize the awful hour,  
40 when the hum of industry, and the song of joy, the wailing of the infant, and the garrulity of age, were suddenly

and forever silenced by the fiery deluge, which buried the city, until accident and industry, after the lapse of nearly eighteen centuries, revealed its ruins to the curiosity and cupidity of the passing age.

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LESSON CXLII.—CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.—*Knowles.*

[Extract from a Debate for Young Speakers.]

FIRST SPEAKER.—“Was Cæsar a great man?”—What revolution has taken place in the first appointed government of the universe—what new and opposite principle has begun to direct the operations of nature—what refutation of their long established precepts has deprived  
5 reason of her sceptre, and virtue of her throne, that a character which forms the noblest theme that ever merit gave to fame, should now become a question for debate?

No painter of human excellence, if he would draw the  
10 features of that hero's character, needs study a favorable light, or striking attitude. In every posture it has majesty; and the lineaments of its beauty are prominent in every point of view.

It is a generally received opinion, that uncommon cir-  
15 cumstances make uncommon men,—Cæsar was an uncommon man, in common circumstances. The colossal mind commands your admiration, no less in the pirate's captive, than in the victor of Pharsalia. Who, but the first of his race, could have made vassals of his savage masters,  
20 mocked them into reverence of his superior nature, and threatened, with security, the power that held him at its mercy? Of all the striking incidents of Cæsar's life, had history preserved for us but this single one, it would have been sufficient to make us fancy all the rest—at least we  
25 should have said, “Such a man was born to conquest, and to empire!”

To expatiate on Cæsar's powers of oratory, would only be to add one poor eulogium to the testimony of the first historians. Cicero, himself, grants him the palm of almost  
30 præëminent merit; and seems at a loss for words to express his admiration of him. His voice was musical, his delivery energetic, his language chaste and rich, appropriate and peculiar. And it is well presumed, that, had he studied the art of public speaking, with as much industry

as he studied the art of war, he would have been the first of orators. Quintilian says, he would have been the only man capable of combating Cicero; but granting them to have been equal in ability, what equal contest could the  
5 timid Cicero—whose nerves fail him, and whose tongue falters, when the forum glitters with arms—what equal contest could he have held with the man, whose vigor chastised the Belgæ, and annihilated the Nervii, that maintained their ground till they were hewn to pieces on the  
10 spot!

His abilities as a master of composition were undoubtedly of the first order. How admirable is the structure of his Commentaries! What perspicuity and animation are there in the details! You fancy yourself upon the field of  
15 action! You follow the development of his plans, with the liveliest curiosity! You look on with unwearied attention, as he fortifies his camp, or invests his enemy, or crosses the impetuous torrent!—You behold his legions, as they move forward, from different points, to the line of  
20 battle—you hear the shout of the onset, and the crash of the encounter; and, breathless with suspense, mark every fluctuation of the awful tide of war!

As a politician, how consummate was his address!—How grand his projections!—How happy the execution of  
25 his measures! He governs his province with such equity, and wisdom, as add a milder, but a fairer lustre to his glory; and, by their fame, prepare the Roman people for his happy yoke. Upon the very eve of his rupture with Pompey, he sends back, on demand, the borrowed legions,  
30 covering with rewards the soldiers that may no longer serve him, and whose weapons on the morrow, may be turned against his breast—presenting here a noble example of his respect of right, and of that magnanimity which maintains that gratitude should not cease, though benefits are  
35 discontinued. When he reigns sole master of the Roman world, how temperate is his triumph!—how scrupulous his respect for the very forms of the laws! He discountenances the profligacy of the patricians, and endeavors to preserve the virtue of the state, by laying wholesome restraints upon  
40 luxury. He encourages the arts and sciences, patronizes genius and talent, respects religion and justice, and puts in practice every means that can contribute to the welfare, the happiness, and the stability of the empire.

It is unnecessary to recount the military exploits of



Cæsar. Why should I compel your attention to follow him, for the hundredth time, through hostile myriads, yielding, at every encounter, to the force of his invincible arms? As a captain, he was the first of warriors; nor  
5 were his valor and skill more admirable than his abstinence and watchfulness, his disregard of ease and his endurance of labor, his moderation and his mercy. Perhaps, indeed, this last quality forms the most prominent feature in his character; and proves, by the consequences  
10 of its excess, that virtue itself requires restraint, and has its proper bounds, which it ought not to exceed—for Cæsar's moderation was his ruin!

That Cæsar had a heart susceptible of friendship, and alive to the finest touches of humanity, is unquestionable.  
15 Why does he attempt so often to avert the storm of civil war?—Why does he pause so long upon the brink of the Rubicon?—Why does he weep when he beholds the head of his unfortunate rival? Why does he delight in pardoning his enemies—even those very men that had deserted him?  
20 It seems as if he lived the lover of mankind, and fell—as the bard expresses it—vanquished, not so much by the weapons, as by the ingratitude of his murderers.

If a combination of the most splendid talents for war with the most sacred love of peace—of the most illustrious  
25 public virtue with the most endearing private worth—of the most unyielding courage with the most accessible moderation, may constitute a great man, that title must be Cæsar's!

SECOND SPEAKER.—No change has taken place in the  
30 first appointed government of the universe—the operations of nature acknowledge, now, the same principle that they did in the beginning—reason still holds her sceptre, virtue still fills her throne; and the epithet of great does not belong to Cæsar!

I would lay it down, as an unquestionable position, that  
35 the worth of talents is to be estimated only by the use we make of them. If we employ them in the cause of virtue, their value is great; if we employ them in the cause of vice, they are less than worthless—they are pernicious and  
10 vile. Now, let us examine Cæsar's talents by this principle, and we shall find, that, neither as an orator, nor as a politician—neither as a warrior, nor as a friend—was Cæsar a great man!

If I were asked, "What was the first, the second, and the last principle of the virtuous mind?" I should reply, "It was the love of country." It is the love of parent, brother, friend!—the love of MAN!—the love of honor, virtue, and religion!—the love of every good and virtuous deed!—I say, then, if I were asked, "What was the first, the second, and the last principle of the virtuous mind?" I should reply, "It was the love of country!" Without it, man is the basest of his kind!—a selfish, cunning, narrow speculator!—a trader in the dearest interests of his species!—reckless of every tie of nature—sentiment—affection! What was Cæsar's oratory?—How far did it prove him to be actuated by the love of country? It justified, for political interest, the invader of his honor;—sheltered the incendiary!—abetted treason!—flattered the people into their own undoing!—assailed the liberties of his country, and bawled into silence every virtuous patriot that struggled to uphold them! He would have been a greater orator than Cicero! I question the assertion—I deny that it is correct!—He would have been a greater orator than Cicero! Well!—let it pass—he might have been a greater orator, but he never could have been so great a man. Which way soever he had directed his talents, the same inordinate ambition would have led to the same results; and, had he devoted himself to the study of oratory, his tongue had produced the same effects as his sword; and equally desolated the human kingdom.

But Cæsar is to be admired as a politician! I do not pretend to define the speaker's idea of a politician; but I shall attempt to put you in possession of mine. By a politician, I understand a man who studies the laws of prudence and of justice, as they are applicable to the wise and happy government of a people, and the reciprocal obligations of states. Now, how far was Cæsar to be admired as a politician? He makes war upon the innocent Spaniards, that his military talents may not suffer from inaction. This was a ready way to preserve the peace of his province, and to secure its loyalty and affection! That he may be recorded as the first Roman that had ever crossed the Rhine in a hostile manner, he invades the unoffending Germans, lays waste their territories with fire, and plunders and sacks their country. Here was a noble policy!—that planted in the minds of a brave and formidable people the fatal seeds of that revenge and hatred, which finally

assisted in accomplishing the destruction of the Roman empire! In short, Cæsar's views were not of that enlarged nature which could entitle him to the name of a great politician; for he studied, not the happiness and interest  
5 of a community, but merely his own advancement, which he accomplished—by violating the laws, and destroying the liberties, of his country.

That Cæsar was a great conqueror, I do not care to dispute. His admirers are welcome to all the advantages  
10 that result from such a position. I will not subtract one victim from the hosts that perished for his fame; or abate, by a single groan, the sufferings of his vanquished enemies. But I will avow it to be my opinion, that the character of a great conqueror does not necessarily constitute that  
15 of a great man; nor can the recital of Cæsar's victories produce any other impression upon my mind, than what proceeds from the contemplation of those convulsions of the earth, which, in a moment, inundate with ruin the plains of fertility and the abodes of peace; or, at one  
20 shock, convert whole cities into the graves of their living population!

But Cæsar's munificence, his clemency, his moderation, and his affectionate nature, constitute him a great man! What was his munificence, his clemency, or his moderation?  
25 —the automaton of his ambition! It knew no aspiration from the Deity. It was a thing from the hands of the mechanician!—an ingenious mockery of nature! Its action seemed spontaneous—its look argued a soul—but all the virtue lay in the finger of the operator. *He* could  
30 possess no real munificence, moderation, or clemency, who ever expected his gifts to be doubled by return—who never abstained, but with a view to excess; nor spared, but for the indulgence of rapacity.

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LESSON CXLIII.—A REPUBLICAN SCHOOL-ROOM.—A. B. MUZZEY.

The success of all human enterprises depends much on the importance attached to them, the dignity they assume in our view, and the associations which circle round them. The orators of immortal renown, in ancient times, were  
5 accustomed to invest the themes they discussed with a peculiar greatness, and to throw a halo of glory around



the occasion that had convened their audience. But there is one assembly, unknown to their days, and compared with which their proudest conventions fade, as the morning star before coming day. It is in the school-room in a republic, the place where, in a land favored like our own, the children of the rich and the poor, of the obscure and the honored, are seated side by side. This spectacle was reserved for a modern age ; and if, of old, the thought of that influence, which an eloquent voice may exert over an audience of mature minds, fixed habits, and established principles, was so inspiring, what is not the legitimate effect of contemplating a collection of immortal beings, brought together for the culture of their noblest powers, at the earliest, and, therefore, the most decisive period of their lives ?

When I think of the office of one, set for a teacher of those beings, it rises in my mind to a rank which might seem, even to those thus occupied, to be unduly magnified, did I state my own feelings in relation to it. Many look *down* for the Teacher ; they think his work one which almost any individual can perform, and to which neither honor, nor high compensation, rightfully belong. I look *up* for the teacher, far above gross and perishing interests, up to the clear sky of spirit, intelligence, and character ; and of him, who is charged with these sacred concerns, and who is faithful to this great vocation, I can never think otherwise than with reverence.

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LESSON CXLIV.—THE ENGLISH SKYLARK.—SAMUEL H. STEARNS.

[Extract from a letter of a young American to his brother.]

London, July 12, 1836.

My Dear Brother,—I rose early to enjoy the hallowed hour of devotion. It was my first Sabbath in a foreign land ; and a delightful morning it was. The sky was clear, and the air was fresh and balmy. I walked beyond the closely built houses of the town, now closed in silence on their slumbering inhabitants, to spend those halcyon moments among cottages and gardens, fields and hedges all bright with the morning sun, and fresh with the dew of heaven, to be regaled with views as beautiful as they

were new, with the fragrance of flowers I had never before seen, and the music of birds whose notes had never before struck my ear and thrilled my heart.

When I had reached the top of a broad, swelling, verdant hill, about one and a half mile from the town, I took my position upon the top of a hedge bank. The town and the harbor were before me ; and all around were the neat white-washed, straw-thatched cottages, and blooming gardens, and velvet-like fields, enclosed with green and flowering hedges, and shaded with deep verdant trees, and enlivened with gay birds, which alone, of all animated beings seemed, with inanimate nature, to have caught the spirit of the morning, and to be sympathizing and vying with each other in the worship of their Maker.

I had not stood there long before I enjoyed the principal object of my search. It was the morning lark, rising and singing towards heaven,—just as Jeremy Taylor has so beautifully described it to our imaginations. I could not have had a better exhibition of it. It satisfied, and more than satisfied, my previous, and most pleasing conceptions of it. I saw one rise, and watched its ascent, and listened to its song, till it was entirely above and beyond my sight. I could only hear its note, more soft, more sweet as it was nearer the home of the blest, and the object of its praise, the throne of its God.

I could think of nothing but of some returning angel, or of some sainted spirit released from its service below and springing from the earth, gaily ascending higher and higher, singing more and more joyously, and resting not from its song or its flight, till it folds its wing and rests its foot by the throne of Him who made it. I could still hear its note, and still I gazed after it, and presently discerned its form, and saw it descend ; but its descent was, if possible, more beautiful than its ascent. It returned to earth with such a graceful and easy motion, it seemed as if conscious that it could, at any time, rise again.

I did not intend to give you any description of this hour or of this scene ; and you can have no idea of it now. It was altogether the happiest hour I have enjoyed since I left my native land. I returned to my lodgings, satisfied,—filled,—and feeling as if I had had a glimpse, and caught a note, of heaven.

LESSON CXLV.—A DIALOGUE: THE DREAM OF CLARENCE —  
*Shakspeare.*

[*Clarence and Brakenbury in the Tower.*]

*Brakenbury.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-da,

*Clarence.* Oh! I have passed a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That as I am a Christian, faithful man,

5 I would not spend another such a night,

Though 't were to buy a world of happy days;

So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

10 *Clar.* Methought that I had broken from the tower,

And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;

And, in my company, my brother Gloster;

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches; thence we looked towards England,

15 And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster,

That had befallen us. As we paced along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,

Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,

20 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard

Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

25 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

30 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes,

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept

(As 't were in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,

That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

35 *Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death,

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought I had; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth



To seek the empty vast, and wandering air;  
But smothered it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awaked you not with this sore agony?

5 *Clar.* Oh! no, my dream was lengthened after life.

Oh! then began the tempest to my soul!  
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

10 The first that there did greet my stranger soul  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;  
Who cried aloud, *What scourge for perjury*  
*Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*  
And so he vanished: Then came wandering by

15 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,  
*Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence—*  
*That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury;*  
*Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!*

20 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environed me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,  
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,  
Could not believe but that I was in hell:

25 Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;  
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—  
That now give evidence against my soul,

30 For Edward's sake, and, see, how he requites me!  
O, God, if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,  
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone;

Oh! spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!

35 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest  
[*Clarence reposes on a chair.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons; and reposing hours  
Make the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

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LESSON CXLVI.—NEW ENGLAND FREEDOM AND ENTERPRISE.—  
JOSIAH QUINCY.

If, after a general survey of the surface of New England, we cast our eyes on its cities and great towns, with what wonder should we behold, did not familiarity render the phenomenon almost unnoticed, men, combined in great  
5 multitudes, possessing freedom and the consciousness of strength,—the comparative physical power of the ruler less than that of a cobweb across a lion's path,—yet orderly, obedient, and respectful to authority; a people, but no populace; every class in reality existing, which the general  
10 law of society acknowledges, except one,—and this exception characterizing the whole country. The soil of New England is trodden by no slave. In our streets, in our assemblies, in the halls of election and legislation, men of every rank and condition meet, and unite or divide on  
15 other principles, and are actuated by other motives, than those growing out of such distinctions.

The fears and jealousies, which in other countries separate classes of men, and make them hostile to each other have here no influence, or a very limited one. Each individual, of whatever condition, has the consciousness of living under known laws, which secure equal rights, and  
20 guarantee to each whatever portion of the goods of life, be it great or small, chance, or talent, or industry, may have bestowed. All perceive, that the honors and rewards of society  
25 are open equally to the fair competition of all; that the distinctions of wealth, or of power, are not fixed in families; that whatever of this nature exists to-day, may be changed to-morrow, or, in a coming generation, be absolutely reversed. Common principles, interests, hopes, and affections, are the  
30 result of universal education. Such are the consequences of the equality of rights, and of the provisions for the general diffusion of knowledge and the distribution of intestate estates, established by the laws framed by the earliest emigrants to New England.

35 If, from our cities, we turn to survey the wide expanse of the interior, how do the effects of the institutions and example of our early ancestors appear, in all the local comfort and accommodation which mark the general condition of the whole country;—unobtrusive, indeed, but substantial; in nothing splendid, but in every thing sufficient and  
40 satisfactory. Indications of active talent and practical energy, exist everywhere. With a soil comparatively little

luxuriant, and, in great proportion, either rock, or hill, or sand, the skill and industry of man are seen triumphing over the obstacles of nature; making the rock the guardian of the field; moulding the granite, as though it were clay; 5 leading cultivation to the hill-top, and spreading over the arid plain, hitherto unknown and unanticipated harvests.

The lofty mansion of the prosperous, adjoins the lowly dwelling of the husbandman; their respective inmates are in the daily interchange of civility, sympathy, and respect. 10 Enterprise and skill, which once held chief affinity with the ocean or the sea-board, now begin to delight the interior, haunting our rivers, where the music of the waterfall, with powers more attractive than those of the fabled harp of Orpheus, collects around it intellectual man and material nature. 15 Towns and cities, civilized and happy communities, rise, like exhalations, on rocks and in forests, till the deep and far-resounding voice of the neighboring torrent is itself lost and unheard, amid the predominating noise of successful and rejoicing labor.

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LESSON CXLVII.—FREEDOM AND PROGRESS.—CHARLES G. ATHERTON.

Our forefathers came to this land, seeking refuge from oppression. Despised and insulted by the haughty arbiters of the old world, that meek and suffering, but hardy and faithful band brought to inhospitable and savage 5 shores, their household gods, their principles, their hopes. They were wafted hither by no prosperous gales of royal favor:—no lofty patronage protected their humble troop.

The same spirit which led them here,—which supported them under trials and privations almost insupportable,— 10 which nerved their souls against the attacks of hunger, want and savage enemies,—this same spirit flowed down to their descendants, and became a part of their being. It was the same spirit which in them prompted resistance to unwarrantable assumptions on the part of the parent coun- 15 try, and the renunciation of an allegiance that no longer promised protection. It was the same spirit, that, throughout their struggle, nerved their arms and braced their souls, and led them to resolve, to use the words of one of their most able writers, “that wheresoever, whensoever, 20 and howsoever, they might be called to make their exit, they would die free men!”



Long enough, have the despots of Europe kept their subjects in ignorance, in order to preserve their own sway. Long enough, have they lorded it over the consciences and birthrights of men. The divine right of kings, which they have altered into the milder term legitimacy, will not do. "The right divine of kings to govern wrong," is not a maxim for this bold, busy, and inquiring age. There is a spirit abroad, too dangerous to be trifled with. Its out-breakings have already been seen, in various parts of the earth. If the masters of the old world yield to its progress, it may reform abuses gradually, as the water-drop wears the marble, and they may hide in obscurity their imbecility and shame.

But let them form themselves into alliances, and, by combinations, endeavor to preserve their sway, and "the over-strung nations will arm in madness." Let them endeavor to breast and stop the tide of improvement which is rushing onward, and it will sweep them away, in its mighty torrent. The murmurings of the storm are already heard in the forest, the sighings of the gusts of wind, and the groans of the laboring trees. If they prostrate themselves before the coming tempest, it may pass them untouched, unhurt; but woe to those who endeavor to brave it; for the angel of death will ride on its rushing wings.

Reverses may ensue in the cause of freedom; hope delayed may sicken the souls of patriots; the exertions of heroes and martyrs may be, for a while, in vain; brave hearts may spill their best blood, on the points of mercenary bayonets, but the cause of human nature, and of God, must triumph! I say the cause of God; for the Almighty has not placed the longing after freedom, any more than the longing after immortality in our bosoms, that it should only forever be a source of disappointment and despair! Our history must inspire all. And it is curious to reflect that our forefathers, despised and insulted by the potentates of the old world, brought that here with them, which shall react, nay, is reacting on their persecutors, with tremendous energy. They came here "to plant the tree of life, to plant fair freedom's tree," which has grown up so large and beautiful, and will overshadow all the earth,—the tree which shall prove, to the free of all nations, a shelter and protection, but, to tyrants and oppressors, will be more deadly than the Upas, which blasts and withers all who approach it.

The only condition on which liberty is granted to man, is that of perpetual vigilance. This subtle spirit of oppression must be met, in its first approaches, it must be guarded against, with ever anxious care. Man cannot procure  
5 anything of importance, unless by striving for it; nor can he retain anything worth having, unless by guarding it. The husbandman, before he can expect the earth to yield its increase, must prepare it, by his toil; and after his stores are gathered, his care is still necessary to preserve  
10 them.

The accumulator of property, when he has amassed wealth, if he would not lose all the fruits of his labor and anxiety, must still be ever on the alert, lest it vanish, and all his fond hopes be prostrated. No other blessing can  
15 we expect to enjoy long, without activity and care on our part; and why should we expect that liberty, the greatest of blessings, can be retained without either? Why should we imagine, that, because we now have liberty, we must always possess it, however supine we may be? If freedom is worth fighting for, it is worth preserving. Let us  
20 never listen to the voice which would calm all our apprehensions, and lull us into slumbers of security; into a quiet which might be repose indeed, but would soon be the leaden sleep of despotism.

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LESSON CXLVIII.—SCENE FROM MARINO FALIERO.—*Byron.*

[*Doge, President, and Senators.*]

*Doge.* The seigniori of Venice! You betrayed me!  
You,—you who sit there,—traitors as ye are!  
From my equality with you in birth,  
And my superiority in action,  
5 You drew me from my honorable toils  
In distant lands,—on flood,—in field,—in cities;  
You singled me out, like a victim, to  
Stand crowned, but bound and helpless, at the altar,  
Where you alone could minister. I knew not,—  
10 Sought not, wished not, dreamed not, the election,  
Which reached me first at Rome, and I obeyed,  
But found, on my arrival, that, besides  
The jealous vigilance which always led you  
To mock and mar your sovereign's best intents,  
15 You had, even in the interregnum of  
My journey to the capitol, curtailed

And mutilated the few privileges  
Yet left the duke. All this I bore, and would  
Have borne, had not my very hearth been stained  
By the pollution of your ribaldry,

- 5 And he, the ribald, whom I see amongst you,—  
Fit judge in such tribunal!

*President.* And can it be, that the great doge of Venice  
With three parts of a century of years  
And honors on his head, could thus allow

- 10 His fury, (like an angry boy's,) to master  
All feeling, wisdom, faith, and fear, on such  
A provocation as a young man's petulance?

*Doge.* A spark creates the flame; 'tis the last drop  
Which makes the cup run o'er,—and mine was full

- 15 Already. You oppressed the prince and people:—  
I would have freed both,—and have failed in both  
Pause not: I would have shown no mercy, and I seek none  
My life was staked upon a mighty hazard,—  
And, being lost, take what I would have taken.

- 20 I would have stood alone amidst your tombs:  
Now you may flock round mine, and trample on it,  
As you have done upon my heart while living.

*President.* You do confess then and admit the justice  
Of our tribunal?

- 25 *Doge.* I confess to have failed.  
Fortune is female:—from my youth her favors  
Were not withheld. The fault was mine to hope  
Her former smiles again, at this late hour.

*Pres.* You do not, then, in aught arraign our equity?

- 30 *Doge.* Noble Venetians, stir me not with questions.

I am resigned to the worst, but in me still  
Have something of the blood of brighter days,  
And am not over-patient. Pray you, spare me  
Further interrogation, which boots nothing,

- 35 Except to turn a trial to debate.

I shall but answer that which will offend you,  
And please your enemies,—a host already.

'Tis true, these sullen walls should yield no echo;  
But walls have ears,—nay more, they have tongues,—  
and if

- 40 There were no other way for truth to overleap them,—  
You, who condemn me,—you who fear and slay me,—  
Yet could not bear in silence to your graves



- What you would hear from me of good or evil.  
 The secret were too mighty for your souls!  
 Then let it sleep in mine,—unless you court  
 5 A danger which would double that you escape.  
 Such my defence would be, had I full scope  
 To make it famous:—for *true words* are *things*;  
 And dying men's are things which long out-live,  
 And oftentimes avenge them. Bury mine,  
 10 If ye would fain survive me. Take this counsel;  
 And, though too oft ye made me live in wrath,  
 Let me die calmly. You may grant me this!—  
 I deny nothing,—defend nothing,—nothing  
 I ask of you but silence for myself,  
 15 And sentence from the court!

- President.* Marino Faliero,\* doge of Venice,  
 Count of Val di Marino, senator,  
 And sometime general of the fleet and army,  
 Noble Venetian, many times and oft  
 20 Intrusted by the state with high employments,  
 Even to the highest,—listen to the sentence!  
 Convict by many witnesses and proofs,  
 And by thine own confession, of the guilt  
 Of treachery, and treason, yet unheard of  
 25 Until this trial,—the decree is death!  
 The place wherein as doge thou shouldst be painted,  
 With thine illustrious predecessors, is  
 To be left vacant, with a death-black veil  
 Flung over these dim words engraved beneath,—  
 30 “This place is of Marino Faliero,  
 Decapitated for his crimes.”

- Doge.* What crimes?  
 Were it not better to record the facts,  
 So that the contemplator might approve,  
 35 Or at least learn whence the crimes arose?  
 When the beholder knows a doge conspired,  
 Let him be told the cause,—it is your history.

- Pres.* Time must reply to that. Our sons will judge  
 Their fathers' judgment, which I now pronounce.  
 40 As doge, clad in the ducal robes and cap,  
 Thou shalt be led hence to the Giant's Staircase,  
 Where thou and all our princes are invested;  
 And there, the ducal crown being first resumed,

\* Pronounced *Māreeno Fāleeāyro*.

Upon the spot where it was first assumed,  
Thy head shall be struck off; and Heaven have mercy  
Upon thy soul!

*Doge.* Is this the sentence?

5 *President.* It is.

*Doge.* I can endure it. And the time?

*Pres.* Must be immediate. Make thy peace with God,—  
Within an hour thou must be in His presence!

*Doge.* I am there already; and my blood will rise  
10 Before the souls of those who shed it!

LESSON CXLIX.—THE RICH MAN'S SON, AND THE POOR MAN'S  
SON.—J. R. LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;  
And he inherits soft, white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold;  
5 Nor dares to wear a garment old:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One would not care to hold in fee:

The rich man's son inherits cares;  
The bank may break, the factory burn;  
0 Some breath may burst his bubble shares  
And soft, white hands would hardly earn  
A living that would suit his turn:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One would not care to hold in fee.

5 What does the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;  
King of two hands; he does his part,  
In every useful toil and art:  
20 A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?—  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things;  
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit;  
25 Content that from employment springs;  
A heart that in his labor sings:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee:

What does the poor man's son inherit?—

A patience learned by being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow feeling that is sure  
5 To make the outcast bless his door :  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh ! rich man's son, there is a toil  
That with all others level stands ;  
10 Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whitens, soft, white hands :  
'This is the best crop from the lands :  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh ! poor man's son, scorn not thy state ;—  
There is worse weariness than thine,  
In merely being rich and great ;  
Work only makes the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign :  
20 A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last ;  
Both children of the same dear God ;  
25 Prove title to your heirship vast,  
By record of a well-filled past :  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

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LESSON CL.—NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.—ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

"I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts ; she needs none. There she is ; behold her, and judge for yourselves.—There is her history. The world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill ; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia ; and there they will remain forever."—*Webster's Speech.*

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD ! New England's dead !  
On every hill they lie ;  
On every field of strife made red  
By bloody victory.



Each valley, where the battle poured  
Its red and awful tide,  
Beheld the brave New England sword  
With slaughter deeply dyed.

5 Their bones are on the northern hill,  
And on the southern plain,  
By brook and river, lake and rill,  
And by the roaring main.

10 The land is holy where they fought,  
And holy where they fell;  
For by their blood that land was bought,  
The land they loved so well.  
Then glory to that valiant band,  
The honored saviors of the land!  
15 Oh! few and weak their numbers were,—  
A handful of brave men;  
But to their God they gave their prayer,  
And rushed to battle then.  
The God of battles heard their cry,  
20 And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,  
Their flocks and herds without a fold,  
The sickle in the unshorn grain,  
The corn, half garnered, on the plain,  
25 And mustered, in their simple dress,  
For wrongs to seek a stern redress.  
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,  
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?  
30 And where are ye to-day?  
I call:—the hills reply again  
That ye have passed away;  
That on old Bunker's lonely height,  
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,  
35 The grass grows green, the harvest bright,  
Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast  
Shall muster them no more;  
An army now might thunder past,  
40 And they not heed its roar

'The starry flag, 'neath which they fought,  
In many a bloody day;  
From their old graves shall rouse them not,  
For they have passed away.

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## LESSON CLI.—THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

- Here rest the great and good,—here they repose  
After their generous toil. A sacred band,  
They take their sleep together, while the year  
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,  
5 And gathers them again, as winter frowns.  
Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre,—green sods  
Are all their monument; and yet it tells  
A nobler history, than pillared piles,  
Or the eternal pyramids. They need  
10 No statue nor inscription to reveal  
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy  
With which their children tread the hallowed ground  
That holds their venerated bones, the peace  
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth  
15 That clothes the land they rescued,—these, though mute  
As feeling ever is when deepest,—these  
Are monuments more lasting, than the fanes  
Reared to the kings and demigods of old.
- Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade  
20 Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs  
There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,  
Suited to such as visit at the shrine  
Of serious liberty. No factious voice  
Called them unto the field of generous fame,  
25 But the pure consecrated love of home.  
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes  
In all its greatness. It has told itself  
To the astonished gaze of awe-struck kings,  
At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,  
30 Where first our patriots sent the invader back  
Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all  
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.  
Their feelings were all nature; and they need  
No art to make them known. They live in us,  
35 While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,  
Worshipping nothing but our own pure hearts

- And the one universal Lord. They need  
No column pointing to the heaven they sought,  
To tell us of their home. The heart itself,  
Left to its own free purpose, hastens there,  
5 And there alone reposes. Let these elms  
Bend their protecting shadow o'er their graves,  
And build with their green roof the only fane,  
Where we may gather on the hallowed day,  
That rose to them in blood, and set in glory.  
10 Here let us meet; and while our motionless lips  
Give not a sound, and all around is mute  
In the deep sabbath of a heart too full  
For words or tears,—here let us strew the sod  
With the first flowers of spring, and make to them  
15 An offering of the plenty, Nature gives,  
And they have rendered ours,—perpetually.
- 

## LESSON CLII.—TRUTH.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

- O holy and eternal Truth! Thou art  
An emanation of the Eternal Mind!  
A glorious attribute,—a noble part  
Of uncreated being! Who can find,  
5 By diligent searching,—who can find out thee,  
The Incomprehensible,—the Deity!
- The human mind is a reflection caught  
From thee, a trembling shadow of thy ray.  
Thy glory beams around us, but the thought  
10 That heavenward wings its daring flight away  
Returns to where its flight was first begun,  
Blinded and dark beneath the noon-day sun.
- The soul of man, though sighing after thee,  
Hath never known thee, saving as it knows  
15 The stars of heaven, whose glorious light we see  
The sun, whose radiance dazzles as it glows;  
Something, that is beyond us; and above  
The reach of human power, though not of human love
- Vainly Philosophy may strive to teach  
20 The secret of thy being. Its faint ray  
Misguides our steps. Beyond the utmost reach  
Of its untiring wing, the eternal day



Of truth is shining on the longing eye,  
Distant,—unchanged,—changeless,—pure and high!

And yet thou hast not left thyself without  
A revelation. All we feel and see

- 5 Within us and around, forbids to doubt,  
Yet speaks so darkly and mysteriously  
Of what we are and shall be evermore,  
We doubt, and yet believe, and tremble and adore!
- 

LESSON CLIII.—THE FIRST SETTLERS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—

N. A. HAVEN.

- Two hundred years ago, the place\* on which we stand was an uncultivated forest. The rough and vigorous soil was still covered with the stately trees, which had been, for ages, intermingling their branches and deepening the  
5 shade. The river, which now bears, on its bright and pure waters, the treasures of distant climates, and whose rapid current is stemmed and vexed by the arts and enterprise of man, then only rippled against the rocks, and reflected back the wild and grotesque thickets which over-  
10 hung its banks. The mountain, which now swells on our left, and raises its verdant side, “shade above shade,” was then almost concealed by the lofty growth which covered the intervening plains. Behind us, a deep morass, extending across to the northern creek, almost enclosed the little  
15 “Bank,” which is now the seat of so much life and industry. It was then a wild and tangled thicket, interspersed with venerable trees and moss-grown rocks, and presenting, here and there, a sunny space, covered with the blossoms and early fruit of the little plant that gave it its name.  
20 This “Bank,” so wild and rude, two hundred years ago, was first impressed with the step of civilized man.

- The influence of local association is strong and universal. There is no one who has not felt it; and if it were possible, it would be useless to withdraw the mind from its  
25 effects. We owe many of our deepest emotions, our highest and most ennobling feelings, to the suggestions of external nature. The place which has been distinguished by the residence of one whom we love and admire, kindles in our minds a thousand conceptions, which we can scarcely

\* Portsmouth.

analyze or describe. The moral beauty of character and sentiment, is insensibly blended with the beauty of natural scenery; memory and fancy, alike excited, pass from one object to another, and form combinations of beauty and grandeur, softened and shaded by time and distance, but having enough of life and freshness, to awaken our feelings and hold undisputed dominion of our hearts.

Here, then, let us indulge our emotions. On this spot, our forefathers trod. Here, their energy and perseverance, their calm self-possession and practical vigor, were first called into action. Here, they met and overcame difficulties, which would have overpowered the imagination, or subdued the fortitude, of ordinary men. All that we see around us, are memorials of their worth. It was their enterprise that opened a path for us, over the waters. It was their energy that subdued the forest. They founded our institutions. They communicated to us our love of freedom. They gave us the impulse that made us what we are.

It cannot then be useless to live along the generations that have passed, and endeavor to identify ourselves with those who have gone before us. *Who* and *what* were they, who thus fill our imaginations, and, as they rise before us, bring to our minds so many recollections of high sentiment, and steady fortitude, and sober enthusiasm? In what school were they formed? and what favorable circumstances impressed upon them that character of enduring energy, which even their present descendants may claim, as their best inheritance? The answer to these questions, is the subject, to which your attention will be directed.

The character of individuals is always influenced, in a greater or less degree, by that of the nation in which they live. Sometimes, indeed, a great genius appears, who seems not to belong either to his age or country; as a sunny day in winter will sometimes swell the buds, and call forth the early flowers, as if it belonged to a milder season, or happier climate. But, in general, to form an accurate opinion of the character of an individual, it becomes necessary to estimate that of his nation, at the time, in which he lived. Our ancestors were Englishmen; were merchant-adventurers; were Puritans. The elements of their character are therefore to be found in the national character of England, modified in the individuals by the pursuits of com-

merce, and the profession of an austere but ennobling form of religion.

Such were the men from whom we derive our origin ; and such were the circumstances which impressed upon  
5 them that peculiar character, which it is hoped the lapse of two centuries has not yet obliterated. We may justly be proud of such a descent ; for no ancestry in the world, is half so illustrious, as the Puritan founders of New Eng-  
land. It is not merely that they were good men, and reli-  
10 gious men, exhibiting in their lives an example of purity, and temperance, and active virtue, such as no other community in the world could present ; but they possessed the dazzling qualities of human greatness. Do we love to dwell upon scenes of romantic adventure ? Does our im-  
15 agination kindle at the thought of distant enterprise, among a strange people, exposed to constant and unusual peril ? Do we turn with delight to those bold and heroic achievements which call forth the energy of our nature, and, by that deep excitement which belongs to the hopes and haz-  
20 ards of war, awaken us to a new consciousness of existence ? All this is found in the history of our ancestors. They were heroes, as well as pilgrims, and nothing is wanting, but the pen of genius, to make their prowess and adventures the theme of a world's admiration.

25 I have already alluded to the force of local association ; and I would again advert to it in considering the ties which ought to bind us to our native land. Other countries may possess a richer soil and a gentler sky ; but where shall we find the rude magnificence of nature so  
30 blended with scenes of enchanting beauty, as among our mountains and lakes ? Believe me, it is because our country is yet unexplored, that her scenes of beauty and grandeur, her bright waters and swelling hills, her rich pasturage of living green, mingled with fresh flowers, and  
35 skirted with deep and shady forests ; her fields teeming with life and vegetation ; her mountains rising into the dark blue sky, and blending their summits with the purple clouds ; her streams rushing from the hill-side, and hastening to mingle with the sea, or lingering in the solitude of  
40 her valleys, and sparkling in the glorious sunshine ;—it is because these are unexplored, that they are unsung. The time is not far distant, when the poet will kindle into rapture, and the painter glow with emotion, in delineating our romantic scenery.



But it is our moral associations that must bind us for ever to the land of our fathers. It is a land of equal rights, its soil is not polluted by a slave. It is a land of religious freedom; no hierarchy can here exalt its head, no pontiff  
5 can hurl his thunders over a trembling and prostrate multitude. It is a land of industry and toil; affording in this a constant pledge of the manly virtues. It is a land of knowledge and progressive improvement. In no part of the world is so liberal a provision made by law for public  
10 instruction. It is a land whose inhabitants have already fulfilled the high duties to which they have been called. Other nations have gathered more laurels in the field of blood; other nations have twined more garlands and sung louder praise for their poets and orators and philosophers,  
15 but where have romantic courage and adventurous skill been more strikingly exhibited? Where has practical wisdom been better displayed? In the hour of danger, her sons have been foremost in the battle. In every contest for the rights of mankind, her voice has always been  
20 raised on the side of freedom. And now that she stands possessed of everything which civil and political liberty can bestow, she is vigilant and jealous for the preservation of her rights, and is among the first to resist encroachment.

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LESSON CLIV.—SCROOGE AND MARLEY.—*Charles Dickens.*

Marley was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it: and Scrooge's  
5 name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade.  
10 But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it; or the country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

15 Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and Marley were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole

executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the  
5 very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: "Scrooge and Marley." The firm was known as Scrooge  
10 and Marley. Sometimes people, new to the business, called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley; but he answered to both names: it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping,  
15 clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his  
20 eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

25 External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he; no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose; no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to  
30 have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him, in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with glad-  
35 some looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? when will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle; no children asked him what it was o'clock; no man or woman ever once, in all his life, inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the  
40 blind-men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways, and up courts; and then would wag their tails, as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"



But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones called "nuts" to Scrooge.

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LESSON CLV.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.—

RUFUS CHOATE,

[Address before the N. E. Society, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1843.]

We meet again, the children of the pilgrims, to remember our fathers. Away from the scenes with which the American portion of their history is associated, forever, and in all men's minds;—scenes so unadorned, yet clothed  
5 to the moral eye with a charm above the sphere of taste:—the uncrumbled rock,—the hill, from whose side those "delicate springs" are still gushing;—the wide woods,—the sheltered harbor,—the little islands that welcomed them, in their frozen garments, from the sea, and witnessed the rest and  
10 worship of that Sabbath day before their landing;—away from all these scenes,—without the limits of the fond old colony that keeps their graves,—without the limits of the New England which is their wider burial place, and fitter monument,—in the heart of this chief city of the nation, into  
15 which the feeble band has grown,—we meet again;—to repeat their names, one by one,—to retrace the lines of their character,—to appreciate their virtues,—to recount the course of their life, full of heroic deeds, varied by sharpest trials, varied by transcendent consequences; to  
20 assert the directness of our descent from such an ancestry of goodness and greatness;—to erect, refresh, and touch our spirits, by coming for an hour into their more immediate presence, such as they were in the days of their "human agony of glory."  
25 The two centuries which interpose to hide them from our eye, centuries so brilliant with progress, so crowded by incidents, so fertile in accumulations, dissolve, for the moment, as a curtain of cloud, and we are, once more, by their side. The grand and pathetic series of their story  
30 unrolls itself around us, vivid as if with the life of yesterday. All the stages, all the agents of the process by which they and the extraordinary class they belonged to, were slowly formed from the general mind and character of England; the influence of the age of the reformation, with which the  
35 whole Christian world was astir to its profoundest depths,



and outermost limits, but which was poured out unbounded and peculiar on them; that various persecution, prolonged through two hundred years, and twelve reigns, from the time of the preaching of Wickliffe to the accession of James the First, from which they gathered sadly so many precious fruits; a larger measure of tenderness of conscience, the sense of duty, force of will, trust in God, the love of truth, and the spirit of liberty; the successive development and growth of opinions, and traits and determinations and fortunes, by which they were advanced, from Protestants to Republicans, from Englishmen to Pilgrims, from Pilgrims to the founders of a free Church, and the fathers of a free people, in a new world; the retirement to Holland; the resolution to seek the sphere of their duties, and the asylum of their rights, beyond the seas; the embarkation at Delft-Haven,—that scene of interest unparalleled, on which a pencil of your own has just enabled us to look back with tears, and praise, and sympathy, and the fond pride of children; that scene of few and simple incidents; the setting out of a handful of, not then, very famous persons, on a voyage, but which, as we gaze on it, begins to speak to you as with the voices and melodies of an immortal hymn which dilates and becomes idealized into the auspicious going forth of a colony, whose planting has changed the history of the world;—a noble colony of devout Christians—educated firm men, valiant soldiers, and honorable women; a colony, on the commencement of whose heroic enterprise, the selectest influences of religion seemed to be descending visibly; and beyond whose perilous path are hung the rainbow and the western star of empire;—the voyage of the “May-flower;” the landing; the slow winter’s night of disease and famine, in which so many, the good, the beautiful, the brave, sank down and died, giving place, at last, to the spring-dawn of health and plenty; the meeting with the old red race on the hill beyond the brook; the treaty of peace, unbroken for half a century; the organization of a republican government in the May-flower’s cabin;—the planting of these kindred, coeval and auxiliary institutions, without which such a government, could no more live than the uprooted tree can put forth leaf or flower,—institutions, to diffuse pure religion, good learning, austere morality, the practical arts of administration, labor, patience, obedience, “plain living and high thinking;” the securities of conservatism, and the germs

of progress ; the laying deep and sure, far down on the Rock of Ages, of the foundation-stones of that imperial structure whose dome now swells towards heaven ; the timely death, at last, one after another, of the first generation of  
5 the old Pilgrims, not unvisited by visions, as the final hour drew nigh, of the more apparent glory of the latter day ; all these high, holy, and beautiful things, come thronging, fresh on all our memories, beneath the influence of their original hour. Such as we heard them from our mothers  
10 lips ; such as we read them, in the histories of kings, of religions, and of liberty ; they gather themselves about us, familiar, certainly,—but of an interest that can never die ; an interest, intrinsic in themselves, yet heightened inexpressibly by their relations to that eventful future, into  
15 which they have expanded, and through whose light they shine.

And yet, with all this procession of events and persons moving before us, and solicited this way and that by the innumerable trains of speculation and of feeling which  
20 such a sight inspires, we can think of nothing, of nobody, —here and now, but the pilgrims, themselves. I cannot, and do not wish for a moment to forget that it is their festival, we have come to, keep. It is their tabernacles we have come to build. It is not the reformation,—it is not  
25 colonization ; it is not ourselves, our present, or our future, —it is not political economy, or political philosophy, of which, to-day, you would have me say a word. We have a specific, single duty to perform. We would speak of certain valiant, good, peculiar men,—our fathers ! We  
30 would wipe the dust from a few, old, plain, noble urns ; we would shun husky disquisitions, irrelevant novelties and small display ; would recall, rather the forms and the lineaments of the honored dead ;—forms and features which the grave has not changed ; over which the grave has no  
35 power : robed in the vestments, all radiant with the hues of an assured immortality !

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LESSON CLVI.—THE SETTLERS OF CONNECTICUT.—KENT.

The policy and the institutions of the settlers of Connecticut, form and display their early national character. Their attention to public instruction, civil and religious, and their superintending and vigilant care of the morals  
5 and habits of the people, were doubtless the principal

means, under Providence, of rendering the colony, in every period of its history, free, prosperous, and happy. It has been distinguished, above all other communities, for the orderly, respectful, and obliging deportment of the inhabitants; for their intelligence, industry, and economy; for the purity and solidity of their moral character; for their religious profession and habits; for the dignity of their magistracy, and for unexampled order and decorum in the administration of justice. The discretion and probity which have attended the elections of their rulers, and the steadiness with which men in power, and deserving of the trust, have been kept in power, even by means of annual elections, and in spite of the temptations to change which such elections present, is a singular fact in the history of civil society, and most honorable to the character of the State.

The people of this State appear to have preserved their original manners and character more entire than most other people, and in a remarkable degree, considering their enterprising and commercial disposition. Their young men have explored our infant settlements, and penetrated the western forests and solitudes; they have traversed foreign lands, and visited the shores and islands of every sea, either in search of new abodes, or as the heralds of science and religion, or the messengers of business and commerce. But notwithstanding their migratory spirit, the sons of Connecticut have never lost their native attachments;—"their first, best country ever is at home." This is partly owing to the force of natural sentiment; but more especially, in their case, is it owing to the influence of early education, and to the pride, which local institutions of so simple and so efficient a character, naturally engender. And who indeed can resist the feelings which consecrate the place where he was born, the ground where his ancestors sleep, the hills and haunts lightly trodden in the vehemence of youth, and, above all, where stand the classic halls, in which early friendships were formed, and the young mind was taught to expand and admire?

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LESSON CLVII.—BENEFITS OF COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.—JOHN SERGEANT.

An opinion has already been intimated that the benefits of early education, continued through the period which nature indicates as the time for training and discipline, are



not entirely lost, even though the acquirements in college should afterwards be neglected. Wholesome nourishment and exercise for the mind, are like wholesome nourishment and exercise for the body. They enter into the constitution, and impart to it general health and strength, and capacity for the exertions it may be called upon to make, and the trials it may be doomed to suffer. This is especially true of childhood and youth, and, as to all that concerns our physical condition, is universally admitted, in practice, as well as in theory. The tender infant is not suffered to lie in torpid inaction. Its little frame is put in motion in its mother's arms. As soon as it can bear exposure, it is sent forth to larger exercise in the open air. The boy is permitted and encouraged to rejoice in active and invigorating sports; and the youth, quite up to the season of manhood, is taught to blend the healthful exertion of his sinews and muscles, with the cultivation of his intellectual and moral powers.

Why is this indication of nature thus carefully observed and obeyed? Why do parents watch with so much anxious care over the forming constitution of the body, and seek to train it to grace and vigor? It is because it is *forming*, and the fashion it then receives may more or less abide by it ever after. Their anxious care is well bestowed. Much of the happiness of life depends upon it, and every one is aware that such is the case. Hence it is, that gymnastics have been introduced into places of instruction, where feats are performed which no man of full age expects ever to repeat, unless it should be his lot to be a tumbler or a rope-dancer.

Is there not a precise analogy, in this respect, between the two parts of our nature? Have not the moral and intellectual faculties a growth, a period of expansion, a season for nourishment and direction, when the constitution of the mind and heart is taking a form like that of the body, and when the intellectual and moral capacities are to be assisted and trained into a healthy condition? Are there no gymnastics of the mind? It would be deemed a palpable absurdity, if any one were to argue, that a child was likely to be employed in sedentary occupations, and therefore it was not material, that he should have the use of his limbs. Is it not still more absurd to use such an argument in relation to his higher and better faculties? It is a great calamity to be deprived of sight,—to be unable

to behold the glories of the visible creation, and enjoy the beauties of art. Is it a less one to be destitute of intellectual vision, by which we are enabled to "look through nature up to nature's God," and to discern glories greater  
5 far than those, great as we must confess them to be, which are manifested to the eye of the body?—by which, too, we are enabled to look into ourselves, and there to see the fearful and wonderful thing we are, and how it is that, from the source of infinite wisdom and goodness, there is an emanation of light imparted to us, which we are commanded not  
10 to allow "to be darkened."

Surely, surely, these are reflections which ought forever to silence the sordid calculation that would bend man's whole powers down to the earth, instead of helping him  
15 to grow up towards the heavens. The superincumbent weight of the world's business will press heavily enough upon him. With all the preparation he can have, and all the improvement he can make of it, there is danger that he will but seldom be able to raise himself above the thick  
20 fog, that creeps along the ground, and limits his view to the objects immediately around him, into the clear region, where higher duties and higher enjoyments offer themselves to his attention,—where the spirit may breathe, the mind hold communion with intelligence, the affections kindle, the charities be nursed, and his whole nature exalted,  
25 under the quickening influence of the consciousness, that he is a man. It is in this consciousness, properly enlightened, that dwells his real dignity, and in it, too, the sense of all his duties.

What parent, then, who has the ability, will withhold  
30 from his child the means of such instruction and discipline, in their fullest measure, as may promise to give him a moral and intellectual constitution fitted to seize upon, and improve the occasions that may arise for purifying and  
35 exalting his nature, and fulfilling all his obligations? In this consists his highest happiness. It will not control the course of events. It will not make adverse fortune prosperous, nor the contrary. But, like a wall in the sea, well planted and well supported, broad in its foundation, and  
40 carried to its proper height, it will establish a secure and quiet retreat from the shocks, both of prosperity and adversity, to which he may betake himself in the hour of dangerous trial, and escape the imminent hazard of being overwhelmed by either.



## LESSON CLVIII.—OUR CONTROL OVER OUR PHYSICAL WELL-BEING.—HORACE MANN.

It is a truth fitted to awaken our most fervent gratitude to the Author of our existence, that He has placed the great conditions of our physical well-being under our own control. Of the nature or essence of the vital principle, we  
5 are as yet ignorant. Some of the internal ganglia, also, are mysteries to the profoundest science. Of the more subtile movements in the interior of the system, we can take no available cognizance. These inward vital processes are not subject to our volition. The heart will not continue  
10 to beat, nor the blood to flow, at the bidding of the mightiest of the earth.

The sculpture-like outline of the body; its gradual and symmetrical expansion from infancy to manhood,—every day another, yet the same; the carving and grooving of all  
15 the bones and joints; the weaving of the muscles into a compact and elastic fabric, and their self-lubricating power, by which, though pressed together in the closest order and crossing each other in all directions, they yet play their respective parts, without perceptible friction; the winding-  
20 up of the heart, so that it will vibrate the seconds of three-score years and ten, without repair or alteration; the channelling out of the blood-vessels, more numerous than all the rivers of a continent, and so thoroughly permeating every part, that there is no desert or waste spot left, where  
25 their fertilizing currents do not flow; the triple layer of the skin, with its infinite reticulâtions; the culling, and exact depositing, of the material of that most divinely-wrought organ, the brain, for whose exquisite workmanship it would seem as though air, and light, and heat, and elec-  
30 tricity, had all been sifted and winnowed, and their finest particles selected for its composition; the diffusion of the nerves over every part of the frame, along whose darksome and attenuated threads, the messengers of the mind pass to and fro with the rapidity of lightning; the fashioning of  
35 the vocal apparatus, so simple in its mechanism, and yet so varied in its articulation, and its musical range and compass; the hollowing out of the ear, which secures to us all the utilities and blessings of social intercourse; the opening of the eye, on whose narrow retina, all the breadth  
40 and magnificence of the universe can be depicted; and, finally, the power of converting the coarse, crude, dead



materials of our food, into sentient tissues, and miraculously enduing them with the properties of life;—over all these, as well as over various other processes of formation and growth, our will has no direct control. They will not  
 5 be fashioned, or cease to be fashioned, at our bidding. It was in this sense that the question was put, “Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? It is not by “taking thought,” but by using the prescribed means,—by learning and obeying the physical laws,—that  
 10 the stature can be made loftier, the muscles more vigorous, the senses quicker, the life longer, and the capacity of usefulness almost indefinitely greater.

It is diet, oxygenation of the blood, and personal purity or cleanliness, which have the prerogative of accomplish-  
 15 ing these objects; and these are in our power, within our legitimate jurisdiction; and if we perform our part of the work, faithfully and fully, in regard to these things, Nature will perform her part of the work, faithfully and fully, in regard to those subtler and nicer operations which lie  
 20 beyond our immediate control.

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LESSON CLIX.—SCENE FROM HENRY IV.—*Shakspeare.*

[*Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.*]

*Mortimer.* These promises are fair, the parties sure  
 And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hotspur.* Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—  
 Will you sit down?—

5 And uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it:  
 I have forgot the map.

*Glendower.* No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:  
 For by that name as oft as Lancaster

10 Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with  
 A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

*Hot.* And you in hell, as often as he hears  
 Owen Glendower spoken of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: at my nativity,  
 15 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
 Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,  
 The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
 Shaked like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done

At the same season, if your mother's cat had  
But kittened, though yourself had ne'er been born.

*Glend.* I say the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* And I say, the earth was not of my mind,

5 If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did  
tremble.

*Hot.* Oh, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire  
And not in fear of your nativity.

10 Diseased nature often times breaks forth  
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,  
15 Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down  
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,  
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men

20 I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.  
25 These signs have marked me extraordinary;  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living,—clipped in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—  
30 Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me!  
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think there is no man speaks better Welsh:—

35 I will to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I; or so can any man;  
But will they come when you do call for them?

40 *Glend.* Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command  
The devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,  
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the devil.  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.  
Oh! while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

*Mort.* Come, come,

No more of this unprofitable chat.

- 5 *Hot.* Methinks my portion, north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours;  
See, how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle\* out.  
10 I'll have the current in this place dammed up;  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,  
In a new channel, fair and evenly;  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

- 15 *Glend.* Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth.

*Worcester.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this north side win this cape of land;  
And then he runs straight and even.

*Hot.* I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

- 20 *Glend.* I will not have it altered.

*Hot.* Will not you?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

- 25 *Hot.* Let me not understand you, then;  
Speak it in Welsh.

*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you;  
For I was trained up in the English court:  
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
30 Many an English ditty, lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

- Hot.* Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart;  
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,  
35 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;  
I had rather hear a brazen canstick† turned,  
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;  
40 'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turned.

*Hot.* I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land  
To any well-deserving friend;

\* Corner.

† Candlestick.



But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

*Glend.* The moon shines fair, you may away by night :  
I'll haste the writer, and, withal,

- 5 Break with your wives of your departure hence :  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doateth on her Mortimer.

[*Exit.*

*Mort.* Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

- Hot.* I cannot choose ; sometimes he angers me,  
10 With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies ;  
And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
A clip-winged griffin, and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,  
15 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
He held me, but last night, at least nine hours,  
In reckoning up the several devils' names ;  
That were his lackeys : I cried humph,—and well,—go to,  
20 But marked him not a word, Oh ! he's as tedious  
As is a tired horse, a railing wife ;  
Worse than a smoky house :—I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
25 In any summer-house in Christendom.

- Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,  
And wond'rous affable ; and as bountiful  
30 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,  
When you do cross his humor ; 'faith, he does ;  
I warrant you, that man is not alive,  
35 Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof ;  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

- Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful blame  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault ;  
40 Though sometimes it shows greatness, courage, blood,  
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain ;

The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

5 *Hot.* Well, I am schooled ; good manners be your speed !

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LESSON CLX.—EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT  
CHAPEL HILL.—WM. GASTON.

Deeply rooted principles of probity, confirmed habits of industry, and a determination to rely on one's own exertion, constitute the great preparation for the discharge of the duties of man, and the best security for performing  
5 them with honor to one's self, and benefit to others. But it may be asked, what is there in such a life of never-ending toil, effort, and privation, to recommend it to the acceptance of the young and the gay ? Those who aspire to heroic renown, may indeed make up their minds to embrace these  
10 "hard doctrines ;" but it may be well questioned, whether happiness is not preferable to greatness, and enjoyment more desirable than distinction. Let others, if they will, toil up "the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar ;" we choose rather to sport in luxurious ease and careless  
15 glee, in the valley below.

It is, indeed, on those who aspire to eminence, that these injunctions are intended to be pressed with the greatest emphasis, not only because a failure in them would be more disastrous than in others, but because they are ex-  
20 posed to greater and more numerous dangers of error. But it is a sad mistake to suppose, that they are not suited to all, and are not earnestly urged upon all, however humble their pretensions or moderate their views. Happiness, as well as greatness, enjoyment, as well as renown, have  
25 no friends so sure as Integrity, Diligence and Independence.

We are not placed here to waste our days in wanton riot or inglorious ease, with appetites perpetually gratified and never palled, exempted from all care and solicitude,  
30 with life ever fresh, and joys ever new. He who has fitted us for our condition, and assigned to us its appropriate duties, has not left his work unfinished, and omitted to provide a penalty for the neglect of our obligations. Labor is not more the duty, than the blessing of man. Without  
35 it, there is neither mental nor physical vigor, health, cheer-

fulness nor animation ; neither the eagerness of hope, nor the capacity to enjoy.

Every human being must have some object to engage his attention, excite his wishes, and rouse him to action, 5 or he sinks, a prey to listlessness. For want of proper occupations, see strenuous idleness resorting to a thousand expedients,—the race-course, the bottle, or the gaming-table, the frivolities of fashion, the debasements of sensuality, the petty contentions of envy, the grovelling pursuits 10 of avarice, and all the various distracting agitations of vice. Call you these enjoyments? Is such the happiness which it is so dreadful to forego?

“Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!  
A youth of folly, an old age of cares,  
15 Young yet enervate, old yet never wise ;  
Vice wastes their vigor and their mind impairs.  
Vain, idle, dissolute, in thoughtless ease,  
Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend ;  
All wretched, hopeless, to the evil days,  
20 With sorrow to the verge of life they tend ;  
Grieved with the present, of the past ashamed ;  
They live and are despised, they die, nor more are named.”

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LESSON CLXI.—THE LYRE.—MILTON WARD.

There was a lyre, 't is said, that hung  
High waving in the summer air ;  
An angel hand its chords had strung,  
And left to breathe its music there.  
5 Each wandering breeze, that o'er it flew,  
Awoke a wilder, sweeter strain  
Than ever shell of mermaid blew  
In coral grottoes of the main.  
When, springing from the rose's bell,  
10 Where all night he had sweetly slept,  
The zephyr left the flowery dell  
Bright with the tears that morning wept,  
He rose, and o'er the trembling lyre,  
Waved lightly his soft azure wing ;  
15 What touch such music could inspire !  
What harp such lays of joy could sing !  
The murmurs of the shaded rills,  
The birds, that sweetly warbled by,  
And the soft echo from the hills,  
20 Were heard not where that harp was nigh



When the last light of fading day  
Along the bosom of the west.  
In colors softly mingled lay  
While night had darkened all the rest,  
5 Then, softer than that fading light,  
And sweeter than the lay, that rung  
Wild through the silence of the night,  
As solemn Philomela sung,  
That harp its plaintive murmurs sighed  
10 Along the dewy breeze of even ;  
So clear and soft they swelled and died,  
They seemed the echoed songs of heaven.  
Sometimes, when all the air was still,  
And not the poplar's foliage trembled,  
15 That harp was nightly heard to thrill  
With tones, no earthly tones resembled.  
And then, upon the moon's pale beams,  
Unearthly forms were seen to stray,  
Whose starry pinions' trembling gleams  
20 Would oft around the wild harp play.  
But soon the bloom of summer fled,—  
In earth and air it shone no more ;  
Each flower and leaf fell pale and dead,  
While skies their wintry sternness wore.  
25 One day, loud blew the northern blast,  
The tempest's fury raged along.  
Oh ! for some angel, as they passed,  
To shield the harp of heavenly song !  
It shrieked,—how could it bear the touch,  
30 The cold rude touch of such a storm,  
When e'en the zephyr seemed too much  
Sometimes, though always light and warm !  
It loudly shrieked,—but ah ! in vain ;—  
The savage wind more fiercely blew :  
35 Once more,—it never shrieked again,  
For every chord was torn in two.  
It never thrilled with anguish more,  
Though beaten by the wildest blast ;  
The pang, that thus its bosom tore,  
40 Was dreadful,—but it was the last.  
And though the smiles of summer played  
Gently upon its shattered form,  
And the light zephyrs o'er it strayed,  
That Lyre they could not wake or warm.

## LESSON CLXII.—POLISH WAR SONG.—JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

Freedom calls you ! Quick, be ready,—  
Rouse ye in the name of God,—  
Onward, onward, strong and steady,—  
Dash to earth the oppressor's rod.

5        Freedom calls ! ye brave !  
          Rise, and spurn the name of slave.

Grasp the sword !—its edge is keen,  
Seize the gun !—its ball is true :  
Sweep your land from tyrant clean,—  
10       Haste, and scour it through and through !  
          Onward, onward ! Freedom cries,  
          Rush to arms,—the tyrant flies.

By the souls of patriots gone,  
Wake,—arise,—your fetters break,  
15       Kosciusco bids you on,—  
          Sobieski cries awake !  
          Rise, and front the despot czar,  
          Rise, and dare the unequal war.

Freedom calls you ! Quick, be ready,—  
20       Think of what your sires have been,—  
          Onward, onward ! strong and steady,—  
          Drive the tyrant to his den,  
          On, and let the watchwords be,  
          Country, home, and liberty !

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LESSON CLXIII.—BELSHAZZAR.—*Geo. Croly.*

Hour of an Empire's overthrow !  
The princes from the feast were gone ;  
The Idol flame was burning low ;—  
'T was midnight upon Babylon.

5       That night the feast was wild and high ;  
          That night was Sion's gold profaned ;  
The seal was set to blasphemy ;  
          The last deep cup of wrath was drained.

'Mid jewelled roof and silken pall,  
10       Belshazzar on his couch was slung ;  
A burst of thunder filled the hall,—  
          He heard,—but 't was no mortal tongue :—

"King of the East! the trumpet calls,  
That calls thee to a tyrant's grave;  
A curse is on thy palace walls,—  
A curse is on thy guardian wave:

5 "A surge is in Euphrates' bed,  
That never filled its bed before;  
A surge, that, ere the morn be red,  
Shall load with death its haughty shore.

10 "Behold a tide of Persian steel!  
A torrent of the Median car;  
Like flame their gory banners wheel;  
Rise, king, and arm thee for the war!"

15 Belshazzar gazed; the voice was past,—  
The lofty chamber filled with gloom;  
But echoed on the sudden blast  
The rushing of a mighty plume.

He listened; all again was still;  
He heard no chariot's iron clang;  
He heard the fountain's gushing rill,  
20 The breeze that through the roses sang.

He slept; in sleep wild murmurs came;  
A visioned splendor fired the sky;  
He heard Belshazzar's taunted name;  
He heard again the Prophet cry,—

25 "Sleep, Sultan! 't is thy final sleep,  
Or wake, or sleep, the guilty dies.  
The wrongs of those who watch and weep,  
Around thee and thy nation rise."

30 He started; 'mid the battle's yell,  
He saw the Persian rushing on:  
He saw the flames around him swell;  
Thou 'rt ashes! King of Babylon.

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LESSON CLXIV.—ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.—*Thomas Campbell.*

On Horeb's rock the prophet stood,—  
The Lord before him passed;  
A hurricane in angry mood  
Swept by him strong and fast.



The forest fell before its force,  
The rocks were shivered in its course :

God was not in the blast ;  
'T was but the whirlwind of his breath,  
5 Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased. The air grew mute,—a cloud  
Came, muffling up the sun,  
When, through the mountain, deep and loud,  
An earthquake thundered on ;  
10 The frightened eagle sprang in air,  
The wolf ran howling from his lair ;  
God was not in the storm :  
'T was but the rolling of his car,  
The trampling of his steeds from far.

15 'T was still again,—and Nature stood  
And calmed her ruffled frame ;  
When swift from heaven a fiery flood  
To earth devouring came ;  
Down to the depth the ocean fled,—  
20 The sickening sun looked wan and dead ;  
Yet God filled not the flame ;  
'T was but the terror of his eye,  
That lightened through the troubled sky.

At last, a voice all still and small,  
25 Rose sweetly on the ear ;  
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all  
In heaven and earth might hear ;  
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,  
It spoke as angels speak above ;  
30 And God himself was there ;  
For Oh ! it was a *father's* voice,  
That bade the trembling heart rejoice.

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LESSON CLXV.—DAME NATURE'S CHARMS.—WM. C. LODGE.

I love to pause, in life's cold rugged way,  
And muse on Nature in her various forms ;  
Divest her of that seeming dark array,  
And thus expose to view her fairest charms :  
5 For she is ever beautiful and bright,  
When rightly seen, in wild or calmer mood,

In sunny day, or sable garb of night,  
In busy haunts, or quiet solitude.

Oh! my delight has ever been to roam,—

A feather, tossed on fortune's fickle wave,

5 Away from friends, from kindred, and from home,  
The cold repulses of the world to brave.

And when by life's attending ills oppressed,

Dear Nature, I would ever turn to thee,

For in thy smiles the troubled find a rest,

10 A soothing cordial in thy harmony.

I've danced upon the trackless ocean wave,

When wild winds held unfettered revelry,

And heaven's loud peals the thundering chorus gave

To the rude tempest's dirge-like minstrelsy.

15 Then wings the soul its airy flight along,

Like lightning glancing o'er the jewelled spray,

And leaps to join the revel and the song,

And cast the thoughts and things of earth away.

And I have wooed her in her sober hours,

20 Amid her native wilds of solitude,

When twilight has revealed its mystic powers,

And cast its spells o'er river, vale, and wood;

'Tis *this* resolves the passions into thought,

And tinges reason with a purer flame,

25 And shows proud man that all his art is nought,

His boasted honors but an empty name.

The sunny south, the clime of fruits and flowers,

In one eternal vesture of sweet smiles,

Where laughing streamlets leap 'midst shady bowers,

30 And wild birds' song the sportive breeze beguiles;

And the bare mountains of the north, where storms,

And the rude storm-king, hold a fearful sway,

Have all their fierce or soul-subduing charms,

To cheer life's path, and drive its cares away.

35 Man often clouds with vain or fancied ills,

His narrow span, when Nature's stainless light

Dispenses only happiness, and fills

The world with things so beautiful and bright;

Her plains, her mountains, and her valleys, teem

40 With living verdure in the fairest dress;

And ocean, river, lake, and singing stream,

Combine to harmonize her loveliness.

## LESSON CLXVI.—NIGHT IN EDEN.—MRS. E. H. EVANS.

"T was moonlight in Eden ! Such moonlight, I ween,  
As never again on this earth shall be seen,—  
So soft fell the radiance,—so wondrously blue  
Was the sky, with its star-enthroned angels in view !

- 5 How bright was the bower where the fair-fingered Eve,  
The blossoming garlands delighted to weave ;  
While the rose caught its blush from her cheek's living dye  
And the violet its hue from her love-lighted eye.

- There, lulled by the murmurs of musical streams,  
10 And charmed by the rainbow-winged spirit of dreams,—  
The eyes softly closed that so soon were to weep,—  
Our parents reposed in a bliss-haunted sleep.

- But *other* forms gazed on the grandeur of night,  
And beings celestial grew glad at the sight ;  
15 All warm from the glow of their amber-hued skies,  
How strange seemed the shadows of earth to their eyes !

- There, azure-robed beauty, with rapture-lit smile,  
Her golden wings folded, reclined for a while ;  
And the Seraph of Melody breathed but a word,  
20 Then listened entranced at the echoes she heard :

From mountain and forest an organ-like tone,  
From hill-top and valley a mellower one ;  
Stream, fountain, and fall, whispered low to the sod,  
For the word that she spoke was the name of our God !

- 25 With blushes like Eden's own rose in its bloom,  
Her censor slow wafting ambrosial perfume,—  
With soft-veiling tresses of sunny-hued hair,  
The spirit of fragrance breathed sweet on the air.

- Then first on the ears of the angels of light,  
30 Rose the singing of birds that enchanted the night,—  
For the breezes are minstrels in *Heaven*, they say,  
And the leaves and the flowers have a musical play.

- Each form of creation with joy was surveyed,  
From the gentle gazelle to the kings of the glade ;  
35 And lily-crowned Innocence gazed in the eyes  
Of the thunder-voiced lion, with smiling surprise.



All night, as if stars were deserting their posts,  
The heavens were bright with the swift-coming hosts !  
While the sentinel mountains, in garments of green,  
With glory-decked foreheads, like monarchs were seen.

- 5 O Eden, fair Eden ! where now is thy bloom ?  
And where are the pure ones that wept o'er thy doom ?  
Their plumes never lighten *our* shadowy skies,  
Their voices no more on earth's breezes arise.

- But joy for the faith that is strong in its powers,—  
10 A fairer and better land yet shall be ours ;  
When Sin shall be vanquished, and Death yield his prey,  
And earth with her nations Jehovah obey.

- Then, nobler than Adam,—more charming than Eve,—  
The Son of the Highest his palace shall leave,—  
15 While the saints who adored Him arise from the tomb,  
At the triumph-strain, telling "His Kingdom is come !"
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LESSON CLXVII.—THE PRESENT AGE.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

- We live in a most extraordinary age. Events so various and so important, that they might crowd and distinguish centuries, are, in our times, compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened  
5 that history has had so much to record, in the same term of years, as since the 17th of June, 1775 ? Our own revolution, which, under other circumstances, might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a century, has been achieved ; twenty-four sovereign and indepen-  
10 dent states erected ; and a general government established over them, so safe, so wise, so free, so practical, that we might well wonder its establishment should have been accomplished so soon, were it not far the greater wonder, that it should have been established at all.
- 15 Two or three millions of people have been augmented to twelve ; and the great forests of the west prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry ; and the dwellers on the banks of the Ohio, and the Mississippi, become the fellow-citizens and neighbors of those who cultivate the  
20 hills of New England. We have a commerce that leaves no sea unexplored ; navies, which take no law from superior force ; revenues, adequate to all the exigencies of

government, almost without taxation; and peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect.

- Europe, within the same period, has been agitated by a mighty revolution, which, while it has been felt in the individual condition and happiness of almost every man, has shaken to the centre her political fabric, and dashed against one another thrones which had stood tranquil for ages. On this, our continent, our own example has been followed; and colonies have sprung up to be nations.
- Unaccustomed sounds of liberty and free government, have reached us from beyond the track of the sun; and, at this moment, the dominion of European power, in this continent, from the place where we stand, to the south pole, is annihilated forever.
- In the meantime, both in Europe and America, such has been the general progress of knowledge; such the improvements in legislation, in commerce, in the arts, in letters, and, above all, in liberal ideas, and the general spirit of the age, that the whole world seems changed.
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LESSON CLXVIII.—MELANCHOLY FATE OF THE INDIANS.—

JOSEPH STORY.

- There is, indeed, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters, which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn; and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

- Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams, and the fires of their councils, rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance, rung through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and deadly tomahawk, whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace, and the dark encampment, startled the wild beasts in their lairs.

The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young

listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where  
5 the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrunk from no dangers; and they  
10 feared no hardships.

If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their  
15 fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? The sachems, and the tribes? The hunters, and their families? They have perished. They  
20 are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores,—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated,—a poison, which betrayed  
25 them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region, which they may now call their own.

Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them  
30 leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, “few and faint, yet fearless still.” The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is  
35 upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans.

40 There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage, absorbed in despair. They linger but for a



moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be re-passed by them,—no never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know, and feel, that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

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## LESSON CLXIX.—EDMUND BURKE.—A. H. EVERETT.

A sagacious critic has advanced the opinion, that the merit of Burke was almost wholly literary; but, I confess I see little ground for this assertion, if literary excellence is here understood in any other sense, than as an immediate result of the highest intellectual and moral endowments. Such compositions, as the writings of Burke, suppose, no doubt, the fine taste, the command of language, and the finished education, which are all supposed by every description of literary success. But, in the present state of society, these qualities are far from being uncommon; and are possessed by thousands, who make no pretensions to the eminence of Burke, in the same degree, in which they were by him. Such a writer as Cumberland, for example, who stands infinitely below Burke, on the scale of intellect, may yet be regarded as his equal or superior, in purely literary accomplishments, taken in this exclusive sense.

The style of Burke is undoubtedly one of the most splendid forms, in which the English language has ever been exhibited. It displays the happy and difficult union of all the richness and magnificence that good taste admits, with a perfectly easy construction. In Burke, we see the manly movement of a well-bred gentleman; in Johnson, an equally profound and vigorous thinker, the measured march of a grenadier. We forgive the great moralist his stiff and cumbrous phrases, in return for the rich stores of thought and poetry which they conceal; but we admire in Burke, as in a fine antique statue, the grace with which the large flowing robe adapts itself to the majestic dignity of the person.

But, with all his literary excellence, the peculiar merits of this great man were, perhaps, the faculty of profound and philosophical thought, and the moral courage which led him to disregard personal inconvenience, in the expression of his sentiments. Deep thought is the informing soul.

that everywhere sustains and inspires the imposing grandeur of his eloquence. Even in the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, the only work of pure literature which he attempted, that is, the only one which was not an immediate expression of his views on public affairs, there is still the same richness of thought, the same basis of "divine philosophy," to support the harmonious superstructure of the language. And the moral courage, which formed so remarkable a feature in his character, contributed not less essentially to his literary success.

It seems to be a law of nature, that the highest degree of eloquence demands the union of the noblest qualities of character, as well as intellect. To think, is the highest exercise of the mind; to say what you think, the boldest effort of moral courage; and both these things are required, for a really powerful writer. Eloquence, without thoughts, is a mere parade of words; and no man can express, with spirit and vigor, any thoughts but his own. This was the secret of the eloquence of Rousseau, which is not without a certain analogy, in its forms, to that of Burke. The principal of the Jesuits' college one day inquired of him, by what art he had been able to write so well; "*I said what I thought*," replied the unceremonious Genevan; conveying, in these few words, the bitterest satire on the system of the Jesuits, and the best explanation of his own.

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LESSON CLXX.—NATIONAL SELF-RESPECT.—BEMAN.

Far be it from me to cherish, in any shape, a spirit of national prejudice, or to excite, in others, a disgusting national vanity. But, when I reflect upon the part which this country is probably to act in the renovation of the world, I rejoice that I am a citizen of this great republic. This western continent has, at different periods, been the subject of every species of transatlantic abuse. In former days, some of the naturalists of Europe told us, that everything here was constructed upon a small scale. The frowns of nature were represented, as investing the whole hemisphere we inhabit. It has been asserted, that the eternal storms, which are said to beat upon the brows of our mountains, and to roll the tide of desolation at their bases,—the hurricanes which sweep our vales, and the volcanic fires which issue from a thousand flaming craters,—the thunderbolts which perpetually descend from



heaven, and the earthquakes, whose trepidations are felt to the very centre of our globe, have superinduced a degeneracy, through all the productions of nature. Men have been frightened into intellectual dwarfs; and the  
5 beasts of the forest have not attained more than half their ordinary growth!

While some of the lines and touches of this picture have been blotted out, by the reversing hand of time, others have been added, which have, in some respects, carried the conceit still farther. In later days, and, in some instances, even  
10 down to the present period, it has been published and republished from the enlightened presses of the old world, that so strong is the tendency to deterioration on this continent, that the descendants of European ancestors are far inferior  
15 to the original stock, from which they sprang. But inferior in what? In national spirit and patriotic achievement? Let the revolutionary conflict,—the opening scenes at Boston, and the catastrophe at Yorktown,—furnish the reply. Let Bennington and Saratoga support their respective claims.  
20 Inferior in enterprise? Let the sail that whitens every ocean, and the commercial spirit that braves every element, and visits every bustling mart, refute the unfounded aspersion. Inferior in deeds of zeal and valor for the church? Let our missionaries in the bosom of our own forest, in the  
25 distant regions of the east, and on the islands of the great Pacific, answer the question. Inferior in science, and letters, and the arts? It is true our nation is young; but we may challenge the world to furnish a national maturity, which, in these respects, will compare with ours.  
30 The character and institutions of this country, have already produced a deep impression upon the world we inhabit. What, but our example, has stricken the chains of despotism from the provinces of South America,—giving, by a single impulse, freedom to half a hemisphere?  
35 A Washington here, has created a Bolivar there. The flag of independence, which has long waved from the summit of our Alleghany, has now been answered by a corresponding signal, from the heights of the Andes. And the same spirit, too, that came across the Atlantic wave with  
40 the pilgrims, and made the rock of Plymouth the cornerstone of freedom, and of this republic, is travelling back to the east. It has already carried its influence into the cabinets of princes; and it is, at this moment, sung by the Grecian bard, and emulated by the Grecian hero.

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## LESSON CLXXI.—INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.—J. C. CALHOUN.

On this subject of national power, what can be more important than a perfect unity in every part, in feelings and sentiments? And what can tend more powerfully to produce it, than overcoming the effects of distance? No  
5 country, enjoying freedom, ever occupied anything like as great an extent of country as this republic. One hundred years ago, the most profound philosophers did not believe it to be even possible. They did not suppose it possible, that a pure republic could exist on as great a scale, even  
10 as the island of Great Britain.

What then was considered as chimerical, we have now the felicity to enjoy; and what is most remarkable, such is the happy mould of our government, so well are the state and general powers blended, that much of our political  
15 happiness draws its origin from the extent of our republic. It has exempted us from most of the causes which distracted the small republics of antiquity. Let it not, however, be forgotten, let it be forever kept in mind, that it exposes us to the greatest of all calamities,—next  
20 to the loss of liberty, and even to that in its consequences,—disunion.

We are great, and rapidly, I was about to say fearfully, growing. This is our pride and our danger, our weakness and our strength. Little does he deserve to be  
25 intrusted with the liberties of this people, who does not raise his mind to these truths. We are under the most imperious obligations to counteract every tendency to disunion. The strongest of all cement, is, undoubtedly, the wisdom, justice, and, above all, the moderation of this  
30 House; yet the great subject on which we are now deliberating, in this respect, deserves the most serious consideration.

Whatever impedes the intercourse of the extremes with this, the centre of the republic, weakens the union. The  
35 more enlarged the sphere of commercial circulation, the more extended that of social intercourse; the more strongly we are bound together, the more inseparable are our destinies. Those who understand the human heart best, know how powerfully distance tends to break the  
40 sympathies of our nature. Nothing, not even dissimilarity of language, tends more to estrange man from man. Let us, then, bind the republic together, with a perfect

system of roads and canals. Let us conquer space. It is thus, the most distant part of the republic will be brought within a few days' travel of the centre ; it is thus, that a citizen of the west will read the news of Boston, still  
5 moist from the press.

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LESSON CLXXII.—FOUNDERS OF OUR GOVERNMENT.—  
WM. M. RICHARDSON.

The love of liberty has always been the ruling passion of our nation. It was mixed at first with the "purple tide" of the founders' lives, and, circulating with that tide through all their veins, has descended down through  
5 every generation of their posterity, marking every feature of our country's glorious story. May it continue thus to circulate and descend to the remotest period of time !

Oppressed and persecuted in their native country, the high, indignant spirit of our fathers, formed the bold design  
10 of leaving a land, where minds, as well as bodies, were chained, for regions where Freedom might be found to dwell, though her dwelling should prove to be amid wilds and wolves, or savages less hospitable than wilds and wolves ! An ocean three thousand miles wide, with its  
15 winds and its waves, rolled in vain between them and liberty. They performed the grand enterprise, and landed on this then uncultivated shore Here, on their first arrival, they found

20 The wilderness "all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

Their courage and industry soon surmounted all the difficulties incident to a new settlement. The savages retired, the forests were exchanged for fields waving with richest harvests, and the dreary haunts of wild beasts, for  
25 the cheerful abodes of civilized man. Increasing in wealth and population, with a rapidity which excited the astonishment of the old world, our nation flourished about a century and a half, when England, pressed down with the enormous weight of accumulating debts, and considering the inhabitants of these States as slaves, who owed  
30 their existence and preservation to her care and protection, now began to form the unjust, tyrannical, and impolitic plan of taxing this country, without its consent. The right of taxation, however, not being relinquished, but the

same principle under a different shape being pursued, the AWFUL GENIUS OF FREEDOM arose, not with the ungovernable ferocity of the tiger, to tear and devour, but with the cool, determined, persevering courage of the lion, who, disdain-  
5 ing to be a slave, resists the chain. As liberty was the object of contest, that being secured, the offer of peace was joyfully accepted; and peace was restored to free, united, independent Columbia!

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## LESSON CLXXXIII.—CONDUCT OF THE OPPOSITION.—HENRY CLAY.

[Extract from a Speech on the new Army Bill.]

If gentlemen would only reserve for their own government, half the sensibility which is indulged for that of Great Britain, they would find much less to condemn. Restriction after restriction has been tried; negotiation  
5 has been resorted to, until further negotiation would have been disgraceful. Whilst these peaceful experiments are undergoing a trial, what is the conduct of the opposition? They are the champions of war; the proud, the spirited, the sole repository of the nation's honor, the men of exclu-  
10 sive vigor and energy. The administration on the contrary, is weak, feeble, and pusillanimous,—“incapable of being kicked into a war.” The maxim, “not a cent for tribute, millions for defence,” is loudly proclaimed. Is the administration for negotiation? The opposition is  
15 tired, sick, disgusted with negotiation. They wish to draw the sword and avenge the nation's wrongs. When, however, foreign nations, perhaps emboldened by the very opposition here made, refuse to listen to the amiable appeals, which have been repeated and reiterated by the  
20 administration, to their justice and to their interests, when, in fact, war with one of them has become identified with our independence and our sovereignty, and to abstain from it was no longer possible; behold the opposition veering round, and becoming the friends of peace and  
25 commerce. They tell you of the calamities of war, its tragical events, the squandering away of your resources, the waste of the public treasure, and the spilling of innocent blood. “Gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire” They tell you that honor is an illusion! Now we see them  
30 exhibiting the terrific forms of the roaring king of the forest: now the meekness and humility of the lamb!



They are for war and no restrictions, when the administration is for peace. They are for peace and restrictions, when the administration is for war. You find them, sir, tacking with every gale, displaying the colors of every party, and of all nations, steady only in one unalterable purpose,—to steer, if possible, into the haven of power.

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LESSON CLXXIV.—GOD, THE CREATOR.—*Fenelon.*

Cast your eyes upon the earth that supports us ; raise them then to this immense canopy of the heavens that surrounds us,—these fathomless abysses of air and water, and these countless stars that give us light. Who is it that has suspended this globe of earth ? who has laid its foundations ? If it were harder, its bosom could not be laid open by man for cultivation ; if it were less firm it could not support the weight of his footsteps. From it proceed the most precious things : this earth, so mean and unformed, is transformed into thousands of beautiful objects, that delight our eyes. In the course of one year, it becomes branches, buds, leaves, flowers, fruits, and seeds ; thus renewing its bountiful favors to man. Nothing exhausts it. After yielding, for so many ages, its treasures, it experiences no decay ; it does not grow old ; it still pours forth riches from its bosom.

Who has stretched over our heads this vast and glorious arch ? What sublime objects are there ! An all-powerful Hand has presented this grand spectacle to our vision. What does the regular succession of day and night teach us ? The sun has never omitted, for so many ages, to shed his blessing upon us. The dawn never fails to announce the day ; and “ the sun,” says the Holy Book, “ knows his going down.” Thus it enlightens alternately both sides of the world, and sheds its rays on all. Day is the time for society and employment. Night folds the world in darkness, finishes our labors, and softens our troubles. It suspends, it calms everything. It sheds round us silence and sleep ; it rests our bodies, it revives our spirits. Then day returns, and recalls man to labor, and reanimates all nature.

But besides the constant course of the sun, that produces day and night ; during six months it approaches one pole, and during the other six, the opposite one. By this beautiful order one sun answers for the whole world. If the

sun, at the same distance, were larger, it would light the whole world, but it would consume it with its heat. If it were smaller, the earth would be all ice, and could not be inhabited by men.

5 What compass has been stretched from heaven to earth and taken such just measurements? The changes of the sun make the variety of the seasons, which we find so delightful.

10 The Hand that guides this glorious work must be as skilful as it is powerful, to have made it so simple, yet so effectual; so constant and so beneficent.

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LESSON CLXXV.—CRESCENTIUS.—*Miss Landon.*

I looked upon his brow,—no sign  
Of guilt or fear was there;  
He stood as proud by that death-shrine,  
As even o'er despair

5 He had a power; in his eye  
There was a quenchless energy,  
A spirit that could dare  
The deadliest form that death could take,  
And dare it for the daring's sake.

10 He stood, the fetters on his hand,—  
He raised them haughtily;  
And had that grasp been on the brand,  
It could not wave on high  
With freer pride than it waved now.  
15 Around he looked with changeless brow  
On many a torture nigh,—  
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,  
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before; he rode  
20 Upon a coal-black steed,  
And tens of thousands thronged the road,  
And bade their warrior speed.  
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,  
And graced with many a dint, that told  
25 Of many a soldier's deed;  
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,  
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

- But now he stood, chained and alone,  
The headsman by his side ;  
The plume, the helm, the charger gone ;  
The sword, that had defied  
5 The mightiest, lay broken near,  
And yet no sign or sound of fear  
Came from that lip of pride ;  
And never king or conqueror's brow  
Wore higher look than his did now.
- 10 He bent beneath the headsman's stroke,  
With an uncovered eye :  
A wild shout from the numbers broke  
Who thronged to see him die.  
It was a people's loud acclaim,  
15 The voice of anger and of shame,  
A nation's funeral cry,—  
Rome's wail above her only son,  
Her patriot,—and her latest one.
- 

LESSON CLXXVI.—ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.—*Barry Cornwall*

- O thou vast Ocean ! ever-sounding sea !  
Thou symbol of a drear immensity !  
Thou thing that windest round the solid world  
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled  
5 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,  
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.  
Thy voice is like the thunder ; and thy sleep  
Is like a giant's slumber, loud and deep.  
Thou speakest in the east and in the west  
10 At once ; and on thy heavily laden breast  
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life  
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.  
The earth hath naught of this ; nor chance nor change  
Ruffles its surface ; and no spirits dare  
15 Give answer to the tempest-waken air ;  
But o'er its wastes, the weakly tenants range  
At will, and wound his bosom as they go.  
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow ;  
But in their stated round the seasons come  
20 And pass like visions to their viewless home,  
And come again and vanish : the young Spring  
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,



- And winter always winds his sullen horn,  
And the wild Autumn with a look forlorn  
Dies in his stormy manhood ; and the skies  
Weep, and flowers sicken when the summer flies.
- 5 —Thou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,  
A will, a voice ; and in thy wrathful hour,  
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,  
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds  
Thy broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
- 10 Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,  
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,  
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with heaven !

- Thou trackless and immeasurable main !  
On thee no record ever lived again
- 15 To meet the hand that writ it ; line nor lead  
Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,  
Where happily the huge monster swells and sleeps,  
King of his watery limit, who, 't is said,  
Can move the mighty ocean into storm.—
- 20 Oh ! wonderful thou art, great element :  
And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent,  
And lovely in repose : thy summer form  
Is beautiful ; and when thy silver waves  
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
- 25 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,  
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,  
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach,—  
“Eternity, Eternity, and power.”
- 

## LESSON CLXXVII.—THE URSA MAJOR.—HENRY WARE, JUN.

- With what a stately and majestic step  
That glorious Constellation of the North  
'Treads its eternal circle ! going forth  
Its princely way amongst the stars in slow
- 5 And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail !  
I joy to see thee on thy glowing path  
Walk, like some stout and girded giant,—stern,  
Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot  
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
- 10 The other tribes forsake their midnight track,  
And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave

But thou dost never close thy burning eye,  
Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on,  
While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds  
Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.

- 5 The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.  
Thou, faithful Sentinel, dost never quit  
Thy long appointed watch ; but, sleepless still,  
Dost guard the fixed light of the universe,  
And bid the North forever know its place.

- 10 Ages have witnessed thy devoted trust,  
Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God  
Sent forth that shout of joy, which rang through heaven,  
And echoed from the outer spheres that bound  
The illimitable universe,—thy voice  
15 Joined the high chorus ; from thy radiant orbs  
The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise  
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,  
Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd  
Of splendors that enrich his firmament.  
20 As thou art now, so wast thou then, the same.

Ages have rolled their course, and Time grown gray ;  
The earth has gathered to her womb again,  
And yet again, the myriads that were born  
Of her,—uncounted, unremembered tribes.

- 25 The seas have changed their beds,—the eternal hills  
Have stooped with age,—the solid continents  
Have left their banks,—and man's imperial works,  
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung  
Their haughty honors in the face of Heaven,  
30 As if immortal,—have been swept away,—  
Shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot.  
But time has shed no dimness on thy front,  
Nor touched the firmness of thy tread ; youth, strength,  
And beauty, still are thine,—as clear, as bright,  
35 As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth,  
Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,  
To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim  
The eternal chorus of Eternal Love.

- I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,  
40 Undimmed, unquenched,—just as I see it now,—  
Has issued from those dazzling points, through years

- That go back far into eternity.  
Exhaustless flood ! forever spent, renewed  
Forever ! Yea, and those refulgent drops,  
Which now descend upon my lifted eye,  
5 Left their far fountain twice three years ago.  
While those winged particles,—whose speed outstrips  
The flight of thought,—were on their way, the earth  
Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,  
And in the extremes of annual change, beheld  
10 Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.  
So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve ;  
So vast the void through which their beams descend !

- Yea, glorious lamps of God ! He may have quenched  
Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night  
15 Rest on your spheres ; and yet no tidings reach  
This distant planet. Messengers still come  
Laden with your far fire, and we may seem  
To see your lights still burning ; while their blaze  
But hides the black wreck of extinguished realms,  
20 Where anarchy and darkness long have reigned.

- Yet what is this, which, to the astonished mind,  
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought  
Confounds ? A span, a point, in those domains,  
Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars  
25 Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight  
Embraces all at once ; yet each from each  
Recedes as far as each of them from earth.  
And every star from every other burns  
No less remote.

- 30 From the profound of heaven,  
Untravelled even in thought, keen piercing rays  
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense  
Systems and worlds unnumbered. Take the glass,  
And search the skies. The opening skies pour down  
35 Upon your gaze, thick showers of sparkling fire,—  
Stars, crowded, thronged, in regions so remote  
That their swift beams,—the swiftest things that be,—  
Have travelled centuries on their flight to earth.  
Earth, Sun, and nearer Constellations ! what  
40 Are ye, amid this infinite extent  
And multitude of God's most infinite works ?



- And these are Suns !—vast, central, living fires,  
Lords of dependent systems, Kings of worlds,  
That wait as satellites upon their power,  
And flourish in their smile. Awake my soul,  
5 And meditate the wonder ! Countless suns  
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds !  
Worlds,—in whose bosoms living things rejoice,  
And drink the bliss of being, from the fount  
Of all-pervading Love.
- 10 What mind can know,  
What tongue can utter all their multitudes,—  
Thus numberless in numberless abodes,  
Known but to Thee, blest Father ? Thine they are,  
Thy children, and Thy care,—and none o'erlooked  
15 Of Thee ! No, not the humblest soul that dwells  
Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course  
Amid the giant glories of the sky,  
Like the mean mote that dances in the beam,  
Amongst the thousand mirrored lamps which fling  
20 Their wasteful splendor from the palace wall:  
None, none escape the kindness of Thy care :  
All compassed underneath Thy spacious wing,  
Each fed and guided by Thy powerful hand.
- Tell me, ye splendid Orbs !—as from your thrones  
25 Ye mark the rolling provinces that own  
Your sway,—what beings fill those bright abodes ?  
How formed, how gifted ; what their powers, their state,  
Their happiness, their wisdom ? Do they bear  
The stamp of human nature ? Or has God  
30 Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms,  
And more celestial minds ? Does Innocence  
Still wear her native and untainted bloom ?  
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,  
And sowed corruption in those fairy bowers ?  
35 Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire ?  
And Slavery forged his chains, and Wrath, and Hate,  
And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust,  
Leagued their base bands to tread out Light and Truth  
And scatter woe where Heaven had planted joy ?  
40 Or are they yet all Paradise, unfallen  
And uncorrupt ;—existence one long joy,  
Without disease upon the frame, or sin

Upon the heart, or weariness of life,—  
 Hope never quenched, and age unknown,  
 And death unfeared; while fresh and fadeless youth  
 Glows in the light from God's near throne of Love?

5    Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair !  
       Speak, speak ! the mysteries of those living worlds  
       Unfold !—No language ! Everlasting light,  
       And everlasting silence ! Yet the eye  
       May read and understand.    The hand of God

10 Has written legibly what man may know,—  
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines,  
Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,  
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,  
May know and ask no more.

Has run his raging race, has closed the scene of blood.

Chiefs, armed around, behold their vanquished lord ;  
Nor spread the guardian shield, nor lift the loyal sword.

He falls ; and earth again is free :

Hark ! at the call of Liberty,

All Nature lifts the choral song.

The fir-trees on the mountain's head,

Rejoice through all their pomp of shade ;

The lordly cedars nod on sacred Lebanon :

Tyrant ! they cry, since thy fell force is broke,  
Our proud heads pierce the skies, nor fear the woodman's stroke

Hell, from her gulf profound,  
Rouses at thine approach ; and all around,  
Her dreadful notes of preparation sound.

See, at the awful call,

Her shadowy heroes all,

E'en mighty kings, the heirs of empire wide,

Rising with solemn state, and slow,

From their sable thrones below,

Meet and insult thy pride.

" What ! dost thou join our ghostly train,

A flitting shadow light and vain ?

Where is thy pomp, thy festive throng,

The revel dance, and wanton song ?

Proud king ! Corruption fastens on thy breast ;

And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the feast

" O Lucifer ! thou radiant star ;

Son of the Morn ; whose rosy car

Flamed foremost in the van of day ;

How art thou fallen, thou King of Light !

How fallen from thy meridian height !

Who saidst, ' The distant poles shall hear me and obey.

High o'er the stars my sapphire throne shall glow,

And, as Jehovah's self, my voice the heavens shall bow.' "

He spake, he died. Distained with gore,

Beside yon yawning cavern hoar,

See where his livid corse is laid.

The aged pilgrim, passing by,

Surveys him long with dubious eye,

And muses on his fate, and shakes his reverend head

" Just Heavens ! is thus thy pride imperial gone ?

Is this poor heap of dust the King of Babylon ?



Is this the man, whose nod  
Made the earth tremble ; whose terrific rod  
Levelled her loftiest cities ? Where he trod,  
Famine pursued and frowned ;  
Till Nature, groaning round,  
Saw her rich realms transformed to deserts dry ,  
While, at his crowded prison's gate,  
Grasping the keys of fate,  
Stood stern Captivity.  
Vain man ! behold thy righteous doom ;  
Behold each neighboring monarch's tomb ;  
The trophied arch, the breathing bust,  
The laurel shades their sacred dust :  
While thou, vile outcast, on this hostile plain,  
Moulder'st a vulgar corse, among the vulgar slain.

" No trophied arch, no breathing bust,  
Shall dignify thy trampled dust :  
No laurel flourish o'er thy grave.  
For why, proud king, thy ruthless hand  
Hurled desolation o'er the land,  
And crushed the subject race, whom kings are born to save :  
Eternal infamy shall blast thy name,  
And all thy sons shall share their impious father's shame.

" Rise, purple Slaughter ! furious rise ;  
Unfold the terror of thine eyes ;  
Dart thy vindictive shafts around :  
Let no strange land a shade afford,  
No conquered nations call them lord ;  
Nor let their cities rise to curse the goodly ground.  
For thus Jehovah swears ; ' No name, no son,  
No remnant shall remain of haughty Babylon.' "

Thus saith the righteous Lord :  
" My vengeance shall unsheathe the flaming sword ;  
O'er all thy realms my fury shall be poured.  
Where yon proud city stood,  
I'll spread the stagnant flood ;  
And there the bittern in the sedge shall lurk,  
Moaning with sullen strain ;  
While, sweeping o'er the plain,  
Destruction ends her work.  
Yes, on mine holy mountain's brow,  
I'll crush this proud Assyrian foe

The irrevocable word is spoke.  
From Judah's neck the galling yoke  
Spontaneous falls, she shines with wonted state ;  
Thus by myself I swear, and what I swear is fate."

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## LESSON CLXXIX.—THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.—

*Thomas Campbell.*

- O sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased a while,  
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,  
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars  
Her whiskered panders and her fierce hussars,  
5      Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn,  
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,  
Presaging wrath to Poland,—and to man !
- 10      Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,  
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid,—  
O Heaven ! he cried, my bleeding country save !—  
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?  
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,  
Rise, fellow-men ! our country yet remains !  
15      By that dread name, we wave the sword on high !  
And swear for her to live !—with her to die !
- 20      He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed  
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed ;  
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;  
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
'Revenge, or death,'—the watch-word and reply ;  
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin told their last alarm !
- 25      In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !  
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew :—  
Oh ! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,  
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
30      Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !  
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear  
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career ;  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell.

- The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there ;  
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air,—  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;  
5 The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !  
Hark ! as the mouldering piles with thunder fall ,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !  
Earth shook,—red meteors flashed along the sky,  
10 And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry !
- O righteous Heaven ! ere Freedom found a grave,  
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save ?  
Where was thine arm, O vengeance ! where thy rod,  
That smote the foes of Sion and of God ;  
15 That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car  
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar ?  
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host  
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast :  
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,  
20 And heaved an ocean on their march below ?
- Departed spirits of the mighty dead !  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !  
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !  
25 Yet for, Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
And make her arm puissant as your own !  
Oh ! once again to freedom's cause return  
The patriot Tell,—the Bruce of Bannockburn !
- Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land ! shall see  
30 That man hath yet a soul,—and dare be free !  
A little while, along thy saddening plains,  
The starless night of Desolation reigns ;  
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,  
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven !  
35 Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,  
Her name, her nature, withered from the world !

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LESSON CLXXX.—NAPOLEON AT REST.—JOHN PIERPONT.

His falchion flashed along the Nile ;  
His hosts he led through Alpine snows ;  
O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the while,  
His eagle flag unrolled,—and froze.



Here sleeps he now, alone ! Not one,  
Of all the kings, whose crowns he gave,  
Bends o'er his dust ;—nor wife nor son  
Has ever seen or sought his grave.

5 Behind this sea-girt rock, the star,  
That led him on from crown to crown,  
Has sunk ; and nations from afar  
Gazed as it faded and went down.

10 High is his couch ;—the ocean flood,  
Far, far below, by storms is curled ;  
As round him heaved, while high he stood,  
A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps ! The mountain cloud,  
That night hangs round him, and the breath  
15 Of morning scatters, is the shroud  
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here ! The far-off world, at last,  
Breathes free ; the hand that shook its thrones,  
And to the earth its mitres cast,  
20 Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark ! comes there, from the pyramids,  
And from Siberian wastes of snow,  
And Europe's hills, a voice that bids  
The world he averted to mourn him ?—No :

25 The only, the perpetual dirge  
That's heard there, is the sea-bird's cry,—  
The mournful murmur of the surge,—  
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

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LESSON CLXXXI.—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—DR. CHANNING.

Such was Napoleon Bonaparte. But some will say, he was still a great man. This we mean not to deny. But we would have it understood, that there are various kinds or orders of greatness, and that the highest did not belong  
5 to Bonaparte. There are different orders of greatness. Among these the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral* greatness, or magnanimity ; to that sublime energy, by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself

indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; 5 withstands all the powers of the universe, which would sever it from the cause of freedom, virtue, and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever "ready to be offered up" on the altar of its country or of mankind. Of this moral greatness, which 10 throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace or a spark in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a God, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never 15 to have dawned on his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice seems not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition. His ruling passions were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too 20 self-subsistent, and enters into others' interests with too much heartiness, to live a day for what Napoleon always lived, to make itself the theme, and gaze, and wonder of a dazzled world.

Next to moral, comes *intellectual* greatness, or genius in 25 the highest sense of that word; and by this, we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-compre- 30 hending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations all the objects of its knowledge, and, not satisfied with what is finite, frames to itself ideal excellence, loveliness, and grandeur. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, inspired poets, and to 35 the master spirits of the fine arts.

Next comes the greatness of *action*; and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving and executing bold and extensive plans; constructing and bringing to bear on 40 a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and accomplishing great outward effects. To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte, and that he possessed it, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man who raised himself

from obscurity to a throne, who changed the face of the world, who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations, who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans, whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny, whose donatives were crowns, whose ante-chamber was thronged by submissive princes, who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps, and made them a highway, and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack, and the deserts of the Arab; a man, who has left this record of himself in history, has taken out of our hands the question whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, an energy equal to great effects.

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LESSON CLXXXII.—THE THUNDER STORM.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

[Scenery in the Highlands, on the River Hudson.]

In the second day of the voyage, they came to the Highlands. It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that they floated gently with the tide between these stern mountains. There was that perfect quiet, which prevails over nature, in the languor of summer heat; the turning of a plank, or the accidental falling of an oar, on deck, was echoed from the mountain side, and reverberated along the shores; and, if by chance, the captain gave a shout of command, there were airy tongues that mocked it, from every cliff.

Dolph gazed about him, in mute delight and wonder, at these scenes of nature's magnificence. To the left, the Dunderberg reared its woody precipices, height over height, forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky. To the right, strutted forth the bold promontory of Antony's Nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it; while beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together, and confine this mighty river in their embraces. There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad, green bosoms, here and there, scooped out among the precipices; or at woodlands high in air, nodding over the edge of some beetling bluff, and their foliage all transparent in the yellow sunshine.

In the midst of his admiration, Dolph remarked a pile of bright snowy clouds, peering above the western heights



It was succeeded by another, and another, each seemingly pushing onwards its predecessor, and towering, with dazzling brilliancy, in the deep blue atmosphere: and now muttering peals of thunder were faintly heard, rolling behind the mountains. The river, hitherto still and glassy, reflecting pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark ripple at a distance, as the breeze came creeping up it. The fish-hawks wheeled and screamed, and sought their nests on the high dry trees; the crows flew clamorously to the crevices of the rocks; and all nature seemed conscious of the approaching thunder-gust.

The clouds now rolled, in volumes, over the mountain tops; their summits still bright and snowy, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down in broad and scattered drops; the wind freshened, and curled up the waves; at length, it seemed as if the bellying clouds were torn open by the mountain tops, and complete torrents of rain came rattling down. The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against the rocks, splitting and rending the stoutest forest trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explosions; the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain; they crashed upon Dunderberg, and then rolled up the long defile of the Highlands, each headland making a new echo, until old Bull Hill seemed to bellow back the storm.

For a time, the scudding rack and mist, and the sheeted rain, almost hid the landscape from the sight. There was a fearful gloom, illumined still more fearfully by the streams of lightning, which glittered among the rain-drops. Never had Dolph beheld such an absolute warring of the elements; it seemed, as if the storm was tearing and rending its way through this mountain defile, and had brought all the artillery of heaven into action.

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LESSON CLXXXIII.—CLASSICAL LEARNING.—JOSEPH STORY.

The importance of classical learning to professional education, is so obvious, that the surprise is, that it could ever have become matter of disputation. I speak not of its power in refining the taste, in disciplining the judgment, in invigorating the understanding, or in warming the heart with elevated sentiments; but of its power of direct, positive, necessary instruction. Until the eighteenth century, the mass of science, in its principal

branches, was deposited in the dead languages, and much of it still reposes there. To be ignorant of these languages, is to shut out the lights of former times, or to examine them only through the glimmerings of inadequate  
5 translations.

It is often said, that there have been eminent men and eminent writers, to whom the ancient languages were unknown,—men who have risen by the force of their talents, and writers who have written with a purity and ease  
.0 which hold them up, as models for imitation. On the other hand, it is as often said, that scholars do not always compose either with elegance or chasteness; that their diction is sometimes loose and harsh, and sometimes ponderous and affected.

15 Be it so. I am not disposed to call in question the accuracy of either statement. But I would, nevertheless, say that the presence of classical learning was not the cause of the faults of the one class, nor the absence of it, the cause of the excellence of the other. And I would  
20 put this fact, as an answer to all such reasonings, that there is not a single language of modern Europe, in which literature has made any considerable advances, which is not directly of Roman origin, or has not incorporated into its very structure many, very many, of the idioms and peculiarities of the ancient tongues. The English language  
25 affords a strong illustration of the truth of this remark. It abounds with words and meanings drawn from classical sources. Innumerable phrases retain the symmetry of their ancient dress. Innumerable expressions have received their vivid tints from the beautiful dyes of Roman  
30 and Grecian roots. If scholars, therefore, do not write our language with ease, or purity, or elegance, the cause must lie somewhat deeper than a conjectural ignorance of its true diction.

35 I repeat, there is not a single nation from the north to the south of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not imbedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the  
40 production of her scholars,—of men who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar-schools,—of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble, because it faded in the presence of

Roman and Grecian genius. He who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning, loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, 5 of its illustrative associations. Who that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste, which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope, 10 does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who that meditates over the strains of Milton, does not feel that he drank deep

15 — At "Siloa's brook, that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God ;"

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

It is no exaggeration to declare, that he who proposes to 20 abolish classical studies, proposes to render, in a great measure, inert and unedifying the mass of English literature for three centuries; to rob us of much of the glory of the past, and much of the instruction of future ages; to blind us to excellences which few may hope to equal, and 25 none to surpass; to annihilate associations which are interwoven with our best sentiments, and give to distant times and countries a presence and reality, as if they were, in fact, our own.

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LESSON CLXXXIV.—THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Bunker Hill Monument is finished. Here it stands. Fortunate in the natural eminence on which it is placed. —higher, infinitely higher, in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land, and over the sea; and visible, at their 5 homes, to three hundred thousand citizens of Massachusetts,—it stands, a memorial of the last, and a monitor to the present, and all succeeding generations.

I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work 10 of art, the granite, of which it is composed, would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose; and that pur-



pose gives it character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well known purpose it is, which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe.

5 It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from my lips, it is not from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow, most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around. The potent speaker stands motionless before them. It is a plain shaft. It

10 bears no inscriptions, fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquarian shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noon-day, and beneath the

15 milder effulgence of lunar light, it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart. Its silent, but awful utterance; its deep pathos, as it brings to our contemplation the 17th of June, 1775, and

20 the consequences which have resulted to us, to our country, and to the world, from the events of that day, and which we know must continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind, to the end of time; the elevation with which it raises us high above the ordinary feelings

25 of life, surpass all that the study of the closet, or even the inspiration of genius can produce. To-day, it speaks to us. Its future auditories will be through successive generations of men, as they rise up before it, and gather round it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage; of civil

30 and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind; and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country.

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LESSON CLXXXV.—APPEAL IN FAVOR OF THE UNION.—

JAMES MADISON.

I submit to you, my fellow-citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good sense, which has so often marked your decisions, will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, how-

5 ever formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes, into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you.

Hearken not to the unnatural voice, which tells you that the people of America, knit together, as they are, by so many cords of affection, can no longer live together, as members of the same family ; can no longer continue the  
5 mutual guardians of their mutual happiness ; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice, which petulantly tells you, that the form of government, recommended for your adoption, is a novelty in the political world ; that  
10 it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors ; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen ; shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys. The kindred blood, which flows  
15 in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood, which they have shed in defence of their sacred rights, consecrates their union, and excites horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all  
20 novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces, in order to preserve our liberties, and promote our happiness.

But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new ?  
25 Is it not the glory of the people of America, that, whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times, and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own  
30 experience ? To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre, in favor of private rights, and public happiness.  
35 Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the revolution, for which a precedent could not be discovered ; had no government been established, of which an exact model did not present itself,—the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the  
40 melancholy victims of misguided councils ; must, at best, have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms, which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind.

Happily, for America, happily, we trust, for the whole



- human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution, which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared fabrics of government, which have no model on the face of the globe.
- 5 They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the union, this was the work most difficult to be executed ; this is the work which has been new-modelled by
- 10 the act of your convention ; and it is that act, on which you are now to deliberate and decide.
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LESSON CLXXXVI.—FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—JOHN C.  
CALHOUN.

- The love of France, and the hatred of England, have also been assigned as the cause of the present measures. “France has not done us justice,” says the gentleman from Virginia ; “and how can we, without partiality, resist the
- 5 aggressions of England ?” I know, sir, we have still cause of complaint against France ; but it is of a different character from those against England. She professes now to respect our rights, and there cannot be a reasonable doubt, that the most objectionable parts of her decrees, as far
- 10 as they respect us, are repealed. We have already formally acknowledged this to be a fact.

- I, however, protest against the whole of the principles on which this doctrine is founded. It is a novel doctrine, and nowhere to be found out of this house, that you can
- 15 not select your antagonist, without being guilty of partiality. Sir, when two invade your rights, you may resist both, or either, at your pleasure. It is regulated by prudence, and not by right. The stale imputation of partiality to France, is better calculated for the columns of a
- 20 newspaper, than for the walls of this house. I ask, in this particular, of the gentleman from Virginia, but for the same measure which he claims for himself. That gentleman is at a loss to account for, what he calls, our hatred to England. He asks, “How can we hate the country of
- 25 Locke, of Newton, Hampden and Chatham ; a country having the same language and customs with ourselves, and descending from a common ancestry ?” Sir, the laws of human affections are uniform. If we have so much to



attach us to that country, powerful, indeed, must be the cause which has overpowered it.

Yes, sir, there is a cause strong enough. Not that occult, courtly affection, which he has supposed to be entertained for France; but it is to be found in continued and unprovoked insult and injury,—a cause so manifest, that the gentleman from Virginia had to exert much ingenuity to overlook it. But, sir, here I think the gentleman, in his eager admiration of that country, has not been sufficiently guarded in his argument. Has he reflected on the cause of that admiration? Has he examined the reasons of our high regard for her Chatham? It is his ardent patriotism; the heroic courage of his mind, that could not brook the least insult or injury offered to his country, but thought that her interest and honor ought to be vindicated, at every hazard and expense. I hope, when we are called on to admire, we shall also be asked to imitate. I hope the gentleman does not wish a monopoly of those great virtues to remain to that nation.

“The balance of power” has also been introduced as an argument for submission. England is said to be a barrier against the military despotism of France. There is, sir, one great error in our legislation. We are ready enough to protect the interests of the States, and it should seem, from this argument, to watch over those of a foreign nation, while we grossly neglect our own immediate concerns. This argument of the balance of power, is well calculated for the British parliament, but not at all fitted to the American congress. Tell them, that they have to contend with a mighty power, and that, if they persist in insult and injury to the American people, they will compel them to throw the whole weight of their force into the scale of their enemy. Paint the danger to them; and if they will desist from injury, we, I answer for it, will not disturb the balance. But it is absurd for us to talk of the balance of power, while they, by their conduct, smile with contempt at our simple, good-natured policy. If, however, in the contest, it should be found, that they underrate us, which I hope and believe, and that we can effect the balance of power, it will not be difficult for us to obtain such terms as our rights demand.

I, sir, will now conclude, by adverting to an argument of the gentleman from Virginia, used in debate on a preceding day. He asked, “Why not declare war immediate-

ly?" The answer is obvious; because we are not yet prepared. But, says the gentleman, "such language as is here held will provoke Great Britain to commence hostilities." I have no such fears. She knows well, that such  
5 a course would unite all parties here; a thing, which, above all others, she most dreads. Besides, such has been our past conduct, that she will still calculate on our patience and submission, till war is actually commenced.

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LESSON CLXXXVII.—APPEAL FOR IRELAND.—HENRY CLAY.

[From an Address at a Public Meeting in New Orleans, February 4th, 1847.]

Mr. President—If we were to hear that large numbers of the inhabitants of Asia, or Africa, or Australia, or the remotest part of the globe, were daily dying with hunger and famine—no matter what their color, what their religion, or what their civilization—we should deeply lament  
5 their condition, and be irresistibly prompted to mitigate, if possible, their sufferings.

But it is not the distresses of any such distant regions that have summoned us together on this occasion. The  
10 appalling and heart-rending distresses of Ireland and Irishmen form the object of our present consultation.

That Ireland, which has been, in all the vicissitudes of our national existence, our friend, and has ever extended to us her warmest sympathy—those Irishmen, who, in  
15 every war in which we have been engaged, on every battle field, from Quebec to Monterey, have stood by us, shoulder to shoulder, and shared in all the perils and fortunes of the conflict.

The imploring appeal comes to us from the Irish nation.  
20 which is so identified with our own, as to be almost part and parcel of ours, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Nor is it any ordinary case of human misery, or a few isolated cases of death by starvation, that we are called upon to consider. Famine is stalking abroad throughout  
25 Ireland; whole towns, counties—countless human beings, of every age, and of both sexes—at this very moment are starving, or in danger of starving to death.

Behold the wretched Irish mother—with haggard looks and streaming eyes—her famished children clinging to her  
30 tattered garments, and gazing piteously in her face begging

for food! And see the distracted husband and father, with pallid cheeks, standing by, horror and despair depicted in his countenance—tortured with the reflection that he can afford no succor or relief to the dearest objects of his heart, about to be snatched forever from him by the most cruel of all deaths.

This is no fancy picture; but, if we are to credit the terrible accounts which reach us from that theatre of misery and wretchedness, is one of daily occurrence. Indeed, no imagination can conceive—no tongue express—no pencil paint—the horrors of the scenes which are there daily exhibited.

Shall starving Ireland plead in vain?—shall the young and the old—dying women and children, stretch out their hands to us for bread, and find no relief? Will not this great city, the world's store-house of an exhaustless supply of all kinds of food, borne to its overflowing warehouses by the Father of Waters, act, on this occasion, in a manner worthy of its high destiny, and obey the noble impulses of the generous hearts of its blessed inhabitants?

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LESSON CLXXXVIII.—LOSS OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.—MAXCY.

The loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman empire,—an empire carrying its arts and arms, into every part of the eastern continent; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms, dragged at the wheels of her triumphal chariots; her eagle waving over the ruins of desolated countries. Where is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory? Extinguished for ever. Her mouldering temples, the mournful vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a shelter to her muttering monks. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs, and inquire. She lost her national character, and her destruction followed. The ramparts of her pride were broken down, and Vandalism desolated her classic fields.

Citizens will lose their respect and confidence in our government, if it does not extend over them the shield of an honorable national character. Corruption will creep in, and sharpen party animosity. Ambitious leaders will seize upon the favorable moment. The mad enthusiasm for



revolution, will call into action the irritated spirit of our nation, and civil war must follow. The swords of our countrymen may yet glitter on our mountains; their blood may yet crimson our plains.

- 5 Such,—the warning voice of all antiquity, the example of all republics proclaim,—may be our fate. But let us no longer indulge these gloomy anticipations. The commencement of our liberty, presages the dawn of a brighter period, to the world. That bold, enterprising spirit which  
10 conducted our heroes to peace and safety, and gave us a lofty rank amid the empires of the world, still animates the bosoms of their descendants. Look back to that moment, when they unbarred the dungeons of the slave, and dashed his fetters to the earth; when the sword of a  
15 Washington leaped from its scabbard, to revenge the slaughter of our countrymen. Place their example before you. Let the sparks of their veteran wisdom flash across your minds, and the sacred altars of your liberty, crowned with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the  
20 virtue, the courage, the patriotism, and the strength of our country, we may expect our national character will become more energetic, our citizens more enlightened, and may hail the age, as not far distant, when will be heard, as the proudest exclamation of man: “I am an American.”
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LESSON CLXXXIX.—LAFAYETTE AND NAPOLEON.—

E. EVERETT.

- Of all the ancient nobility, who returned to France, Lafayette and the young Count de Vaudreuil, were the only individuals who refused the favors which Napoleon was eager to accord to them. Of all to whom the cross  
5 of the legion of honor was tendered, Lafayette alone had the courage to decline it. Napoleon, either for want of true perception of moral greatness, or because the detestable servility of the mass of returning emigrants had taught him to think there was no such thing as honor or inde-  
10 pendence in man, exclaimed, when they told him that Lafayette refused the decoration, “What, will nothing satisfy that man but the chief command of the National Guard of the empire?”—Yes, much less abundantly satisfied him;—the quiet possession of the poor remnants of  
15 his estate, enjoyed without sacrificing his principles.

From this life nothing could draw him. Mr. Jefferson

offered him the place of governor of Louisiana, then just become a territory of the United States; but he was unwilling, by leaving France, to take a step that would look like a final abandonment of the cause of constitutional liberty, on the continent of Europe. Napoleon ceased to importune him; and he lived at Lagrange, retired and unmolested, the only man who had gone through the terrible revolution, with a character free from every just impeachment. He entered it with a princely fortune,—in the various high offices which he had filled he had declined all compensation,—and he came out poor. He entered it in the meridian of early manhood, with a frame of iron. He came out of it fifty years of age, his strength impaired by the cruelties of his long imprisonment. He had filled the most powerful and responsible offices; and others still more powerful,—the dictatorship itself,—had been offered him;—he was reduced to obscurity and private life. He entered the revolution with a host of ardent colleagues of the constitutional party. Of those who escaped the guilotine, most had made peace with Napoleon; not a few of the Jacobins had taken his splendid bribes; the emigrating nobility came back in crowds, and put on his livery; fear, interest, weariness, amazement, and apathy reigned in France and in Europe;—kings, emperors, armies, nations, bowed at his footstool;—and one man alone,—a private man, who had tasted power, and knew what he sacrificed;—who had inhabited dungeons, and knew what he risked;—who had done enough for liberty, in both worlds, to satisfy the utmost requisitions of her friends, this man alone stood aloof in his honor, his independence, and his poverty. And if there is a man in this assembly, that would not rather have been Lafayette to refuse, than Napoleon to bestow his wretched gewgaws; that would not rather have been Lafayette in retirement and obscurity, and just not proscribed, than Napoleon, with an emperor to hold his stirrup;—if there is a man who would not have preferred the honest poverty of Lagrange to the bloody tinsel of St. Cloud;—that would not rather have shared the peaceful fireside of the friend of Washington, than have spurred his triumphant courser over the crushed and blackened heaps of slain, through the fire and carnage of Marengo and Austerlitz, that man has not an American heart in his bosom.

## LESSON CXC.—THE VISION OF LIBERTY.—HENRY WARE, JR.

- The evening heavens were calm and bright ;  
No dimness rested on the glittering light,  
That sparkled from that wilderness of worlds on high ;  
Those distant suns burned on with quiet ray ;  
5 The placid planets held their modest way ;  
And silence reigned profound o'er earth, and sea, and sky.
- Oh ! what an hour for lofty thought !  
My spirit burned within ; I caught  
A holy inspiration from the hour.
- 10 Around me, man and nature slept ;  
Alone my solemn watch I kept,  
Till morning dawned, and sleep resumed her power.
- A vision passed upon my soul.  
I still was gazing up to heaven,  
15 As in the early hours of even ;  
I still beheld the planets roll,  
And all those countless sons of light  
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the moonless  
night.
- 20 When lo ! upon the plain,  
Just where it skirts the swelling main,  
A massive castle, far and high,  
In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.  
Proud in its strength and years, the ponderous pile  
25 Flung up its time-defying towers ;  
Its lofty gates seemed scornfully to smile  
At vain assault of human powers,  
And threats and arms deride.
- Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride,  
30 In giant masses graced the walls above ;  
And dungeons yawned below.  
Yet ivy there and moss their garlands wove,  
Grave, silent chroniclers of time's protracted flow
- Bursting on my steadfast gaze,  
35 See, within, a sudden blaze !  
So small at first, the zephyr's slightest swell,  
That scarcely stirs the pine-tree top,  
Nor makes the withered leaf to drop,  
The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.



- But soon it spread,—  
Waving, rushing, fierce, and red,—  
From wall to wall, from tower to tower,  
Raging with resistless power ;  
5 Till every fervent pillar glowed,  
And every stone seemed burning coal,  
Instinct with living heat that flowed  
Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.
- Beautiful, fearful, grand,  
10 Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand.  
At length a crackling sound began ;  
From side to side, throughout the pile it ran ;  
And louder yet and louder grew,  
Till now in rattling thunder-peals it grew ;  
15 Huge shivered fragments from the pillars broke,  
Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke.  
The shattered walls were rent and riven,  
And piecemeal driven,  
Like blazing comets through the troubled sky.  
20 'Tis done ; what centuries had reared,  
In quick explosion disappeared,  
Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.
- But in their place,—  
Bright with more than human grace,  
25 Robed in more than mortal seeming,  
Radiant glory in her face,  
And eyes with heaven's own brightness beaming,—  
Rose a fair majestic form,  
As the mild rainbow from the storm.  
30 I marked her smile, I knew her eye ;  
And when, with gesture of command,  
She waved aloft the cap-crowned wand,  
My slumbers fled mid shouts of " Liberty !"
- Read ye the dream ? and know ye not  
35 How truly it unlocked the world of fate ?  
Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,  
And spreads it not, and burns in every state ?  
And when their old and cumbrous walls,  
Filled with this spirit, glow intense,  
40 Vainly they reared their impotent defence :  
The fabric falls !

That fervent energy must spread,  
Till despotism's towers be overthrown;  
And in their stead,  
Liberty stands alone!

- 5 Hasten the day, just Heaven!  
Accomplish thy design;  
And let the blessings thou hast freely given,  
Freely on all men shine;  
Till equal rights be equally enjoyed,  
—10 And human power for human good employed;  
Till law, not man, the sovereign rule sustain,  
And peace and virtue undisputed reign.
- 

## LESSON CXCI.—SHAKSPEARE.—CHARLES SPRAGUE

- Then Shakspeare rose!—  
Across the trembling strings  
His daring hand he flings,  
And lo! a new creation glows!—  
5 There clustering round, submissive to his will,  
Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.  
  
Madness, with his frightful scream,  
Vengeance, leaning on his lance,  
Avarice, with his blade and beam,  
10 Hatred, blasting with a glance,  
Remorse, that weeps, and Rage, that roars,  
And Jealousy, that dotes, but dooms, and murders. yet  
adores.  
  
Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit,  
Waking Laughter's merry swell,  
15 Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,  
That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell.  
From the feudal tower pale Terror rushing,  
Where the prophet bird's wail  
Dies along the dull gale,  
20 And the sleeping monarch's blood is gushing.  
  
Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream,  
Kissed by the virgin moon's cold beam,  
Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes,  
And swan-like there her own dirge breathes,

Then broken-hearted sinks to rest,  
Beneath the bubbling wave that shrouds her maniac breast

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,  
Now drooping o'er the hallowed tomb,  
5       Where his plighted victims lie,  
      Where they met, but met to die :—  
And now, when crimson buds are sleeping,  
      Through the dewy arbor peeping,  
Where beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,  
10       To youth's devoted tale is listening,  
      Rapture on her dark lash glistening,  
While fairies leave their cowslip cells, and guard the happy spot.

      Thus rise the phantom throng,  
      Obedient to their master's song,  
15 And lead in willing chain the wondering soul along.  
For other worlds war's great one sighed in vain,—  
O'er other worlds see Shakspeare rove and reign !  
The rapt magician of his own wild lay,  
Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey ;  
20 Old ocean trembles, thunder cracks the skies,  
Air teems with shapes and tell-tale spectres rise :  
Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies keep,  
And faithless guilt unseals the lip of sleep :  
Time yields his trophies up, and death restores  
25 The mouldered victims of his voiceless shores.  
The fireside legend, and the faded page,  
The crime that cursed, the deed that blessed an age,  
All, all come forth,—the good to charm and cheer,  
To scourge bold vice, and start the generous tear ;  
30 With pictured folly gazing fools to shame,  
And guide young Glory's foot along the path of fame.

LESSON CXCH.—SPEECH OF RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.—*Miss Mitford.*

*Rienzi.* Friends,  
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well  
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves !  
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights  
5 A race of slaves ! He sets, and his last beam  
Falls on a slave : not such as, swept along



- By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads  
To crimson glory and undying fame,  
But base, ignoble slaves,—slaves to a horde  
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots ; lords,  
5 Rich in some dozen paltry villages,—  
Strong in some hundred spearmen,—only great  
In that strange spell,—a name. Each hour, dark fraud,  
Or open rapine, or protected murder,  
Cries out against them. But this very day,  
10 An honest man, my neighbor, there he stands,—  
Was struck,—struck like a dog, by one who wore  
The badge of Ursini ; because, forsooth,  
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,  
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,  
15 At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,  
And suffer such dishonor ? Men, and wash not  
The stain away in blood ? Such shames are common.  
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,  
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,  
20 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,—  
Of sweet and quiet joy,—“there was the look  
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give  
To the beloved disciple.” How I loved  
That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,  
25 Brother, at once, and son ! “He left my side,  
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks,—a smile  
Parting his innocent lips.” In one short hour  
The pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw  
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried  
30 For vengeance !—Rouse, ye Romans !—Rouse, ye slaves  
Have ye brave sons ? Look in the next fierce brawl  
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters ? Look  
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,  
Dishonored ; and, if ye dare call for justice,  
35 Be answered by the lash. Yet, this is Rome,  
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne  
Of beauty ruled the world ! Yet, we are Romans.  
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman  
Was greater than a king ! And once again,—  
40 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
Of either Brutus ! once again I swear,  
The eternal city shall be free ! her sons  
Shall walk with princes.
-

LESSON CXCHL.—SAME SUBJECT.—*Thomas Moore.*

- “Romans! look round you,—on this sacred place  
There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike men,  
What see you now? what solitary trace  
Is left of all that made Rome’s glory then?  
5 The shrines are sunk, the sacred mount bereft  
Even of its name,—and nothing now remains  
But the deep memory of that glory, left  
To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains!  
But shall this be?—our sun and sky the same,  
10 Treading the very soil our fathers trod,—  
What withering curse hath fallen on soul and frame,  
What visitation hath there come from God,  
To blast our strength, and rot us into slaves,  
Here, on our great forefathers’ glorious graves?  
15 It cannot be,—rise up, ye mighty dead,  
If we, the living, are too weak to crush  
These tyrant priests, that o’er your empire tread,  
Till all but Romans at Rome’s tameness blush!
- Happy Palmyra! in thy desert domes,  
20 Where only date-trees sigh, and serpents hiss;  
And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes  
For the stork’s brood, superb Persepolis!  
Thrice happy both, that your extinguished race  
Have left no embers,—no half-living trace,—  
25 No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot,  
Till past renown in present shame’s forgot;  
While Rome, the queen of all, whose very wrecks,  
If lone and lifeless through a desert hurled,  
Would wear more true magnificence than decks  
30 The assembled thrones of all the existing world,  
Rome, Rome alone, is haunted, stained, and cursed,  
Through every spot her princely Tiber laves,  
By living human things,—the deadliest, worst,  
That earth engenders,—tyrants and their slaves!  
35 And we,—oh! shame,—we, who have pondered o’er  
The patriot’s lesson, and the poet’s lay;  
Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,  
Tracking our country’s glories all the way,—  
Even we have tamely, basely kissed the ground,  
40 Before that Papal Power, that Ghost of Her,  
The World’s Imperial Mistress,—sitting, crowned  
And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre!

- But this is past,—too long have lordly priests  
And priestly lords led us, with all our pride  
Withering about us,—like devoted beasts,  
Dragged to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.  
5 'Tis o'er,—the dawn of our deliverance breaks!  
Up from his sleep of centuries awakes  
The Genius of the Old Republic, free  
As first he stood, in chainless majesty,  
And sends his voice through ages yet to come,  
10 Proclaiming Rome, Rome, Rome, Eternal Rome!"
- 

LESSON CXCIV.—GUSTAVUS VASA TO THE SWEDES.—*Brooke*

- Are ye not marked, ye men of Dalecarlia,  
Are ye not marked by all the circling world,  
As the last stake? What but liberty,  
Through the famed course of thirteen hundred years,  
5 Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,  
And sanctified their name? And will ye, will ye  
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world,  
Bid your high honors stoop to foreign insult,  
And in one hour give up to infamy  
10 The harvest of a thousand years of glory?  
Die all first!  
Yes, die by piecemeal!  
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane can triumph!  
Now from my soul I joy, I joy my friends,  
15 To see ye feared; to see that even your foes  
Do justice to your valor!—There they are,  
The powers of kingdoms, summed in yonder host,  
Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye,  
And oh! when I look around and see you here,  
20 Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,  
My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter.  
True courage but from opposition grows;  
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,  
Matched to the virtue of a single arm  
25 That strikes for liberty? that strikes to save  
His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,  
And his large honors from eternal infamy?  
What doubt we then? Shall we, shall we stand here!  
Let us on!  
30 Firm are our hearts, and nervous are our arms,



With us truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,  
Each, singly, equal to a host of foes.

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LESSON CXCV.—A FIELD OF BATTLE.—*Shelley.*

Ah! whence yon glare

- That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark red smoke  
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched  
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow  
6 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!  
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals,  
In countless echoes, through the mountain ring,  
Starting pale Midnight on her starry throne!  
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,  
10 Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;  
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,  
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men  
Inebriate with rage! Loud, and more loud,  
The discord grows, till pale Death shuts the scene,  
15 And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws  
His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men,  
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,  
In proud and vigorous health,—of all the hearts,  
That beat with anxious life at sunset there,—  
20 How few survive! how few are beating now!  
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm  
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;  
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love  
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan  
25 With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay  
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn

- Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke  
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,  
30 And the bright beams of frosty morning dance  
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood,  
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,  
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments  
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path  
35 Of the outsallying victors: far behind,  
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.  
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen,—  
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day,  
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

## LESSON CXCVI.—RESISTANCE TO OPPRESSION.—PATRICK HENRY.

Mr. President,—It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men  
5 engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing  
10 to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by  
15 the past, I wish to know what there is in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received? Trust  
20 it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and  
25 armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which  
30 kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for  
35 all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall  
40 we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in

every light of which it is capable ; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication ? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted ? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned ; we have remonstrated ; we have supplicated ; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted ; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult ; our supplications have been disregarded ; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne !

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free,—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long contending,—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle, in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight ! I repeat it, sir, we must fight ! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us !

They tell us, sir, that we are weak ; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger ? Will it be the next week, or the next year ? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house ? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction ? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot ? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations ; and who will raise up friends to fight our



battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There  
5 is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable,—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen  
10 may cry, peace, peace,—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What  
15 would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

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LESSON CXCVII.—DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.—LEVI  
WOODBURY.

It behooves us to look our perils and difficulties, such as they are, in the face. Then, with the exercise of candor, calmness, and fortitude, being able to comprehend fully their character and extent, let us profit by the teachings of  
5 almost every page in our annals, that any defects, under our existing system, have resulted more from the manner of administering it, than from its substance or form.

We less need new laws, new institutions, or new powers, than we need, on all occasions, at all times, and in  
10 all places, the requisite intelligence concerning the true spirit of our present ones; the high moral courage, under every hazard, and against every offender, to execute with fidelity the authority already possessed; and the manly independence to abandon all supineness, irresolution, vacil-  
15 lation, and time-serving pusillanimity, and enforce our present mild system with that uniformity and steady vigor throughout, which alone can supply the place of the greater severity of less free institutions.

To arm and encourage us in renewed efforts to accom-  
20 plish every thing on this subject which is desirable, our history constantly points her finger to a most efficient resource, and indeed to the only elixir, to secure a long life

to any popular government, in increased attention to useful education and sound morals, with the wise description of equal measures and just practices they inculcate or every leaf of recorded time. Before their alliance, the  
5 spirit of misrule will always, in time, stand rebuked, and those who worship at the shrine of unhallowed ambition, must quail.

Storms, in the political atmosphere, may occasionally happen by the encroachments of usurpers, the corruption  
10 or intrigues of demagogues, or in the expiring agonies of faction, or by the sudden fury of popular frenzy ; but, with the restraints and salutary influences of the allies before described, these storms will purify as healthfully as they often do in the physical world, and cause the tree of lib-  
15 erty, instead of falling, to strike its roots deeper. In this struggle, the enlightened and moral possess also a power, auxiliary and strong, in the spirit of the age, which is not only with them, but onward, in every thing to ameliorate or improve.

20 When the struggle assumes the form of a contest with power, in all its subtlety, or with undermining and corrupting wealth, as it sometimes may, rather than with turbulence, sedition, or open aggression by the needy and desperate, it will be indispensable to employ still greater  
25 diligence ; to cherish earnestness of purpose, resoluteness in conduct ; to apply hard and constant blows to real abuses, rather than milk-and-water remedies, and encourage not only bold, free, and original thinking, but determined action.

30 In such a cause, our fathers were men whose hearts were not accustomed to fail them, through fear, however formidable the obstacles. Some of them were companions of Cromwell, and imbued deeply with his spirit and iron decision of character, in whatever they deemed right : " If  
35 Pope, and Spaniard, and devil, (said he,) all set themselves against us, though they should compass us about as bees, as it is in the 18th Psalm, yet in the name of the Lord we will destroy them." We are not, it is trusted, such degenerate descendants, as to prove recreant, and fail to defend,  
40 with gallantry and firmness as unflinching, all which we have either derived from them, or since added to the rich inheritance.

At such a crisis, therefore, and in such a cause, yielding o neither consternation nor despair, may we not all profit



by the vehement exhortations of Cicero to Atticus: "If you are asleep, awake; if you are standing, move; if you are moving, run; if you are running, fly?"

5 All these considerations warn us,—the grave-stones of almost every former republic warn us,—that a high standard of moral rectitude, as well as of intelligence, is quite as indispensable to communities, in their public doings, as to individuals, if they would escape from either degeneracy or disgrace.

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LESSON CXCVIII.—POLITICAL CORRUPTION.—GEO. M'DUFFIE.

SIR,—we are apt to treat the idea of our own corruptibility, as utterly visionary, and to ask, with a grave affectation of dignity,—what! do you think a member of congress can be corrupted? Sir, I speak what I have long and de-

5 liberately considered, when I say, that since man was created, there never has been a political body on the face of the earth, that would not be corrupted under the same circumstances. Corruption steals upon us, in a thousand insidious forms, when we are least aware of its approaches.

10 Of all the forms in which it can present itself, the bribery of office is the most dangerous, because it assumes the guise of patriotism to accomplish its fatal sorcery. We are often asked, where is the evidence of corruption? Have you seen it? Sir, do you expect to see it? You

15 might as well expect to see the embodied forms of pestilence and famine stalking before you, as to see the latent operations of this insidious power. We may walk amidst it, and breathe its contagion, without being conscious of its presence. All experience teaches us the irresistible

20 power of temptation, when vice assumes the form of virtue. The great enemy of mankind could not have consummated his infernal scheme for the seduction of our first parents, but for the disguise in which he presented himself. Had he appeared, as the devil, in his proper form; had the

25 spear of Ithuriel disclosed the naked deformity of the fiend of hell, the inhabitants of Paradise would have shrunk, with horror, from his presence. But he came, as the insinuating serpent, and presented a beautiful apple, the most delicious fruit in all the garden. He told his glowing story,

30 to the unsuspecting victim of his guile. "It can be no crime to taste of this delightful fruit. It will disclose to you the knowledge of good and evil. It will raise you to an equality with the angels." Such, sir, was the process



and, in this simple but impressive narrative, we have the most beautiful and philosophical illustration of the frailty of man, and the power of temptation, that could possibly be exhibited.

- 5 Mr. Chairman, I have been forcibly struck with the similarity between our present situation and that of Eve, after it was announced that Satan was on the borders of Paradise. We, too, have been warned that the enemy is on our borders. But God forbid that the similitude should be carried any farther. Eve, conscious of her innocence, sought temptation, and defied it. The catastrophe is too fatally known to us all. She went, "with the blessings of Heaven on her head, and its purity in her heart," guarded by the ministry of angels,—she returned, covered with shame, under the heavy denunciation of Heaven's everlasting curse.

- 15 Sir, it is innocence that temptation conquers. If our first parent, pure as she came from the hand of God, was overcome by the seductive power, let us not imitate her fatal rashness, seeking temptation, when it is in our power to avoid it. Let us not vainly confide in our own infallibility. We are liable to be corrupted. To an ambitious man, an honorable office will appear as beautiful and fascinating, as the apple of Paradise.

- 25 I admit, sir, that ambition is a passion, at once the most powerful and the most useful. Without it, human affairs would become a mere stagnant pool. By means of his patronage, the president addresses himself, in the most irresistible manner; to this, the noblest and strongest of our passions. All that the imagination can desire,—honor, power, wealth, ease,—are held out, as the temptation. Man was not made to resist such temptations. It is impossible to conceive,—Satan himself could not devise,—a system which would more infallibly introduce corruption and death, into our political Eden. Sir, the angels fell from heaven, 35 with less temptation.
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LESSON CXCIX.—INTELLIGENCE NECESSARY TO PERPETUATE INDEPENDENCE.—DAWES.

- That education is one of the deepest principles of independence, need not be labored in this assembly. In arbitrary governments, where the people neither make the law, nor choose those who legislate, the more ignorance, the more peace. But in a government, where the people fill all the branches of the sovereignty, intelligence is the life

of liberty. An American would resent his being denied the use of his musket; but he would deprive himself of a stronger safeguard, if he should want that learning which is necessary to a knowledge of the constitution. It is easy

5 to see, that our Agrarian law, and the law of education, were calculated to make republicans, to make men. Servitude could never long consist with the habits of such citizens. Enlightened minds, and virtuous manners, lead to the gates of glory.

10 The sentiment of independence must have been connatural in the bosoms of Americans; and, sooner or later, must have blazed out, into public action. Independence fits the soul of her residence, for every noble enterprise of humanity and greatness. Her radiant smile lights up celestial ardor

15 in poets and orators, who sound her praises through all ages; in legislators and philosophers, who fabricate wise and happy governments, as dedications to her fame; in patriots and heroes, who shed their lives in sacrifice to her divinity. At this idea, do not our minds swell with the

20 memory of those, whose godlike virtues have founded her most magnificent temple in America? It is easy for us to maintain her doctrines, at this late day, when there is but one party, on the subject, an immense people.

But what tribute shall we bestow, what sacred pæan

25 shall we raise over the tombs of those who dared, in the face of unrivalled power, and within the reach of majesty, to blow the blast of freedom throughout a subject continent? Nor did those brave countrymen of ours only express the emotions of glory; the nature of their principles

30 inspired them with the power of practice, and they offered their bosoms to the shafts of battle. Bunker's awful mount is the capacious urn of their ashes; but the flaming bounds of the universe could not limit the flight of their minds. They fled to the union of kindred souls; and those who

35 fell at the strait of Thermopylæ, and those who bled on the heights of Charlestown, now reap congenial joys, in the fields of the blessed.

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LESSON CC.—SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Sir, I do not wish to overrate,—I do not overrate,—the progress of these new states in the great work of establishing a well-secured popular liberty. I know that to be a great attainment, and I know they are but pupils in the

5 school. But, thank God, they are in the school. They are called to meet difficulties. such as neither we nor our



fathers encountered. For these we ought to make large allowances. What have we ever known, like the colonial vassalage of these states? When did we or our ancestors feel, like them, the weight of a political despotism that  
5 presses men to the earth, or of that religious intolerance which would shut up heaven to all but the bigoted? Sir, we sprung from another stock. We belong to another race. We have known nothing,—we have felt nothing,—of the political despotism of Spain, nor of the heat of her  
10 fires of intolerance.

No rational man expects that the south can run the same rapid career as the north; or that an insurgent province of Spain is in the same condition as the English colonies, when they first asserted their independence. There is,  
15 doubtless, much more to be done in the first, than in the last case. But, on that account, the honor of the attempt is not less; and if all difficulties shall be in time surmounted, it will be greater. The work may be more arduous; it is not less noble, because there may be more of  
20 ignorance to enlighten,—more of bigotry to subdue,—more of prejudice to eradicate.

If it be a weakness to feel a strong interest in the success of these great revolutions, I confess myself guilty of that weakness. If it be weak, to feel that I am an American, to think that recent events have not only opened new  
25 modes of intercourse, but have created also new grounds of regard and sympathy between ourselves and our neighbors; if it be weak to feel that the south, in her present state, is somewhat more emphatically a part of America,  
30 than when she lay obscure, oppressed and unknown, under the grinding bondage of a foreign power; if it be weak to rejoice, when, even in any corner of the earth, human beings are able to get up from beneath oppression, to erect themselves, and to enjoy the proper happiness of their intelligent nature;—if this be weak, it is a weakness from  
35 which I claim no exemption.

A day of solemn retribution now visits the once proud monarchy of Spain. The prediction is fulfilled. The spirit of Montezuma, and of the Incas, might now well say,

40 “Art thou, too, fallen, Iberia? Do we see  
The robber and the murderer weak as we?  
Thou! that hast wasted earth, and dared despise  
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,—  
Thy pomp is in the grave; thy glory laid  
45 Low in the pit thine avarice has made”

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## LESSON CCI.—EXCELLENCE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.—

*Beattie.*

Is it bigotry to believe the sublime truths of the Gospel with full assurance of faith? I glory in such bigotry. I would not part with it for a thousand worlds. I congratulate the man who is possessed of it: for, amidst all the  
5 vicissitudes and calamities of the present state, that man enjoys an inexhaustible fund of consolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him.

There is not a book on earth, so favorable to all the kind, and all the sublime affections; or so unfriendly to hatred  
10 and persecution, to tyranny, to injustice, and every sort of malevolence, as the Gospel. It breathes nothing throughout, but mercy, benevolence, and peace.

Poetry is sublime, when it awakens in the mind any great and good affection, as piety or patriotism. This is  
15 one of the noblest effects of the art. The Psalms are remarkable, beyond all other writings, for their power of inspiring devout emotions. But it is not in this respect only, that they are sublime. Of the divine nature, they contain the most magnificent descriptions, that the soul of  
20 man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth Psalm, in particular, displays the power and goodness of Providence, in creating and preserving the world, and the various tribes of animals in it, with such majestic brevity and beauty, as it is vain to look for in any human composition.

Such of the doctrines of the Gospel, as are level to human capacity, appear to be agreeable to the purest truth, and the soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the heathen world, all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, had never been able to produce  
30 such a system of moral duty, and so rational an account of Providence and of man, as are to be found in the New Testament. Compared, indeed, with this, all other moral and theological wisdom

Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows.

## LESSON CCII.—SPEECH OF MR. GRIFFIN AGAINST CHEETHAM.

I am one of those who believe, that the heart of the wilful and the deliberate libeller, is blacker than that of the highway robber, or of one who commits the crime of midnight arson. The man who plunders on the highway, may  
5 have the semblance of an apology for what he does. And

affectionate wife may demand subsistence; a circle of helpless children raise to him the supplicating hand for food. He may be driven to the desperate act, by the high mandate of imperative necessity. The mild features of the husband and the father, may intermingle with those of the robber, and soften the roughness of the shade. But the robber of character plunders that which "not enricheth him," though it makes his neighbor "poor indeed."

The man who, at the midnight hour, consumes his neighbor's dwelling, does him an injury which perhaps is not irreparable. Industry may rear another habitation. The storm may indeed descend upon him, until charity opens a neighboring door: the rude winds of heaven may whistle around his uncovered family. But he looks forward to better days; he has yet a hook to hang a hope on.

No such consolation cheers the heart of him whose character has been torn from him. If innocent, he may look, like Anaxagoras, to the heavens; but he must be constrained to feel, that this world is to him a wilderness. For whither shall he go? Shall he dedicate himself to the service of his country? But will his country receive him? Will she employ in her councils, or in her armies, the man at whom the "slow, unmoving finger of scorn" is pointed? Shall he betake himself to the fire-side? The story of his disgrace will enter his own doors before him. And can he bear, think you, can he bear the sympathizing agonies of a distressed wife? Can he endure the formidable presence of scrutinizing, sneering domestics? Will his children receive instruction from the lips of a disgraced father?

Gentlemen, I am not ranging on fairy ground. I am telling the plain story of my client's wrongs. By the ruthless hand of malice, his character has been wantonly massacred;—and he now appears before a jury of his country for redress. Will you deny him this redress? —Is character valuable? On this point I will not insult you with argument. There are certain things, to argue which is treason against nature. The Author of our being did not intend to leave this point afloat at the mercy of opinion; but, with his own hand, has he kindly planted in the soul of man an instinctive *love of character*.

This high sentiment has no affinity to pride. It is the ennobling quality of the soul: and if we have hitherto been elevated above the ranks of surrounding creation, human nature owes its elevation to the *love of character*. It is the



*love of character* for which the poet has sung, the philosopher toiled, the hero bled. It is the *love of character* which wrought miracles at ancient Greece; the *love of character* is the eagle on which Rome rose to empire.

5 And it is the *love of character* animating the bosom of her sons, on which America must depend in those approaching crises that may "try men's souls." Will a jury weaken this our nation's hope? Will they by their verdict pronounce to the youth of our country, that character is scarce  
10 worth possessing?

We read of that philosophy which can smile over the destruction of property,—of that religion which enables its possessor to extend the benign look of forgiveness and complacency, to his murderers. But it is not in the soul of  
15 man to bear the laceration of slander. The philosophy which could bear it, we should despise. The religion which could bear it, we should not despise,—but we should be constrained to say, that its kingdom was not of this world.

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LESSON CCHL.—SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE AND CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.—*Sheridan*.

*Capt. A.* Sir Anthony, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

5 *Sir A.* Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey?

*Capt. A.* Yes, sir, I am on duty.

*Sir A.* Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I  
10 grow old and infirm, and shall probably not be with you long.

*Capt. A.* Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

15 *Sir A.* I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed  
20 you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

*Capt. A.* Sir, you are very good.



*Sir A.* And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

5 *Capt. A.* Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

*Sir A.* Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

*Capt. A.* My wife, sir!

10 *Sir A.* Ay, ay, settle that between you; settle that between you.

*Capt. A.* A wife, sir, did you say?

*Sir A.* Ay, a wife: why, did not I mention her before?

*Capt. A.* Not a word of her, sir.

15 *Sir A.* Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage; the fortune is saddled with a wife; but I suppose that makes no difference?

*Capt. A.* Sir, sir, you amaze me!

*Sir A.* What's the matter with the fool?—just now you were all gratitude and duty.

20 *Capt. A.* I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not one word of a wife.

*Sir A.* Why, what difference does that make? Sir, if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

25 *Capt. A.* Pray, sir, who is the lady?

*Sir A.* What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

*Capt. A.* Sure, sir, that's not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

30 *Sir A.* I am sure, sir, 't is more unreasonable in you, to object to a lady you know nothing of,—

*Capt. A.* You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I can not obey you.

35 *Sir A.* Hark ye, Jack; I have heard you for some time with patience,—I have been cool,—quite cool: but take care; you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led, when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

40 *Capt. A.* Sir, I must repeat it; in this I can not obey you.

*Sir A.* Now, hang me, if ever I call you Jack again, while I live!

*Capt. A.* Nay, sir, but hear me.

*Sir A.* Sir, I won't hear a word, not a word! not one

word! So give me your promise by a nod, and I'll tell you what, Jack,—I mean you dog,—if you don't by——

*Capt. A.* What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness; to——

- 5 *Sir A.* Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew. She shall be all  
10 this, sirrah! Yes, I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

*Capt. A.* This is reason and moderation, indeed!

*Sir A.* None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

- 15 *Capt. A.* Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

*Sir A.* 'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

- 20 *Capt. A.* Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

*Sir A.* None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please; it won't do with me, I promise you.

*Capt. A.* Indeed, sir, I was never cooler in my life.

- 25 *Sir A.* 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are a hypocritical young dog; but it won't do.

*Capt. A.* Nay, sir, upon my word,—

- Sir A.* So you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like  
30 me? What good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! Don't provoke me! But you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog! You play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care;  
35 the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! But mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this; if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why, confound you! I may in time forgive you. If not, don't enter the same  
40 hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own: I'll strip you of your commission: I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown

you ; I'll disinherit you ; and hang me, if ever I call you Jack again !

[*Exit.*

*Capt. A.* Mild, gentle, considerate father, I kiss your hands.

LESSON CCIV.—ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.—*Shakspeare.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones :

5 So let it be with Cæsar ! The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault :—

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

10 (For Brutus is an honorable man,

So are they all, all honorable men ;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.—

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

15 And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this, in Cæsar, seem ambitious ?

When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept :

20 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;

25 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And sure he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ;

But here I am to speak what I do know.

30 You all did love him once, not without cause :

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me :

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar ;

35 And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,



And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O Masters! If I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

- 5 Who, you all know, are honorable men.  
I will not do them wrong,—I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

- But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar  
10 I found it in his closet: 't is his will.  
Let but the commons hear this testament,  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,—  
15 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.—

- If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
20 You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;  
'T was on a summer's evening in his tent:  
That day he overcame the Nervii:—  
Look! In this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:—  
25 See, what a rent the envious Casca made,—  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;  
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!—  
This was the most unkindest\* cut of all!  
30 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquished him! Then burst his mighty heart.  
And, in his mantle, muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,†  
35 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I and you, and all of us, fell down;  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel

\* This double superlative, like "the *most straitest* sect of our religion," (Acts xxvi. 5,) was tolerated by the best English writers, two or three centuries ago.

† Statua, for statue, is common among the old writers.

The dint of pity :—these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls ! What ! weep you when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look ye here !—  
 Here is himself,—marred, as you see, by traitors.

- 5 Good friends ! sweet friends ! Let me not stir you up  
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny !  
 They that have done this deed are honorable !  
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
 That made them do it ! They are wise and honorable,  
 10 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts !  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
 But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,  
 That love my friend,—and that they know full well,  
 15 That gave me public leave to speak of him !  
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood :—I only speak right on :  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know,—  
 20 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
 And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 25 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

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LESSON CCV.—THE VICTOR ANGELS.—*Milton.*

- Now when fair morn orient in Heaven appeared,  
 Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms  
 The matin trumpet sung : in arms they stood  
 Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
 5 Soon banded ; others from the dawning hills  
 Looked round, and scouts each coast light armed scour  
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,  
 Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
 In motion or in halt : him soon they met  
 10 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow  
 But firm battalion ; back with speediest sail  
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
 Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried ;  
 ' ARM, Warriors, *arm for fight*,—the foe at hand,  
 15 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
 This day ; fear not his flight : so thick a cloud

- He comes ; and settled in his face I see  
 Sad resolution and secure : let each  
 His adamantine coat gird well,—and each  
 Fit well his helm,—gripe fast his orbéd shield,  
 5 Borne even or high ; for this day will pour down,  
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,  
 But rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire.”
- So warned he them, aware themselves, and soon  
 In order, quit of all impediment ;  
 10 Instant, without disturb, they took alarm,  
 And onward move, embattled : when behold !  
 Not distant far, with heavy pace the foe,  
 Approaching, gross and huge, in hollow cube,  
 Training his devilish enginery, impaled  
 15 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
 Awhile ; but suddenly at head appeared  
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud ;  
 “ VANGUARD, to right and left the front unfold ;  
 20 That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
 Peace and composure, and with open breast  
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse.”

## LESSON CCVI.—IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN.—

HENRY CLAY.

- Who is prepared to say, that American seamen shall be  
 surrendered, as victims, to the British principle of impress-  
 ment ? And, sir, what is this principle ? She contends,  
 that she has a right to the services of her own subjects ;  
 5 and that, in the exercise of this right, she may lawfully  
 impress them, even although she finds them in American  
 vessels, upon the high seas, without her jurisdiction. Now  
 I deny that she has any right, beyond her jurisdiction, to  
 come on board our vessels, upon the high seas, for any  
 10 other purpose, than in the pursuit of enemies, or their  
 goods, or goods contraband of war.
- But she further contends, that her subjects cannot  
 renounce their allegiance to her, and contract a new obli-  
 gation to other sovereigns. I do not mean to go into the  
 15 general question of the right of expatriation. If, as is  
 contended, all nations deny it, all nations, at the same  
 time, admit and practice the right of naturalization. Great



Britain herself does this. Great Britain, in the very case of foreign seamen, imposes, perhaps, fewer restraints upon naturalization, than any other nation. Then, if subjects cannot break their original allegiance, they may, according to universal usage, contract a new allegiance.

What is the effect of this double obligation? Undoubtedly, that the sovereign having the possession of the subject, would have the right to the services of the subject. If he return within the jurisdiction of his primitive sovereign, he may resume his right to his services, of which the subject, by his own act, could not divest himself. But his primitive sovereign can have no right to go in quest of him, out of his own jurisdiction, into the jurisdiction of another sovereign, or upon the high seas; where there exists no jurisdiction, or it is possessed by the nation owning the ship navigating them.

But, sir, this discussion is altogether useless. It is not to the British principle, objectionable as it is, that we are alone to look; it is to her practice, no matter what guise she puts on. It is in vain to assert the inviolability of the obligation of allegiance. It is in vain to set up the plea of necessity, and to allege that she cannot exist without the impressment of her seamen. The naked truth is, she comes, by her press-gangs, on board of our vessels, seizes our native as well as naturalized seamen, and drags them into her service.

It is the case, then, of the assertion of an erroneous principle, and of a practice not conformable to the asserted principle,—a principle which, if it were theoretically right, must be forever practically wrong,—a practice which can obtain countenance from no principle whatever, and to submit to which, on our part, would betray the most abject degradation.

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LESSON CCVII.—“NEW ENGLAND, WHAT IS SHE?—‘DELEND A EST CARTHAGO.’”—TRISTAM BURGESS.

The policy of the gentleman from Virginia, calls him to a course of legislation resulting in the entire destruction of one part of our Union. Oppress New England, until she shall be compelled to remove her manufacturing labor and capital to the regions of iron, wool, and grain, and nearer to those of rice and cotton. Oppress New England, until she shall be compelled to remove her commercial

labor and capital to New York, Norfolk, Charleston, and Savannah. Finally, oppress that proscribed region, until she shall be compelled to remove her agricultural labor and capital,—her agricultural capital? No, she cannot  
5 remove that. Oppress and compel her, nevertheless, to remove her agricultural labor to the far-off West; and there people the savage valley, and cultivate the deep wilderness of the Oregon.

She must, indeed, leave her agricultural capital; her  
10 peopled fields; her hills with culture carried to their tops; her broad deep bays; her wide transparent lakes, long-winding rivers, and populous waterfalls; her delightful villages, flourishing towns, and wealthy cities. She must leave this land, bought by the treasure, subdued by the  
15 toil, defended by the valor of men, vigorous, athletic, and intrepid; men, god-like in all making man resemble the moral image of his Maker; a land endeared, oh! how deeply endeared, because shared with women pure as the snows of their native mountains; bright, lofty, and over-  
20 awing, as the clear, circumambient heavens over their heads; and yet lovely as the fresh opening bosom of their own blushing and blooming June.

“Mine own romantic country,” must we leave thee? Beautiful patrimony of the wise and good; enriched from  
25 the economy, and ornamented by the labor and perseverance of two hundred years! Must we leave thee, venerable heritage of ancient justice and pristine faith? And, God of our fathers! must we leave thee to the demagogues who have deceived, and traitorously sold us? We  
30 must leave thee to them; and to the remnants of the Penobscots, the Pequods, the Mohicans, and Narragansetts; that they may lure back the far-retired bear, from the distant forest, again to inhabit in the young wilderness, growing up in our flourishing cornfields, and rich  
35 meadows; and spreading, with briars and brambles, over our most “pleasant places.”

All this shall come to pass, to the intent that New England may again become a lair for wild beasts, and a hunting-ground for savages; the graves of our parents  
40 be polluted; and the place made holy by the first footsteps of our pilgrim forefathers, become profaned by the midnight orgies of barbarous incantation. The evening wolf shall again howl on our hills, and the echo of his yell mingle once more with the sound of our water-falls. The

sanctuaries of God shall be made desolate. Where now a whole people congregate in thanksgiving for the benefactions of time, and in humble supplication for the mercies of eternity, there those very houses shall then be  
5 left without a tenant. The owl, at noon-day, may roost on the high altar of devotion, and the "fox look out at the window," on the utter solitude of a New England Sabbath.

New England shall, indeed, under this proscribing policy, be what Switzerland was, under that of France. New England, which, like Switzerland, is the eagle-nest of freedom; New England, where, as in Switzerland, the cradle of infant liberty "was rocked by whirlwinds, in their  
rage;" New England shall, as Switzerland was, in truth,  
5 be "the immolated victim, where nothing but the skin remains unconsumed by the sacrifice;" New England, as Switzerland had, shall have "nothing left but her rocks, her ruins, and her demagogues."

The mind, sir, capable of conceiving a project of mischief so gigantic, must have been early schooled, and deeply imbued with all the great principles of moral  
20 evil.

What, then, sir, shall we say of a spirit, regarding this event as a "consummation devoutly to be wished?"—a  
25 spirit, without one attribute, or one hope, of the pure in heart; a spirit, which begins and ends every thing, not with prayer, but with imprecation; a spirit, which blots from the great canon of petition, "Give us this day our daily bread;" that, foregoing bodily nutriment, he may  
30 attain to a higher relish for that unmingled food, prepared and served up to a soul "hungering and thirsting after wickedness;" a spirit, which, at every rising sun, exclaims "*Hodie! hodie! Carthago delenda!*" "To-day, to-day! let New England be destroyed!"

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LESSON CCVIII.—PARTY SPIRIT.—WILLIAM GASTON.

Threats of resistance, secession, separation,—have become common as household words, in the wicked and silly violence of public declaimers. The public ear is familiarized, and the public mind will soon be accustomed,  
5 to the detestable suggestions of DISUNION! Calculations and conjectures, What may the East do without the South,



and what may the South do without the East?—sneers, menaces, reproaches, and recriminations, all tend to the same fatal end! What can the East do without the South? What can the South do without the East?

- 5 If it must be so, let parties and party men continue to quarrel with little or no regard to the public good. They may mystify themselves and others with disputations on political economy, proving the most opposite doctrines to their own satisfaction, and perhaps, to the conviction of no  
10 one else on earth. They may deserve reprobation for their selfishness, their violence, their errors, or their wickedness. They may do our country much harm. They may retard its growth, destroy its harmony, impair its character, render its institutions unstable, pervert  
15 the public mind, and deprave the public morals. These are, indeed, evils, and sore evils, but the principle of life remains, and will yet struggle with assured success, over these temporary maladies.

- Still we are great, glorious, united, and free; still we  
20 have a name that is revered abroad, and loved at home,—a name, which is a tower of strength to us against foreign wrong, and a bond of internal union and harmony,—a name, which no enemy pronounces but with respect, and which no citizen hears, but with a throb of exultation.  
25 Still we have that blessed Constitution, which, with all its pretended defects, and all its alleged violations, has conferred more benefit on man, than ever yet flowed from any other human institution,—which has established justice, insured domestic tranquillity, provided for the common  
30 defence, promoted the general welfare, and which, under God, if we be true to ourselves, will insure the blessings of Liberty to us and our posterity.

- Surely, such a country, and such a Constitution, have claims upon you, my friends, which cannot be disre-  
35 garded. I entreat and adjure you, then, by all that is near and dear to you on earth, by all the obligations of patriotism, by the memory of your fathers, who fell in the great and glorious struggle, for the sake of your sons, whom you would not have to blush for your degeneracy;  
40 by all your proud recollections of the past, and all the fond anticipations of the future renown of our nation,—preserve that Country,—uphold that Constitution. Resolve, that they shall not be lost, while in your keeping; and may God Almighty strengthen you to perform that vow!
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## LESSON CCIX.—RESTLESS SPIRIT OF MAN.—WILBUR FISK.

There is a spirit, an active, aspiring principle in man, which cannot be broken down by oppression, or satisfied by indulgence.

5                   “He has a soul of vast desires,  
                    It burns within with restless fires:”

Desires, which no earthly good can satisfy; fires, which no waters of affliction or discouragement can quench. And it is from this, his nature, that society derives all its interests, and here also lies all its danger. This spirit is  
10 at once the terror of tyrants, and the destroyer of republics.

To form some idea of its strength, let us look at it in its different conditions, both when it is depressed, and when it is exalted. See, when it is bent down, for a time,  
15 by the iron grasp and leaden sceptre of tyranny, cramping, and curtailing, and hedging in the soul, and foiling it in all its attempts to break from its bonds and assert its native independence. In these cases, the noble spirit, like a wild beast in the toils, sinks down, at times, into  
20 sullen inactivity, only that it may rise again, when exhausted nature is a little restored, to rush, as hope excites, or madness impels, in stronger paroxysms against the cords which bind it down.

This is seen in the mobs and rebellions of the most  
25 besotted and enslaved nations. Witness the repeated convulsions in Ireland, that degraded and oppressed country. Neither desolating armies, nor numerous garrisons, nor the most rigorous administration, enforced by thousands of public executions, can break the spirit of that restless  
30 people.

Witness Greece: generations have passed away, since the warriors of Greece have had their feet put in fetters, and the race of heroes had apparently become extinct; and the Grecian lyre had long been unstrung, and her  
35 lights put out. Her haughty masters thought her spirit was dead; but it was not dead, it only slept. In a moment, as it were, we saw all Greece in arms; she shook off her slumbers, and rushed, with frenzy and hope, upon seeming impossibilities, to conquer or to die.

40 We see, then, that man has a spirit, which is not easily broken down by oppression. Let us inquire, whether it can be more easily satisfied by indulgence. And, in every

step of this inquiry, we shall find that no miser ever yet had gold enough; no office-seeker ever yet had honor enough; no conqueror ever yet subdued kingdoms enough.

When the rich man had filled his store-houses, he must  
5 pull down and build larger. When Cæsar had conquered all his enemies, he must enslave his friends.

When Bonaparte had become the Emperor of France, he aspired to the throne of all Europe. Facts, a thousand  
10 facts, in every age, and among all classes, prove, that such is the ambitious nature of the soul, such the increasing compass of its vast desires, that the material universe, with all its vastness, richness, and variety, cannot satisfy it. Nor is it in the power of the governments of this  
15 world, in their most perfect forms, so to interest the feelings, so to regulate the desires, so to restrain the passions, or so to divert, or charm, or chain the souls of a whole community, but that these latent and ungovernable fires will, sooner or later, burst out and endanger the whole  
body politic.

20 What has been the fate of the ancient republics? They have been dissolved by this same restless and disorganizing spirit, of which we have been speaking. And do we not see the same dangerous spirit, in our own comparatively happy and strongly constituted republic?

25 Here, the road to honor and wealth is open to all; and here, is general intelligence. But here, man is found to possess the same nature as elsewhere. And the stirrings of his restless spirit have already disturbed the peace of society, and portend future convulsions. Party spirit is  
30 begotten; ambitious views are engendered, and fed, and inflamed; many are running the race for office; rivals are envied; characters are aspersed; animosities are enkindled; and the whole community are disturbed by the electioneering contest.

35 Already office-seekers, in different parts of the country, unblushingly recommend themselves to notice, and palm themselves upon the people, by every electioneering manœuvre; and in this way, such an excitement is produced, in many parts of the Union, as makes the contend-  
10 ing parties almost like mobs, assailing each other. Only let the public sense become vitiated, and let a number of causes unite to produce a general excitement; and all our fair political proportions would fall before the spirit of



party, as certainly and as ruinously, as the fair proportions of Italian architecture fell before the ancient Goths and Vandals.

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LESSON CCX.—RECTITUDE OF CHARACTER.—WILLIAM WIRT.

The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of  
5 such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of Heaven. While he, who is conscious of secret and dark designs, which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public  
10 observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him.

Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit; but it is impossible that he can pursue them with  
15 the same health-inspiring confidence, and exulting alacrity, with him who feels, at every step, that he is in pursuit of honest ends, by honest means.

The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man steadfastly,  
20 yet courteously, in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm, elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered; he may be  
25 deserted by the world; but he has that within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course, with his eyes fixed on Heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

Let your first step, then, in that discipline which is to  
30 give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use this phrase, "honest men," in the narrow sense, merely, of meeting  
35 your pecuniary engagements, and paying your debts; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do.

I use it in its larger sense of discharging all your

- duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, Heaven-attesting integrity : in that sense, farther, which drives from the bosom all little, dark crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier, and nobler spirit : one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as born, not so much for yourselves, as for your country, and your fellow-creatures, and which will lead you to act, on every occasion, sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously.
- 10 There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be the height of folly to neglect ; a generous expansion, a proud elevation, and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided
- 15 course, in every situation into which you can be thrown ; and, it is to this high and noble tone of character that I would have you to aspire.

I would not have you to resemble those weak and meagre streamlets, which lose their direction at every petty impediment that presents itself, and stop, and turn back, and creep around, and search out every little channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you to resemble the headlong torrent that carries havoc in its mad career.

- 25 But I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of majestic Decision, which, in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens, day and night, with the echoes of its sublime Declaration of Independence, and tossing and
- 30 sporting on its bed, with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition. It is this depth, and weight, and power, and purity of character, that I would have you to resemble ; and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own
- 35 action.
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LESSON CCXI.—WASHINGTON.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington ! And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

- 5 Washington ! “ First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen ! ” Washington is all our own ! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which

the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question to-day  
5 to the intelligence of Europe, and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not, that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be, Washington!

10 This structure,\* by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives, as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed,  
15 though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city, or a single state,—ascends the colossal grandeur of his character, and his life. In all the constituents of the one,—in all the acts of the  
20 other,—in all its titles to immortal love, admiration, and renown,—it is an American production. It is the embodiment and vindication of our transatlantic liberty. Born upon our soil,—of parents also born upon it,—never for a moment having had a sight of the old world,—instructed,  
25 according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge, which our institutions provide for the children of the people,—growing up beneath, and penetrated by, the genuine influences of American society,—growing up amidst our expanding,  
30 but not luxurious, civilization,—partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man,—our agony of glory, the war of independence,—our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the Constitution,—he  
35 is all,—all our own! That crowded and glorious life,—

“Where multitudes of virtues passed along,  
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,  
Contending to be seen, then making room  
For greater multitudes that were to come;”—

40 that life was the life of an American citizen.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the re-

\* The Bunker Hill Monument.



proaches of enemies and the misgivings of friends,—I turn to that transcendent name, for courage and for consolation. To him who denies, or doubts, whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness,—to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul, and the passion of true glory,—to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples,—to all these I reply by pointing to Washington!

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## LESSON CCXII.—PUBLIC FAITH.—FISHER AMES.

To expatiate on the value of public faith, may pass, with some men, for declamation,—to such men I have nothing to say. To others I will urge,—can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debasement, than the want of it? Can anything tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue, than such a standard of action?

It would not merely demoralize mankind; it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire, in its stead, a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue; and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be, in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to

such a country, as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

5 I see no exception to the respect, that is paid among nations, to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period, when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians,—  
10 a whiff of tobacco smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money, but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see, neither the ignorance  
15 of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together and form a society, they would, however loath,  
20 soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

25 It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition, that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine that a republican government sprung, as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin  
30 is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless,—can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces, the states of Barbary are unsuspected of. No, let me rather make the supposition, that Great Britain refuses  
35 to execute the treaty, after we have done every thing to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach, pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or rather what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might  
40 travel, shame would stick to him,—he would disown his country. You would exclaim, England, proud of your wealth, and arrogant in the possession of power,—blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your

dishonor. Such a nation might truly say to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. We should say of such a race of men their name is a heavier burden than their debt.

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LESSON CCXIII.—FREE INSTITUTIONS FAVORABLE TO LITERATURE.—EDWARD EVERETT.

The greatest efforts of human genius have been made where the nearest approach to free institutions has taken place. There shone not forth one ray of intellectual light to cheer the long and gloomy ages of the Memphian and  
5 Babylonian despots. Not a historian, not an orator, not a poet, is heard of in their annals. When you ask, what was achieved by the generations of thinking beings, the millions of men, whose natural genius was as bright as that of the Greeks, nay, who forestalled the Greeks in the  
10 first invention of many of the arts,—you are told, that they built the pyramids of Memphis, the temples of Thebes, and the tower of Babylon, and carried Sesostris and Ninus upon their shoulders, from the west of Africa to the Indus.

15 Mark the contrast in Greece. With the first emerging of that country into the light of political liberty, the poems of Homer appear. Some centuries of political misrule and literary darkness follow; and then the great constellation of their geniuses seems to arise at once. The stormy elo-  
20 quence and the deep philosophy, the impassioned drama and the grave history, were all produced for the entertainment of that “fierce democracie” of Athens. Here, then, the genial influence of liberty on letters, is strongly put to the test. Athens was certainly a free state; free to licen-  
25 tiousness,—free to madness. The rich were arbitrarily pillaged to defray the expenses of the state; the great were banished to appease the envy of their rivals; the wise sacrificed to the fury of the populace. It was a state, in short, where liberty existed with most of the imperfec-  
30 tions which have led men to love and praise despotism. Still, however, it was for this lawless, merciless people, that the most chastised and accomplished literature, which the world has known, was produced.

The philosophy of Plato was the attraction which drew



to a morning's walk in the olive gardens of the academy, the young men of this factious city. Those tumultuous assemblies of Athens,—the very same, which rose in their wrath, and to a man clamored for the blood of  
5 Phocion,—required to be addressed, not in the cheap, extemporaneous rant of modern demagogues, but in the elaborate and thrice-repeated orations of Demosthenes. No! the noble and elegant arts of Greece grew up in no Augustan age,—enjoyed neither royal nor imperial patronage.  
10 Unknown before in the world, strangers on the Nile, and strangers on the Euphrates, they sprang at once into life in a region not unlike our own New England,—iron-bound, sterile, and free.

The imperial astronomers of Chaldea went up almost  
15 to the stars in their observatories; but it was a Greek who first foretold an eclipse, and measured the year. The nations of the East invented the alphabet; but not a line has reached us of profane literature, in any of their languages,—and it is owing to the embalming power of  
20 Grecian genius, that the invention itself has been transmitted to the world. The Egyptian architects could erect structures, which, after three thousand five hundred years, are still standing in their uncouth, original majesty; but it was only on the barren soil of Attica, that the beautiful  
25 columns of the Parthenon and the Theseum could rest, which are standing also. With the decline of liberty in Greece, began the decline of all her letters, and all her arts, though her tumultuous democracies were succeeded by liberal and accomplished princes.

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LESSON CCXIV.—THE STUDY OF ELOCUTION NECESSARY FOR  
A PREACHER.—PROF. PARK.

Among all the attractions of divine worship, there is none like that of the preacher's natural eloquence. No instrument of music is so sweet as the human voice, when attuned, as it may be, by care. The most exhilarating  
5 band of performers on the dulcimer and the cymbal, will be heard with less pleasure, than he who has learned to play well on that instrument which is as far superior to all others, as a work of God is superior to the works of man. Let it then no longer be said, that while an organ-

- ist will spend years in learning to manage a collection of leaden pipes, the preacher is unwilling to exert himself for acquiring a control over the stops and keys of what is far more religious in its tones, than the organ. So, likewise, the human eye can be made eloquent, when the tongue can say no more; the palm of the hand, too, has an eye which is full of meaning. But the philosophy of these organs is neither understood, nor applied to practice, by our preachers.
- 10 If we dwelt in a land, where the preacher is the only man who ventures to address an assembly, then we might lean on this privilege, and rest assured, that a faulty eloquence in the pulpit, is better than none at all among the people. But we dwell in a land, where the laymen are
- 15 popular orators; where the mechanic is master of a racy, vigorous diction; where the reformed inebriate can electrify an audience who will sleep under a lifeless sermon; where the enemies of religion and social order, have caught the spirit and the fire which the ministry have
- 20 lost. Other men can speak without reading; and unless we can use, in a good cause, the weapons which infidels use in a bad one, we shall surrender the truth to dangers which can arise nowhere, but in a republic. Nowhere, but in *this* republic, is the force of popular eloquence felt
- 25 universally; and the church will be overborne, if this force be not controlled with unwonted skill.

- We have not sought to recover the naturalness of manner which an artificial education has perverted. We still allow our theological seminaries to remain destitute of all
- 30 adequate instruction on this theme. It is confidently believed, that, if professorships of elocution were properly endowed and supplied in our theological seminaries, a more *immediate* and a more *manifest* service would be rendered to the pulpit, than can be performed by almost
- 35 any other charity; for the department of elocution is now more neglected than any other; and if nature were allowed to resume the place, from which the worst species of art has expelled it, the improvement in our speech would be seen and felt more *easily, quickly, and generally*, than
- 40 almost any other kind of improvement.
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## LESSON CCXV.—RELIEF OF REVOLUTIONARY OFFICERS.—

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Let us look, for a moment, at the arguments advanced by the opponents of the bill. The meritorious services of the petitioners, the signal advantages that have resulted from these services to us and to posterity; the losses sustained by the petitioners, and the consequent advantages derived by the government from the act of commutation, are unequivocally admitted.

But it is contended, we have made a compromise legally binding on the parties, and exonerating the government from farther liability; that, in an evil and unguarded hour, they have given us a release, and we stand upon our "bond."

Now, the question which I wish to address to the conscience and the judgment of this honorable body, is this, not whether this issue was well taken in point of law; not whether we might not hope for a safe deliverance under it; but whether the issue ought to be taken at all; whether it comports with the honor of the government to plead a legal exemption against the claims of gratitude; whether, in other words, the government be bound at all times to insist upon its strict legal rights.

Has this been the practice of the government on all former occasions? Or, is this the only question on which this principle should operate? Nothing can be easier than to show, that the uniform practice of the government has been at war with the principle which is now opposed to the claim of the petitioners.

Not a session has occurred, since the commencement of this government, in which Congress has not relieved the citizens from hardships resulting from unforeseen contingencies, and forbore an enforcement of law, when its enforcement would work great and undeserved injury. I might, if excusable on an occasion like this, turn over the statute book, page by page, and give repeated proofs of this assertion. But it is unnecessary.

It appears, then, that it has not been the practice of the government to act the part of Shylock with its citizens, and God forbid, that it should make its debut\* on the present occasion, not so much in the character of a merciless creditor, as a reluctant, though wealthy debtor; with holding the merited pittance from those to whose noble

\* Pronounced *dabū*.



daring and unrivalled fortitude, we are indebted for the privilege of sitting in judgment on their claims; and manifesting more sensibility for the purchasers of our lands, than for those by whose bravery they were won; and  
5 but for whose achievements, those very purchasers, instead of being the proprietors of their soil, and the citizens of free and sovereign states, might now be the miserable vassals of some worthless favorite of arbitrary power.

If disposed to be less liberal to the Revolutionary officers than to other classes of community, let us at least  
10 testify our gratitude by relieving their sufferings, and returning a portion of those immense gains which have been the glorious fruits of their toil and of their blood.

Such would, in my judgment, be a correct view of the  
15 subject, had the government relieved itself of all farther liability, by the most ample and unexceptionable performance of its stipulations. How much stronger, then, will be their appeal to your justice, if it can be shown, that you have no right to urge this act of commutation, as a  
20 complete fulfilment of your promise?

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LESSON CCXVI.—RAPACITY AND BARBARITY OF A BRITISH  
SOLDIERY.—WM. LIVINGSTON.

After deploring with you the desolation spread through this state, by an unrelenting enemy, who have, indeed, marked their progress with a devastation unknown to civilized nations, and evincive of the most implacable  
5 vengeance, I heartily congratulate you upon that subsequent series of success, wherewith it hath pleased the Almighty to crown the American arms; and particularly, on the important enterprise against the enemy at Trenton, and the signal victory obtained over them at Princeton, by the  
10 gallant troops under the command of his excellency, General Washington.

Considering the contemptible figure they make at present, and the disgust they have given to many of their own confederates amongst us, by their more than Gothic  
15 ravages, (for thus doth the great Disposer of events often deduce good out of evil,) their irruption into our dominion will probably redound to the public benefit. It has certainly enabled us the more effectually to distinguish our friends from our enemies. It has winnowed the chaff  
20 from the grain. It has discriminated the temporizing politician, who, at the first appearance of danger, was deter

mined to secure his idol, property, at the hazard of the general weal, from the persevering patriot, who, having embarked his all in the common cause, chooses rather to risk, rather to lose that all, for the preservation of the  
5 more estimable treasure, liberty, than to possess it, (enjoy it he certainly could not,) upon the ignominious terms of tamely resigning his country and posterity to perpetual servitude. It has, in a word, opened the eyes of those who were made to believe, that their impious merit, in  
10 abetting our persecutors, would exempt them from being involved in the general calamity.

But, as the rapacity of the enemy was boundless, their havoc was indiscriminate, and their barbarity unparalleled. They have plundered friends and foes. Effects, capable  
15 of division, they have divided. Such as were not, they have destroyed. They have warred upon decrepit age; warred upon defenceless youth. They have committed hostilities against the professors of literature, and the ministers of religion; against public records, and private mon-  
20 uments, and books of improvement, and papers of curiosity, and against the arts and sciences. They have butchered the wounded, asking for quarter; mangled the dying, weltering in their blood; refused to the dead the rites of sepulture; suffered prisoners to perish for want of suste-  
25 nance; violated the chastity of women; disfigured private dwellings of taste and elegance; and, in the rage of impiety and barbarism, profaned and prostrated edifices dedicated to Almighty God.

And yet there are those amongst us, who, either from  
30 ambitious or lucrative motives, or intimidated by the terror of their arms, or from a partial fondness for the British constitution, or deluded by insidious propositions, are secretly abetting, or openly aiding their machinations to deprive us of that liberty, without which man is a beast, and govern  
35 ment a curse.

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LESSON CCXVII.—FREE NAVIGATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—  
GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

Sir, I wish for peace; I wish the negotiation may succeed; and, therefore, I strongly urge you to adopt these resolutions. But though you should adopt them, they alone will not ensure success. I have no hesitation in saying



that you ought to have taken possession of New Orleans and the Floridas, the instant your treaty was violated. You ought to do it now. Your rights are invaded: confidence in negotiation is vain: there is, therefore, no alternative but force. You are exposed to imminent present danger: you have the prospect of great future advantage: you are justified by the clearest principles of right: you are urged by the strongest motives of policy: you are commanded by every sentiment of national dignity. Look at the conduct of America in her infant years. When there was no actual invasion of right, but only a claim to invade, she resisted the claim; she spurned the insult. Did we then hesitate? Did we then wait for foreign alliance? No,—animated with the spirit, warmed with the soul of freedom, we threw our oaths of allegiance in the face of our sovereign, and committed our fortunes, and our fate, to the God of battles. We then were subjects. We had not then attained to the dignity of an independent republic. We then had no rank among the nations of the earth. But we had the spirit which deserved that elevated station. And now that we have gained it, shall we fall from our honor?

Sir, I repeat to you, that I wish for peace; real, lasting, honorable peace. To obtain and secure this blessing, let us, by a bold and decisive conduct, convince the powers of Europe, that we are determined to defend our rights; that we will not submit to insult; that we will not bear degradation. This is the conduct which becomes a generous people. This conduct will command the respect of the world. Nay, sir, it may rouse all Europe to a proper sense of their situation. They see, that the balance of power, on which their liberties depend, is, if not destroyed, in extreme danger. They know that the dominion of France has been extended by the sword, over millions, who groan in the servitude of their new masters. These unwilling subjects are ripe for revolt. The empire of the Gauls is not, like that of Rome, secured by political institutions. It may yet be broken.

But whatever may be the conduct of others, let us act as becomes ourselves. I cannot believe, with my honorable colleague, that three fourths of America are opposed to vigorous measures. I cannot believe, that they will meanly refuse to pay the sums needful to vindicate their honor, and support their independence. Sir, this is a libel on the people of America. They will disdain submission to



the proudest sovereign on earth. They have not lost the spirit of '76. But, sir, if they are so base, as to barter their rights for gold,—if they are so vile, that they will not defend their honor,—they are unworthy of the rank  
5 they enjoy, and it is no matter how soon they are parcelled out among better masters.

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LESSON CCXVIII.—OUR DUTIES TO OUR COUNTRY.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this  
5 sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us, with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes,—all, all conjure us to act wisely, and faithfully, in the relation which we sustain. We can  
10 never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much, of  
15 what we are and what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and these institutions of government.

Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed  
20 health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a  
25 free government?

Fellow-citizens, there is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence  
30 and the benefits of this liberty, and these institutions. Let us then acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of

our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us,—a topic to which, I fear, I advert too often, and dwell on too long,—cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their part well, until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance; but it is that we may judge justly of our situation, and of our own duties, that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position, and our character among the nations of the earth.

It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upheld them.

Let us contemplate, then, this connection which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear upper sky. Those other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.

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LESSON CCXIX.—ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.—E.  
EVERETT.

[From a Speech before the British Scientific Association.]

There seems to be something peculiar in the relation between England and the United States, well calculated to form a basis, as I trust it does and ever will, of kind feelings between both. The relation of colony and  
5 mother country, which formerly subsisted between England and the United States, is, of course, not new in the world. From the beginning of history, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, sent out their colonies to relieve a superabundant population, or in the spirit of commercial enterprise  
10 or to consolidate their distant conquests; but there can, in the nature of things, be no other example of such a relation as exists between us.

Only consider the separate companies of adventurers, some of them actuated by the highest and noblest feelings  
15 that can influence the heart and govern the conduct of men, traversing a mighty ocean which bears them all at once from the mature arts of civilization to the wildest nature,—from the mother country into a savage wilderness, unknown, till then, to the rest of man-  
20 kind. Here they laid the deep and broad foundations of free states, destined, under a multitude of causes, which it is impossible for me here even to glance at, in the maturity of time to grow up into a great family of communities, independent, at least politically, of the mother country;  
25 but still, in their common language and kindred blood, forming, with that mother country, one commercial, social, and intellectual community, destined, I believe, as such, to fulfil the highest ends in the order of Providence.

Suppose, that a similarity were traced by one of your  
30 members, between the geological formations of our two countries. Suppose, that, landing on the coast of America, he should find there the most peculiar strata and the most characteristic fossils of Great Britain, proving, beyond doubt, that, in the primeval ages, our two countries were  
35 part and parcel of the same continent; would not this discovery be hailed with pleasure, and this splendid generalization be welcomed, by every man of science, into the circle of his favorite theories?

Then I ask you, gentlemen, is it a less interesting fact,  
40 that, in crossing this mighty ocean to America, you find there the traces, not of similar strata of coal and gypsum



not like formations of sandstone and granite and gray-wacke, but the traces of kindred families of rational beings? Is it not a delightful fact, that the foot-prints that you first meet there, are not merely those of the fossil animals, whose paradoxical existence was terminated in ages into which history strives in vain to penetrate, even to the vestibule, but the footsteps of men, of kindred men, of men descended from your blood and your revered ancestry, and called, with you, hand in hand, to walk together over the great stage of accountable existence, and to engage, with you, in the investigation of all those high and grand problems that are tasking the minds of civilized men, in this age of the world?

It seems to me, that, if it be the great object of all science,—as Sir John Herschell has said,—to expand and elevate the mind; that, among the topics considered this day, there is not one more calculated to expand and elevate the rational mind, than such a connection between two great countries. Why, it is only since the reign of James the Second, and Charles the First, which is but as yesterday, in the long line of British history, that a few adventurers rather stole across the ocean, than navigated it. Two hundred years have passed away; and out of that little insignificant germ of national existence, millions and millions have grown up, and formed a great and mighty nation, in close connection with your own. And, in whatever light we regard each other, commercial, political, literary, social, or moral, we are destined to exercise an all-powerful influence upon each other,—I believe I may say, without exaggeration, to the end of time.

In the world of science, I would rather say, there has never been a separation between us. There are no *boundary questions* in that pacific realm. The first patron that ever Sir Humphrey Davy had, (if it be not a shame to pronounce the word patron, in connection with such a name,) the first individual who had the honor of helping him into notice was an American citizen; for under the somewhat lofty disguise of "Count Rumford," lies concealed plain "Benjamin Thompson," the son of a New England farmer. Dr. Franklin was first led to turn his attention to electricity by experiments exhibited by an itinerant British lecturer, in the large towns of the then British colonies; and he pursued his inquiries in this branch of science with a few articles of apparatus sent out

to him by a friend in London. The result was his brilliant discovery of the identity of lightning with the electric fluid.

In modern times, the merit of our modest and self-taught mathematician, Bowditch, the American translator and  
5 commentator of La Place, had nowhere been better known and appreciated than here; and, in reference to science, in general, I wish it to be constantly borne in mind by every votary of its pursuit in this country, that fourteen  
10 days are enough to elapse after the publication to the scientific world here, of his speculations or discoveries, before they are liberally received, considered and appreciated, according to their merit, by the only other people on the face of the globe, speaking the same language, and belonging to the same school of civilization.

15 It is unnecessary to speak before this company,—to which the name of Fulton is as familiar as those of Bolton or Watt,—of the part alternately performed by the science of England and America, in bringing about the use of steam as a locomotive power, by land and by water,—  
20 the great philosophical and mechanical improvement of the day.

In literature, (though I know it is not proper before this company to wander far beyond the pale of science,) yet I know you will pardon me for saying that it is our boast  
25 and joy, that Shakspeare and Milton were the countrymen of our fathers. We worship at the same altars; we reverence the same canonized names as you. The great modern names of your literary Pantheon, the Addisons, Johnsons, and Goldsmiths of the last century, the Scotts  
30 and Byrons of this, are not more familiar to you than to us. And may I not say, that the names that adorn the nascent literature of my own country,—our Irvings, our Prescotts, our Coopers, our Pierponts, our Bryants, our Bancrofts, and our Channings,—may I not say, that they  
35 are scarcely better known to us than to you?

I know it is thought that a great difference exists between our political institutions,—and certainly it is in some respects considerable,—and those institutions, of course, have a great influence on the character of a nation.  
40 But all republicans as we are, (and I have seen something of the continent of Europe as well as Great Britain,) all republican as we are, taking our systems through and through, I think the candid observer will admit that there is a much greater similarity between you and us, even



politically speaking, than between England and any of her sister monarchies. I believe we may boast, that we are children of the British school of freedom. Though we are ardently, passionately attached to liberty, it is liberty enshrined in constitutions, and organized by laws. On your part, if I am not too presumptuous, as a stranger, in forming an opinion, I think I may say that it is your boast, that the pillars of the state are laid deep in those representative institutions, by which the power, the will, and the affections of the people, are brought to the support of the throne. And do we not,—English or American,—do we not derive our only hope of a name and praise in the world, politically speaking, from our attachment to those old British muniments of liberty, trial by jury, the *habeas corpus*, freedom of speech, and liberty of the press?—do we not derive it from that ardent love of self-government, tempered by a proud submission to lawful sway which flowed in the veins of Englishmen for centuries before America began to be? and will, I trust, flow in the veins of Englishmen, and their descendants in America, to the end of time.

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LESSON CCXX.—MASSACHUSETTS AND NEW YORK.—  
GOV. SEWARD.

[From an address at the meeting of the Legislatures of the two States, to celebrate the completion of the Western Railroad.]

We cannot forget, that it was Massachusetts that encountered first, and suffered most, from the tyranny which resulted in our national independence; that the first blood shed in that sacred cause, flowed at Lexington; and that Liberty's earliest rampart was established upon Bunker's Hill. Nevertheless, the struggles and sacrifices of Massachusetts, have, until now, been known to us through traditions not her own; and seem to be those of a distant, though an allied people,—of a country separated from us by mountain barriers, such as divide every continent into states and empires.

But what a change is here! This morning's sun was just greeting the site of old Fort Orange, as we took our leave; and now, when he has scarcely reached the meridian, we have crossed that hitherto impassable barrier, and met you here, on the shore of the Connecticut, the battle ground of King Philip's cruel wars; and, before that sun shall set, we might ascend the heights of Charlestown



or rest upon the rock that was wet with blood flowing from the weary feet of the pilgrim fathers.

New York has been addressed here in language of magnanimity. It would not become me to speak of her position, 5 her resources, or her influence. And yet I may, without offending against the delicacy of her representatives here, and of her people at home, claim that she is not altogether unworthy of admiration. Our mountains, cataracts, and lakes, cannot be surveyed without lifting the soul on high. 10 Our metropolis and our inland cities, our canals and railroads, our colleges and schools, and our twelve thousand libraries, evince emulation and a desire to promote the welfare of our country, the progress of civilization, and the happiness of mankind.

15 While we acknowledge that it was your Warren who offered up his life at Charlestown, your Adams and your Hancock, who were the proscribed leaders in the revolution, and your Franklin, whose wisdom swayed its counsels; we cannot forget that Ticonderoga and Saratoga are 20 within our borders; that it was a son of New York who first fell in scaling the heights of Abraham; that another of her sons shaped every pillar of the constitution, and twined the evergreen around its capital; that our Fulton sent forth the mighty agent that is revolutionizing the 25 world; and that, but for our Clinton, his lofty genius and undaunted perseverance, the events of this day, and all its joyous anticipations, had slept together in the womb of futurity.

The grandeur of this occasion oppresses me. It is not, 30 as some have supposed, the first time that states have met. On many occasions, in all ages, states, nations, and empires, have come together; but the trumpet heralded their approach; they met in the shock of war; one or the other sunk to rise no more; and desolation marked, for 35 the warning of mankind, the scene of the fearful encounter. And if sometimes chivalry asked an armistice, it was but to light up with evanescent smiles the stern visage of war.

How different is this scene! Here are no contending 40 hosts, no destructive engines, nor the terrors, nor even the pomp of war. Not a helmet, sword, or plume, is seen in all this vast assemblage. Nor is this a hollow truce between contending states. We are not met upon a cloth of gold, and under a silken canopy, to practise deceitful

courtesies, nor in an amphitheatre, with jousts and tournaments, to make trial of our skill in arms, preparatory to a fatal conflict. We have come here, enlightened and fraternal states, without pageantry, or even insignia of power, to renew pledges of fidelity, and to cultivate affection and all the arts of peace. Well may our sister states look upon the scene with favor, and the nations of the earth draw from it good auguries of universal and perpetual peace.

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## LESSON CCXXI.—THE BIBLE,—GRIMKÉ.

The Bible is the only book, which God has ever sent, the only one he ever will send, into this world. All other books are frail and transient as time, since they are only the registers of time; but the Bible is durable as eternity, for its pages contain the records of eternity. All other books are weak and imperfect, like their author, man; but the Bible is a transcript of infinite power and perfection. Every other volume is limited in its usefulness and influence; but the Bible came forth conquering and to conquer: rejoicing as a giant to run his course, and like the sun, "there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." The Bible only, of all the myriads of books the world has seen, is equally important and interesting to all mankind. Its tidings, whether of peace or of woe, are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the weak, as to the rich, the wise, and the powerful.

Among the most remarkable of its attributes, is justice; for it looks with impartial eyes on kings and on slaves, on the hero and the soldier, on philosophers and peasants, on the eloquent and the dumb. From all, it exacts the same obedience to its commandments, and promises to the good, the fruits of his labors; to the evil, the reward of his hands. Nor are the purity and holiness, the wisdom, benevolence and truth of the Scriptures, less conspicuous; than their justice. In sublimity and beauty, in the descriptive and pathetic, in dignity and simplicity of narrative, in power and comprehensiveness, depth and variety of thought, in purity and elevation of sentiment, the most enthusiastic admirers of the heathen classics have conceded their inferiority to the Scriptures.

The Bible, indeed, is the only universal classic, the classic of all mankind, of every age and country, of time

and eternity, more humble and simple than the primer of a child, more grand and magnificent than the epic and the oration, the ode and the drama, when genius with his chariot of fire, and his horses of fire, ascends in whirlwind  
5 into the heaven of his own invention. It is the best classic the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals!

If you boast that the Aristotles, and the Platos, and the Tullies, of the classic age, "dipped their pens in intellect,"  
10 the sacred authors dipped theirs in inspiration. If those were the "secretaries of nature," these were the secretaries of the very Author of nature. If Greece and Rome have gathered into their cabinet of curiosities, the pearls of heathen poetry and eloquence, the diamonds of Pagan  
15 history and Philosophy, God himself has treasured up in the Scriptures, the poetry and eloquence, the philosophy and history of sacred lawgivers, of prophets and apostles, of saints, evangelists, and martyrs. In vain may you seek for the pure and simple light of universal truth in the  
20 Augustan ages of antiquity. In the Bible only is the poet's wish fulfilled,—

"And like the sun be all one boundless eye."

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LESSON CCXXII.—FATE OF MONTEZUMA.—WM. H. PRESCOTT.

When Montezuma ascended the throne, he was scarcely twenty-three years of age. Young, and ambitious of extending his empire, he was continually engaged in war, and is said to have been present himself in nine pitched  
5 battles. He was greatly renowned for his martial prowess, for he belonged to the highest military order\* of his nation, and one into which but few even of its sovereigns had been admitted.

In later life, he preferred intrigue to violence, as more  
10 consonant to his character and priestly education. In this he was as great an adept as any prince of his time, and by arts not very honorable to himself, succeeded in filching away much of the territory of his royal kinsman of Tezcuco. Severe in the administration of justice, he made  
15 important reforms in the arrangement of the tribunals. He introduced other innovations in the royal household,

\* Quachictin.



creating new offices, introducing a lavish magnificence, and forms of courtly etiquette, unknown to his ruder predecessors. He was, in short, most attentive to all that concerned the exterior and pomp of royalty. Stately and decorous, he was careful of his own dignity, and might be said to be as great an "actor of majesty" among the barbarian potentates of the New World, as Louis the Fourteenth was among the polished princes of Europe.

He was deeply tinctured, moreover, with that spirit of bigotry, which threw such a shade over the latter days of the French monarch. He received the Spaniards as the beings predicted by his oracles. The anxious dread, with which he had evaded their proffered visit, was founded on the same feelings which led him so blindly to resign himself to them on their approach. He felt himself rebuked by their superior genius. He, at once, conceded all that they demanded,—his treasures, his power, even his person. For their sake, he forsook his wonted occupations, his pleasures, his most familiar habits. He might be said to forego his nature; and, as his subjects asserted, to change his sex and become a woman. If we cannot refuse our contempt for the pusillanimity of the Aztec monarch, it should be mitigated by the consideration, that his pusillanimity sprung from his superstition, and that superstition in the savage is the substitute for religious principle in the civilized man.

It is not easy to contemplate the fate of Montezuma without feelings of the strongest compassion;—to see him thus borne along the tide of events beyond his power to avert or control; to see him, like some stately tree, the pride of his own Indian forests, towering aloft in the pomp and majesty of its branches, by its very eminence, a mark for the thunderbolt, the first victim of the tempest which was to sweep over its native hills! When the wise king of Tezcuco addressed his royal relative at his coronation, he exclaimed, "Happy the empire, which is now in the meridian of its prosperity, for the sceptre is given to one whom the Almighty has in his keeping; and the nations shall hold him in reverence!"

Alas! the subject of this auspicious invocation lived to see his empire melt away like the winter's wreath; to see a strange race drop, as it were, from the clouds on his land; to find himself a prisoner in the palace of his fathers, the companion of those who were the enemies of

his gods and his people; to be insulted, reviled, trodden in the dust, by the meanest of his subjects, by those who, a few months previous, had trembled at his glance; drawing his last breath in the halls of the stranger;—a lonely  
5 outcast in the heart of his own capital! He was the sad victim of destiny,—a destiny, as dark and irresistible in its march, as that which broods over the mythic legends of antiquity!

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## LESSON CCXXIII.—SCENERY ABOUT HASSEN CLEAVER HILLS.—

JOHN A. CLARK.

It is one of the most beautiful days of summer. The sun is proudly marching through the heavens, in full-orbed splendor. The tide of brightness, and the flood of fervid, glowing beams which he pours over the earth, makes an  
5 impression upon all animated nature, which one scarcely knows how to describe, though he feels it in every limb and muscle, and sees it in every form of organized being, from the smallest spire of grass, to the tallest tree of the forest,—from the buzzing insect that sings at his ear, to  
10 the vast herd that seek the shady shelter of the grove, or stand panting midway in the brook. I, too, feel this power, in the genial glow imparted to my system. The cool shelter of this beautiful tree under which I sit, and the sweet and varied landscape before me, make me almost  
15 feel that I am encompassed with the Elysian fields.

The village is a mile distant, and some two hundred feet below this spot. The elevated knoll on which I sit, slopes down by a gentle declivity to the road, where the traveller passes on to the village. Beyond, on the opposite  
20 side of the road, the land again swells into a broad hill, which the hand of cultivation has so neatly dressed, that not a stump or stone is visible. One extended carpet of green meets the eye, presenting a surface smooth and beautiful, as the newly shorn lawn.

Beyond this hill, the earth again slopes off, and falls into a valley, through which runs a little stream, ministering fertility to the soil, and refreshment to the cattle that graze the fields on either side of it. Still more remote, the land, by beautiful undulations, again rises, and is again  
30 depressed, till at length it sweeps off, by a more precipitous descent, to the bed of the West Canada creek, which, some fifteen miles above, is poured in wild beauty over Trenton Falls.



On the opposite side of the creek, the land again rises with precipitous elevation, lifting itself upward in bold and still bolder forms, till, in the distance, it meets the eye in the broad outline of the Hassen Cleaver Hills, that, like  
5 some grand mountain ridge, tower upward till they seem to prop the very heavens. This range sweeps along to the south and east, till it seems in the distance blended with another range, still more remote, that rises beyond the Mohawk, which together form a semicircle in a broad and  
10 bold amphitheatre of hills. Over this range of hills, up to their highest peaks, as well as through the whole extent of the intervening country, are seen cultivated fields, interspersed with woodlands,—and sprinkled all along, as far as the eye can extend to the north and the south, corn-  
15 fields, and orchards, and barns, and farm-houses, and herds of cattle.

The sun is pouring his golden splendor over this rich landscape. Now and then a passing cloud quenches the bright lustre of his beams; and light and shade alternately  
20 rest upon the smooth, green surface of the hills. Just in my rear, far to the left, starts up, like another Tower of Babel, a smooth, verdant knoll, that, by its vast elevation and singular formation, seems to constitute in the pathway of heaven, to the eye that traces its outline, the quadrant of  
25 an ellipse, at one of whose bases stands a beautiful cluster of young butternuts, gracefully grouped together, and extending at least over an acre of ground,—at which point it is said, that, in a remarkably clear sky, the waters of the broad and distant Ontario may be seen.

30 Over this landscape universal quiet reigns. No sounds come upon the ear, save now and then the cheerful chirp of a bird,—the hum of the passing bee,—the lowing of a cow, or the sighing of the summer breeze, that gently creeps through the rich foliage which spreads its grateful  
35 covering over my head.

God created these forms of beauty around me, and gave to this scene all its loveliness! If what His hand has formed be so lovely, how lovely must He be, from whom has emanated all these traces of varied and exquisite  
40 beauty! I have a book which courts my attention; it is from the pen of John Bunyan, entitled, "*Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ.*" In the face of Jesus Christ, where is displayed "the knowledge of the glory of God," I see stronger lines of beauty, than in all this witching scenery that  
45 stretches around me.

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## LESSON CCXXIV.—THE TREASURE THAT WAXETH NOT OLD.—

D. HUNTINGTON.

- Oh ! I have loved, in youth's fair vernal morn,  
To spread imagination's wildest wing,  
The sober certainties of life to scorn,  
And seek the visioned realms that poets sing,—  
5 Where Nature blushes in perennial spring,  
Where streams of earthly joy exhaustless rise,  
Where Youth and Beauty tread the choral ring,  
And shout their raptures to the cloudless skies,  
While every jovial hour on downy pinion flies.
- 10 But, ah ! those fairy scenes at once are fled,  
Since stern experience waved her iron wand,  
Broke the soft slumbers of my visioned head,  
And bade me here of perfect bliss despond.  
And oft have I the painful lesson conned ;  
15 When Disappointment mocked my wooing heart,  
Still of its own delusion weakly fond,  
And from forbidden pleasures loth to part,  
Though shrinking oft beneath Correction's deepest smart.
- And is there naught in mortal life, I cried,  
20 Can sooth the sorrows of the laboring breast ?  
No kind recess where baffled hope may hide,  
And weary Nature lull her woes to rest ?  
Oh ! grant me, pitying Heaven, this last request,—  
Since I must every loftier wish resign,  
25 Be my few days with peace and friendship blessed ;  
Nor will I at my humble lot repine,  
Though neither wealth, nor fame, nor luxury be mine.
- Oh ! give me yet, in some recluse abode,  
Encircled with a faithful few, to dwell,  
30 Where power can not oppress, nor care corrode,  
Nor venom'd tongues the tale of slander tell ;  
Oh ! bear me to some solitary cell,  
Beyond the reach of every human eye ;  
And let me bid a long and last farewell  
35 To each alluring object 'neath the sky,  
And there in peace await my hour,—in peace to die.
- "Ah vain desire !" a still small voice replied,—  
"No place, no circumstance can Peace impart :  
She scorns the mansion of unvanquished Pride,—  
40 Sweet inmate of a pure and humble heart.

- Take then thy station,—act thy proper part ;—  
A Saviour's mercy seek,—his will perform :  
His word has balm for sin's envenomed smart,  
His love, diffused, thy shuddering breast shall warm  
5 His power provide a shelter from the gathering storm.”  
Oh ! welcome hiding place ! Oh ! refuge meet  
For fainting pilgrims, on this desert way !  
Oh ! kind Conductor of these wandering feet  
Through snares and darkness, to the realms of day !  
10 So did the Sun of Righteousness display  
His healing beams ; each gloomy cloud dispel :  
While on the parting mist, in colors gay,  
Truth's cheering bow of precious promise fell,  
And Mercy's silver voice soft whispered,—“ All is well.”
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LESSON CCXXV.—THE YOUNG MARINER'S DREAM.—*Dimond*

- In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,  
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind ;  
But, watchworn and weary, his cares flew away,  
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.  
5 He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,  
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn ;  
While memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,  
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.  
Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,  
10 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise ;—  
Now far, far behind him, the green waters glide,  
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.  
The jassamine clambers, in flower, o'er the thatch ;  
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall  
15 All trembling with transport, he raises the latch ;  
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.  
A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;  
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear ;  
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite,  
20 With those of the sister his bosom holds dear.  
The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,  
Joy quickens his pulses,—his hardships seem o'er ;  
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest,—  
“ O God ! thou hast blest me ; I ask for no more.”

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?

Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?

'T is the lightning's red glare, painting wrath on the sky!

'T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

5 He springs from his hammock,—he flies to the deck,—  
Amazement confronts him with images dire,—  
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,—  
The masts fly in splinters,—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell:

10 In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;  
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,  
And the death angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

O sailor boy! woe to thy dream of delight!

In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;

15 Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,  
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honied kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again

Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;

Unblessed, and unhonored, down deep in the main,

20 Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,

Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;

But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,

And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!

25 On a bed of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid;

Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;

Of thy fair, yellow locks, threads of amber be made,

And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,

30 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll:

Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye;—

O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

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LESSON CCXXVI.—GUSTAVUS VASA AND CRISTIERN.—*Brooke.*

*Crist.* Tell me, Gustavus, tell me why is this,

That, as a stream diverted from the banks

Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn these men

Upon a dry unchanneled enterprise

5 To turn their inundation? Are the lives

Of my misguided people held so light,

That thus thou 'dst push them on the keen rebuke



Of guarded majesty ; where justice waits  
All awful and resistless, to assert  
Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings ;  
And blast rebellion ?

- 5 *Gust.* Justice, sanctitude,  
And rights ! O patience ! Rights ! what rights, thou tyrant  
Yes, if perdition be the rule of power,  
If wrongs give right, Oh ! then, supreme in mischief,  
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world,—  
10 'Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'st  
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,  
To be the means, the specialty of lust,  
And sensual attribution ; if thou think'st  
That empire is of titled birth or blood ;  
15 That nature, in the proud behalf of one,  
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,  
And bow her general issue to the yoke  
Of private domination ; then, thou proud one,  
Here know me for thy king ! Howe'er be told,  
20 Not claim hereditary, not the trust  
Of frank election,  
Not e'en the high anointing hand of Heaven,  
Can authorize oppression, give a law  
For lawless power, wed faith to violation,  
25 On reason build misrule, or justly bind  
Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny  
Absolves all faith ; and who invades our rights,  
Howe'er his own commence, can never be  
But an usurper. But for thee, for thee  
30 There is no name ! Thou hast abjured mankind,  
Dashed safety from thy bleak, unsocial side,  
And waged wild war with universal nature.

- Crist.* Licentious traitor ! thou canst talk it largely  
Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,  
35 And power, prime attribute ; as on thy tongue  
The poise of battle lay, and arms of force  
To throw defiance in the front of duty ?  
Look round, unruly boy ! thy battle comes,  
Like raw, disjointed, mustering feeble wrath,  
40 A war of waters, borne against a rock  
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,  
And shiver in the toil.

*Gust.* Mistaken man !  
I come empowered and strengthened in thy weakness .

For though the structure of a tyrant's throne  
Rise on the necks of half the suffering world,  
Fear trembles in the cement ; prayers, and tears,  
And secret curses, sap its mouldering base,

- 5 And steal the pillars of allegiance from it ;  
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,  
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction.

*Crist.* Profane, and alien to the love of Heaven !

- Art thou still hardened to the wrath divine,  
10 That hangs o'er thy rebellion ? Know'st thou not  
Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out,  
Made an anathema, a curse enrolled  
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents,  
Shorn from our holy church, and offered up  
15 As sacred to perdition ?

*Gust.* Yes, I know,

- When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,  
Seize on the apostolic key of heaven,  
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves  
20 To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates  
That Heaven itself had barred against the lusts  
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet,  
As looks of charity or voice of lambs  
That bleat upon the mountain, are the words  
25 Of Christian meekness ! mission all divine !  
The law of love, sole mandate. But your gall,  
Ye Swedish prelacy, your gall hath turned  
The words of sweet but undigested peace,  
To wrath and bitterness. Ye hallowed men,  
30 In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach  
Zeal without truth, religion without virtue ;  
Sacked towns, and midnight howlings, through the realm  
Receive your sanction ! Oh ! 't is glorious mischief !  
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,  
35 Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye  
Of saintly elevation, blesseth sin,  
And makes the seal of sweet offended Heaven  
A sign of blood.

*Crist.* No more of this !

- 40 Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to grace,  
And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,  
Acceptance might be found.

*Gust.* Imperial spoiler !

Give me my father, give me back my kindred,

- Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,  
Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword  
Has left our widows childless. Mine they were,  
Both mine and every Swede's, whose patriot breast  
5 Bleeds in his country's woundings. Oh ! thou canst not  
Thou hast outsin'd all reckoning ! Give me, then,  
My all that's left, my gentle mother there,  
And spare yon little trembler.  
Crist. Yes, on terms  
10 Of compact and submission.  
Gust. Ha ! with thee !  
Compact with thee ! and mean'st thou for my country,  
For Sweden ? No,—so bold my heart but firm,  
Although it wring for 't, though blood drop for tears,  
15 And at the sight my straining eyes dart forth,—  
They both shall perish first !
- 

LESSON CCXXVII.—TAMERLANE AND BAJAZET.—Rowe.

[*Bajazet and other Turkish prisoners in chains, under guard.*]

- Tam. When I survey the ruins of this field,  
The wild destruction, which thy fierce ambition  
Has dealt among mankind ; (so many widows  
And helpless orphans has thy battle made,  
5 That half our Eastern world this day are mourners ;)   
Well may I, in behalf of heaven and earth,  
Demand from thee atonement for this wrong.  
Baj. Make thy demand of those that own thy power !  
Know, I am still beyond it ; and though fortune  
10 Has stript me of the train and pomp of greatness,  
That outside of a king ; yet still my soul,  
Fixed high, and of itself alone dependent,  
Is ever free and royal ; and even now,  
As at the head of battle, does defy thee.  
15 I know what power the chance of war has given,  
And dare thee to the use of 't. This vile speeching,  
This after-game of words, is what most irks me :  
Spare that, and for the rest 't is equal all,  
Be it as it may.  
20 Tam. Well was it for the world,  
When, on their borders neighboring princes met,  
Frequent in friendly parle, by cool debates  
Preventing wasteful war : such should our meeting  
Have been, hadst thou but held in just regard



The sanctity of leagues so often sworn to.  
Canst thou believe thy prophet, or, what's more,  
That Power Supreme, which made thee and thy prophet,  
Will, with impunity let pass that breach

5 Of sacred faith given to the royal Greek ?

*Baj.* Thou pedant talker ! ha ! art thou a king  
Possessed of sacred power, Heaven's darling attribute,  
And dost thou prate of leagues, and oaths, and prophets ?  
I hate the Greek, (perdition on his name !)

10 As I do thee, and would have met you both,  
As death does human nature, for destruction.

*Tam.* Causeless to hate, is not of human kind :  
The savage brute that haunts in woods remote  
And desert wilds, tears not the fearful traveller,

15 If hunger, or some injury provoke not.

*Baj.* Can a king want a cause, when empire bids  
Go on ? What is he born for, but ambition ?  
It is his hunger,—'t is his call of nature,  
The noble appetite which will be satisfied,

20 And, like the food of gods, makes him immortal.

*Tam.* Henceforth, I will not wonder we were foes,  
Since souls that differ so by nature, hate,  
And strong antipathy forbid their union.

*Baj.* The noble fire, that warms me, does indeed  
25 Transcend thy coldness. I am pleased we differ,  
Nor think alike.

*Tam.* No : for I think like a man,  
Thou like a monster ; from whose baleful presence  
Nature starts back ; and though she fixed her stamp  
30 On thy rough mass, and marked thee for a man,  
Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee,  
As formed for her destruction.

'T is true, I am a king, as thou hast been ;  
Honor and glory too have been my aim ;  
35 But though I dare face death, and all the dangers  
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,  
Yet would I choose to fix my name by peace,  
By justice, and by mercy ; and to raise  
My trophies on the blessings of mankind :

40 Nor would I buy the empire of the world  
With ruin of the people whom I sway,  
On forfeit of my honor.

*Baj.* Confusion ! wouldst thou rob me of my glory ?  
Whilst I, (Oh ! blast the power that stops my ardor,)

Would, like a tempest, rush amidst the nations,  
Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Allah,  
My angry thunder on the frightened world.

*Tam.* The world ! 't would be too little for thy pride :  
5 Thou wouldst scale heaven.

*Baj.* I would. Away ! my soul  
Disdains thy conference.

*Tam.* Thou vain, rash thing,  
That, with gigantic insolence, hast dared  
10 To lift thy wretched self above the stars,  
And mate with power Almighty, thou art fallen !

*Baj.* 'Tis false ! I am not fallen from aught I have been !  
At least, my soul resolves to keep her state,  
And scorns to make acquaintance with ill fortune.

15 *Tam.* Almost beneath my pity art thou fallen !  
To what vast heights had thy tumultuous temper  
Been hurried, if success had crowned thy wishes !  
Say, what had I to expect, if thou hadst conquered ?

*Baj.* Oh ! glorious thought ! Ye powers ! I will enjoy it,  
20 Though but in fancy : imagination shall  
Make room to entertain the vast idea.

Oh ! had I been the master but of yesterday,  
The world, the world had felt me ; and for thee,  
I had used thee, as thou art to me, a dog,  
25 The object of my scorn and mortal hatred.  
I would have caged thee for the scorn of slaves.  
I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,  
And mounted from that footstool to the saddle :  
Till thou hadst begged to die ; and e'en that mercy  
30 I had denied thee. Now thou knowst my mind,  
And question me no farther.

*Tam.* Well dost thou teach me  
What justice should exact from thee. Mankind,  
With one consent, cry out for vengeance on thee ;  
35 Loudly they call to cut off this league-breaker,  
This wild destroyer, from the face of earth.

*Baj.* Do it, and rid thy shaking soul at once  
Of its worst fear.

*Tam.* Why slept the thunder  
40 That should have armed the idol deity,  
And given thee power, ere yester sun was set,  
To shake the soul of Tamerlane ? Hadst thou an arm  
To make thee feared, thou shouldst have proved it on me,  
Amidst the sweat and blood of yonder field,

When, through the tumult of the war I sought thee,  
Fenced in with nations.

*Baj.* Oh! blast the stars

That fated us to different scenes of slaughter!

5 Oh! could my sword have met thee!

*Tam.* Thou hadst then,

As now, been in my power, and held thy life

Dependent on my gift. Yes, Bajazet,

I bid thee live. So much my soul disdains

10 That thou shouldst think I can fear aught but Heaven.

Nay, more; couldst thou forget thy brutal fierceness,

And form thyself to manhood, I would bid thee

Live and be still a king, that thou mayst learn

What man should be to man:—

15 This royal tent, with such of thy domestics

As can be found, shall wait upon thy service;

Nor will I use my fortune to demand

Hard terms of peace; but such as thou mayst offer

With honor, I with honor may receive.

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LESSON CCXXVIII.—AN INDEPENDENT JUDICIARY.—JAMES A.  
BAYARD.

Mr. Chairman, I am confident that the friends of this measure are not apprized of the nature of its operation, nor sensible of the mischievous consequences which are likely to attend it. Sir, the morals of your people, the peace

5 of the country, the stability of the government, rest upon the maintenance of the independence of the judiciary. It

is not of half the importance in England, that the judges should be independent of the crown, as it is with us, that they should be independent of the legislature. Am I asked,

10 ed, Would you render the judges superior to the legislature? I answer, No, but coördinate. Would you render them independent of the legislature? I answer, Yes, independent of every power on earth, while they behave themselves well. The essential interest, the permanent

15 welfare of society, require this independence; not, sir, on account of the judge; that is a small consideration; but on account of those between whom he is to decide. You calculate on the weaknesses of human nature, and you suffer the judge to be dependent on no one, lest he should be

20 partial to those on whom he depends. Justice does not exist where partiality prevails. A dependent judge can-



not be impartial. Independence is, therefore, essential to the purity of your judicial tribunals.

Let it be remembered, that no power is so sensibly felt by society, as that of the judiciary. The life and property of every man, are liable to be in the hands of the judges. Is it not our great interest to place our judges upon such high ground, that no fear can intimidate, no hope seduce them? The present measure humbles them in the dust; it prostrates them at the feet of faction; it renders them the tools of every dominant party. It is this effect which I deprecate; it is this consequence which I deeply deplore. What does reason, what does argument avail, when party spirit presides? Subject your bench to the influence of this spirit, and justice bids a final adieu to your tribunals.

We are asked, sir, if the judges are to be independent of the people. The question presents a false and delusive view. We are *all* the people. We are, and as long as we enjoy our freedom, we shall be, divided into parties. The true question is, Shall the judiciary be permanent, or fluctuate with the tide of public opinion? I beg, I implore gentlemen to consider the magnitude and value of the principle which they are about to annihilate. If your judges are independent of political changes, they may have their preferences; but they will not enter into the spirit of party. But let their existence depend upon the support of the power of a certain set of men, and they cannot be impartial. Justice will be trodden under foot. Your courts will lose all public confidence and respect.

The judges will be supported by their partisans, who, in their turn, will expect impunity for the wrongs and violence they commit. The spirit of party will be inflamed to madness; and the moment is not far off, when this fair country is to be desolated by a civil war.

Do not say, that you render the judges dependent only on the people. You make them dependent on your president. This is his measure. The same tide of public opinion which changes a president, will change the majorities in the branches of the legislature. The legislature will be the instrument of his ambition; and he will have the courts as the instrument of his vengeance. He uses the legislature to remove the judges, that he may appoint creatures of his own. In effect, the powers of the government will be concentrated in the hands of one man, who will dare to act with more boldness, because he will be

sheltered from responsibility. The independence of the judiciary was the felicity of our constitution. It was this principle which was to curb the fury of party on sudden changes. The first moments of power, gained by a  
5 struggle, are the most vindictive and intemperate. Raised above the storm, it was the judiciary which was to control the fiery zeal, and to quell the fierce passions of a victorious faction.

10 We are standing on the brink of that revolutionary torrent which deluged in blood one of the fairest countries of Europe.

France had her national assembly, more numerous, and equally popular with our own. She had her tribunals of justice, and her juries. But the legislature, and her courts.  
15 were but the instruments of her destruction. Acts of proscription, and sentences of banishment and death, were passed in the cabinet of a tyrant. Prostrate your judges at the feet of party, and you break down the mounds which defend you from this torrent. I have done. I  
20 should have thanked my God for greater power to resist a measure, so destructive to the peace and happiness of the country. My feeble efforts can avail nothing. But it was my duty to make them. The meditated blow is mortal, and from the moment it is struck, we may bid a final  
25 adieu to the constitution.

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LESSON CCXXIX.—MEMORIALS OF WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[From Mr. Adams' speech on the reception, by Congress, of the battle sword of Washington, and the staff of Franklin.]

The sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh! sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword, as my friend\* has said, was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never  
5 sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the plough-share!—What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind!

Washington and Franklin! What other two men,  
10 whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time?

Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his

\* Geo. W. Summers.



country, and for the freedom of the human race ; ever manifesting, amidst its horrors, by precept and example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity ; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union ; and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

FRANKLIN !—The mechanic of his own fortune ; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness ; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast ; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more effective sceptre of oppression : while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation, to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that Constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the representatives of the North American people, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated republic,—these sacred symbols of our golden age. May they be deposited among the archives of our government ! and every American, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world,—and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more !



LESSON CCXXX.—DIALOGUE FROM HENRY IV.—*Shakspeare*[*Northumberland, Worcester, and Hotspur.*]*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer?

Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,

5 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,  
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer

As high in the air as this unthankful king,

As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke. [*To Worcester.*]

*North.* Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

10 *Wor.* Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;

And when I urged the ransom once again

Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale;

And on my face he turned an eye of death,

15 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaimed,  
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

*North.* He was: I heard the proclamation:

And then it was, when the unhappy king

20 (Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth  
Upon his Irish expedition;

From whence he, intercepted, did return

To be deposed, and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth  
25 Live scandalized, and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard then  
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer

Heir to the crown?

*North.* He did; myself did hear it.

30 *Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
That wished him on the barren mountains starved.

But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown

Upon the head of this forgetful man;

And, for his sake, wear the detested blot

35 Of murderous subornation,—shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo;

Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?

Oh! pardon me, that I descend so low,

40 To show the line, and the predicament,

Wherein you range under this subtle king.—

Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power,  
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—

- 5 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?  
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,  
That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off  
10 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?  
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
Your banished honors, and restore yourselves  
Into the good thoughts of the world again:  
Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt  
15 Of this proud king, who studies, day and night,  
To answer all the debt he owes to you,  
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
Therefore, I say,——

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more:

- 20 And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;  
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,  
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,  
25 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim.—  
Send danger from the east unto the west,  
So honor cross it from the north to south,  
And let them grapple;—Oh! the blood more stirs,

- 30 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

- Hot.* By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap  
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon;  
35 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;  
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,  
Without corrival, all her dignities:

- 40 But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,  
But not the form of what he should attend.—

Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots,  
That are your prisoners,—

*Hot.* I'll keep them all;

By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;

5 No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—  
Those prisoners you shall keep.

10 *Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat:—  
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;  
But I will find him, when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

15 Nay,  
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you,

20 Cousin; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:  
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,—  
But that I think his father loves him not,

25 And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,  
When you are better tempered to attend.

*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool  
30 Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,  
Nettled, and stung with pismires,\* when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

35 In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?—  
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—  
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;  
His uncle York;—where I first bowed my knee  
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

40 When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

*North.* At Berkley castle.

*Hot.* You say true:—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

\* Pronounced *pizmir*



This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !  
 Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,*  
 And,—*gentle Harry Percy,—and kind cousin,—*  
 Oh, the devil take such cozeners !—God forgive me .

5 Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

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LESSON CCXXXI.—THE LOVE OF TRUTH.—GEORGE PUTNAM

Truth is the one legitimate object of all intellectual endeavor. To discover and apprehend truth, to clear up and adorn it, to establish, and present, and commend it,—these are the processes and the ends of study and literature. To discern the things that really are, and how they are, to distinguish reality from appearance and sham, to know and declare the true in outward nature, in past time, in the results of speculation, in consciousness and sentiment,—this is the business of educated mind. Logic and the mathematics are instruments for this purpose, and so is the imagination just as strictly. A poem, a play, a novel, though a work of fiction, must be true, or it is a failure. Its machinery may be unknown to the actual world ; the scene may be laid in Elysian fields, or infernal shades, or fairy land ; but the law of truth must preside over the work ; it must be the vehicle of truth, or it is nought, and is disallowed. The *Tempest*, the *Odyssey*, and *Paradise Lost*, derive their value from their truth ; and I say this, not upon utilitarian principles, but according to the verdict which every true soul passes upon them, consciously or unconsciously. Lofty, holy truth, made beautiful and dear and winning to the responsive heart,—this is their charm, their wealth, their immortality. There is no permanent intellectual success but in truth attained and brought home to the eye, the understanding, or the heart.

And for the best success in the pursuit of any object, there must be a *love* of the object itself. The student, the thinker, the author, who is true to his vocation, *loves* the truth which he would develop and embody. Not for bread, not for fame, primarily, he works. These things may come, and are welcome ; but truth is higher and dearer than these. Great things have been done for bread and fame, but not the greatest. Plato, pacing the silent groves of the academy, and Newton, sitting half a day on

his bedside, undressed, and his fast unbroken, rapt in a problem of fluxions; Dante solacing the bitterness of exile with the meditations that live in the *Commedia*, and Bacon taking his death chill in an experiment to test the preserving qualities of snow; Cuvier, a lordlier Adam than he of Eden, naming the whole animal world in his museum, and reading the very thoughts of God after him in their wondrous mechanism; Franklin and Davy wrestling the secrets of nature from their inmost hiding-place; 10 Linnæus studying the flora of the arctic circle *in loco*; and that fresh old man who startles the clefts of the Rocky Mountains with his rifle, to catch precisely the lustrous tints of beauty in the plumage of a bird;—these men, and such as they, love truth, and are consecrate, hand and 15 heart, to her service. The truth, as she stands in God's doings, or in man's doings, or in those thoughts and affections that have neither form nor speech, but which answer from the deep places of the soul,—truth, as seen in her sublimities or her beauties, in her world-poising might or 20 her seeming trivialities,—truth, as she walks the earth embodied in visible facts, or moves among the spheres in the mysterious laws that combine a universe and spell it to harmony, or as she sings in the upper heavens the inarticulate wisdom which only a profound religion in the soul 25 can interpret,—truth, in whichsoever of her myriad manifestations, she has laid hold of their noble affinities, and brought their being into holy captivity;—such men have loved her greatly and fondly; the soul of genius is always pledged to her in a single-hearted and sweet affiance, or 30 else it is genius baffled, blasted, and discrowned.

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## LESSON CCXXXII.—ENERGY OF THE WILL.—THOMAS C. UPHAM.

A higher degree of voluntary power, than is allotted to the great mass of mankind, seems to be requisite in those, who are destined to take a leading part in those great moral, religious, and political revolutions, which have from 5 time to time agitated the face of the world. It is no easy task to change the opinions of men, to check and subdue vices which have become prevalent, or to give a new aspect and impulse to religion and liberty. The men who take a lead in these movements, are in general men of decision

and firmness; no others would answer the purpose. If the gentle spirit of Melancthon had been placed in the precise position occupied by Luther, would the great event of the Protestant reformation have been urged forward with  
5 the same impetus, and to the same issues?

When society becomes greatly unsettled either in its religious or political aspects, when there is a heaving and tossing to and fro, a removal of the old land-marks, and a breaking up of the old foundations, then it is, that men,  
10 not merely of intellect, but of decision and energy, (sagacious, cool, decided, persevering, resolute,) find their way upward to the summit of the conflicting elements, and subject them to their guidance. Such is the natural course of things; such men are needed, and no others  
15 are capable of taking their places; and they become, almost of necessity, the advisers and leaders in the nascent order of society. The prominent leaders, therefore, in every great religious or political revolution, will be found to illustrate the fact, that there are original and marked differences  
20 in the degree of power which is appropriate to the will.

Look at the men who presided at the events of the great English Revolution of 1640, particularly the Puritans; men of the stamp of the Vanes, Hampdens, and Fleetwoods; who, in embarking in the convulsions of that stormy period,  
25 had a two-fold object in view, the security of political liberty, and the attainment of religious freedom! Were they weak men? Were they men wanting in fortitude? Were they uncertain and flexible, vacillating and double-minded?

History gives an emphatic answer to these questions. It  
30 informs us, that they entered into the contest for the great objects just now referred to, with a resolution which nothing could shake, with an immutability of purpose resembling the decrees of unalterable destiny. They struck for liberty and religion, and they struck not *thrice* merely, but  
35 as the prophet of old would have had them; smiting *many times*, and smiting fiercely, till Syria was consumed. They broke in pieces the throne of England; they trampled under foot her ancient and haughty aristocracy; they erected the standard of religious liberty, which has waved ever  
40 since, and has scattered its healing light over distant lands; and, by their wisdom and energy, they not only overthrew the enemies of freedom at home, but made the name of their country honored and terrible throughout the earth. They seem to have entirely subjected their passions



to their purposes, and to have pressed all the exciting and inflammable elements of their nature, into the service of their fixed and immutable wills.

In the prosecution of their memorable achievements,

5 "Of which all Europe talked from side to side,"

they acted under the two-fold pressure of motives drawn from heaven and earth; they felt as if they were contending for principles which were valuable to all mankind, and as if all mankind were witnesses of the contest; at the  
10 same time that they beheld on every side, in the quickened eye of their faith, the attendant angels eagerly bending over them, who were soon to transfer, to the imperishable records on high, the story of their victory and reward, or of their defeat and degradation.

15 All these things imparted additional fixedness and intensity to their purposes. "Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure, its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics,  
20 had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegale's iron man Talus  
25 with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier."

LESSON CCXXXIII.—THE SCHOLAR'S MISSION.—GEORGE PUTNAM.

The wants of our time and country, the constitution of our modern society, our whole position,—personal and relative,—forbid a life of mere scholarship or literary pursuits, to the  
5 great majority of those who go out from our colleges. However it may have been in other times, and other lands, here and now, but few of our educated men are privileged

"From the loopholes of retreat  
To look upon the world, to hear the sound  
Of the great Babel, and not feel its stir."

10 Society has work for us, and we must forth to do it.

Full early and hastily we must gird on the manly gown  
gather up the loose leaves and scanty fragments of our  
youthful lore, and go out among men, to act with them and  
for them. It is a practical age ; and our Wisdom, such as  
5 it is, " must strive and cry, and utter her voice in the streets,  
standing in the places of the paths, crying in the chief place  
of concourse, at the entry of the city, and the coming in at  
the doors."

This state of things, though not suited to the tastes and  
10 qualities of all, is not, on the whole, to be regretted by ed-  
ucated men as such. It is not in literary production only,  
or chiefly, that educated mind finds fit expression, and ful-  
fils its mission in honor and beneficence. In the great  
theatre of the world's affairs, there is a worthy and a suffi-  
15 cient sphere. Society needs the well-trained, enlarged,  
and cultivated intellect of the scholar, in its midst ; needs  
it, and welcomes it, and gives it a place, or, by its own ca-  
pacity, it will take a place, of honor, influence, and power.  
The youthful scholar has no occasion to deplore the fate  
20 that is soon to tear him from his studies, and cast him into  
the swelling tide of life and action. None of his disci-  
plinary and enriching culture will be lost, or useless, even  
there. Every hour of study, every truth he has reached,  
and the toilsome process by which he reached it ; the  
25 heightened grace or vigor of thought or speech he has  
acquired,—all shall tell fully, nobly, if he will give heed  
to the conditions. And one condition, the prime one, is,  
that he be a true man, and recognize the obligation of a  
man, and go forth with heart, and will, and every gift and  
30 acquirement dedicated, lovingly and resolutely, to the true  
and the right. These are the terms ; and apart from these  
there is no success, no influence to be had, which an in-  
genious mind can desire, or which a sound and far-seeing  
mind would dare to seek.

35 Indeed, it is not an easy thing, nay, it is not a possible  
thing, to obtain a substantial success, and an abiding influ-  
ence, except on these terms. A factitious popularity, a  
transient notoriety, or, in the case of shining talents, the  
doom of a damning *fame*, may fall to bad men. But an  
40 honored name, enduring influence, a sun brightening on  
through its circuit, more and more, even to its serene set-  
ting,—this boon of a true success goes never to intellectual  
qualities alone. It gravitates slowly but surely to weight  
of character, to intellectual ability rooted in principle.

## . EXPRESSIVE TONES" EXEMPLIFIED IN MUSIC.

The following examples, furnished by the kindness of MR. LOWELL MASON, are designed to show, to a limited extent, the analogy between elocutionary and musical expression, and the value of systematic marking, to indicate "expressive tones." Teachers will find great aid in borrowing from music the means of improving the voice for the purposes of elocution.

Expression, both in music and in elocution, as has often been said, is something, which, while it may be most deeply felt, cannot be easily described or accurately defined. It has its source in the region of emotion, and may be regarded as the manifestation of the soul itself, — the physiology of "psychologies," or the outward form or representative of the inward feelings. As is the expression of the eye to the organ of vision, so is musical or elocutionary expression to the organ of hearing. It is the oxygen, or life-giving principle, in speaking and in singing. It is that which gives life and reality to ideas and sentiments in language, and appropriate emotion, both in kind and in degree, to mere inarticulate sounds.

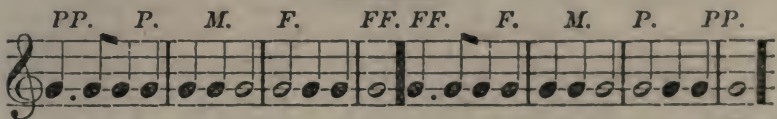
Its analysis presents us with the following three principal things :

1. Quality of tone, as good or bad, and as adapted to express various emotions and passions. See remarks on quality, in the introductory part of this volume.

2. Force, or power. (See as above.) In music there are five principal degrees, (dynamic,) from soft to loud, which are thus expressed.

Very Soft.	Soft.	Medium.	Loud.	Very Loud.
<i>PP.</i> or <i>Pianissimo.</i>	<i>P.</i> or <i>Piano.</i>	<i>M.</i> or <i>Mezzo.</i>	<i>F.</i> or <i>Forte.</i>	<i>FF.</i> or <i>Fortissimo.</i>

### EXAMPLE.



3. That which in elocution is called *stress*, and in music *dynamic tones*.

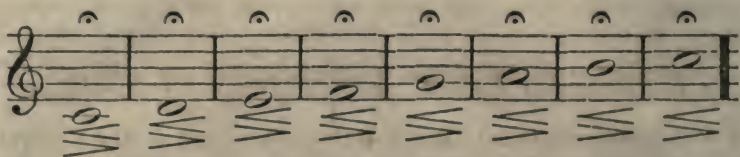
There are six principal dynamic tones in music, as follows :

The Organ Tone,		The Swell,	
The Crescendo,		The Pressure,	<
The Diminuendo,		The Sforzando,	>

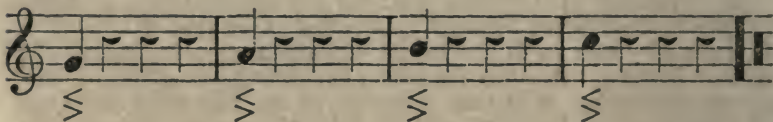
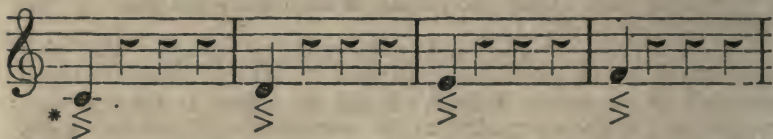
The art or power of expression, both in elocution and in music, consists principally in an ability to apply, in a natural, easy, and appropriate manner, these general principles.

To the musical student such exercises on the scale as the following, are indispensable; and the student of elocution will also find them of great service, as aids to acquiring the full and easy management of his vocal organs.



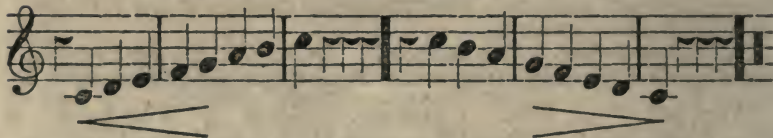


The above to be practised in the dynamic tones marked, and also in the swell, or  $\text{>}$ .



The following, also, (and similar exercises,) will be found useful.

*Crescendo and Diminuendo applied to the Scale.*

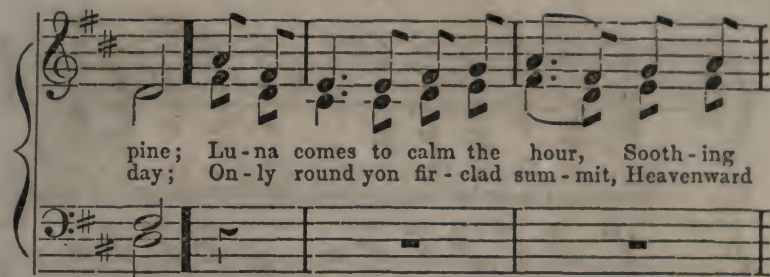


• The pressure tone is the least important and seldom used.

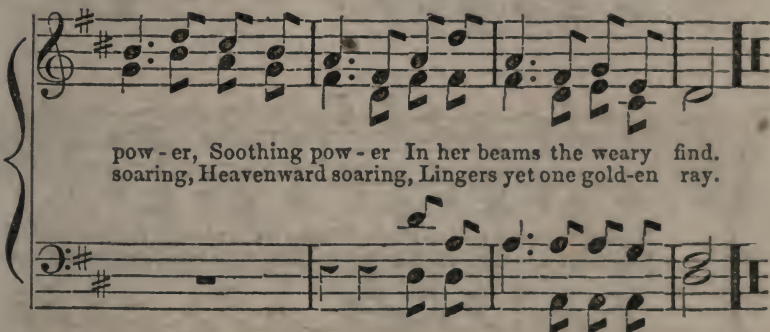
### SCHOOL SONG.—EVENING TWILIGHT.

*Gentle and Smooth. Effusive breathing.*

1. Night is stealing—soft-ly sail-ing From behind the mountain  
2. From the mountains, forests, fountains, Softly fades the light of



pine; Lu-na comes to calm the hour, Sooth-ing  
day; On-ly round yon fir-clad sum-mit, Heavenward



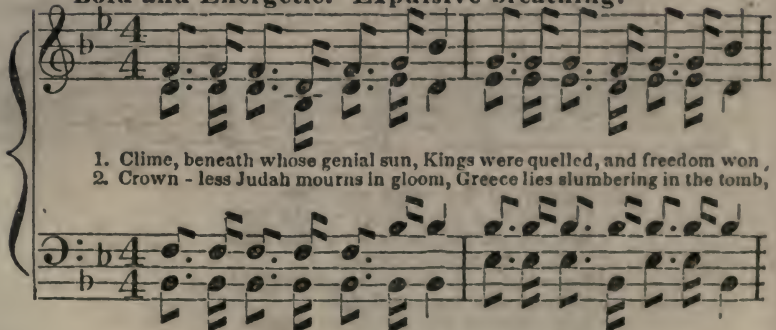
pow-er, Soothing pow-er In her beams the weary find.  
soaring, Heavenward soaring, Lingers yet one gold-en ray.

3. Evening breezes, incense breathing,  
Murmur through the linden grove;  
Nearer now the curtain closes,  
Man reposes  
In the arms of heavenly love.

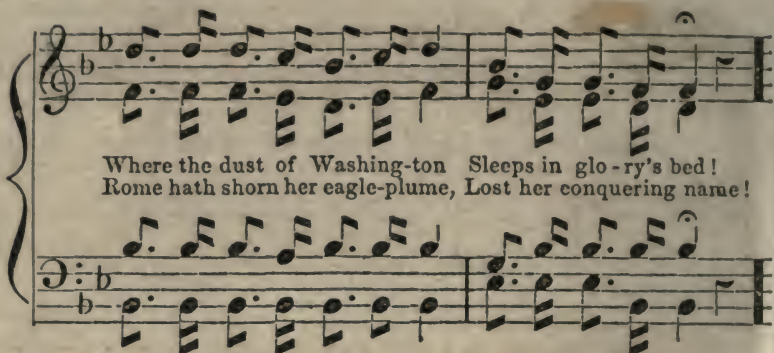
### SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

WORDS BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

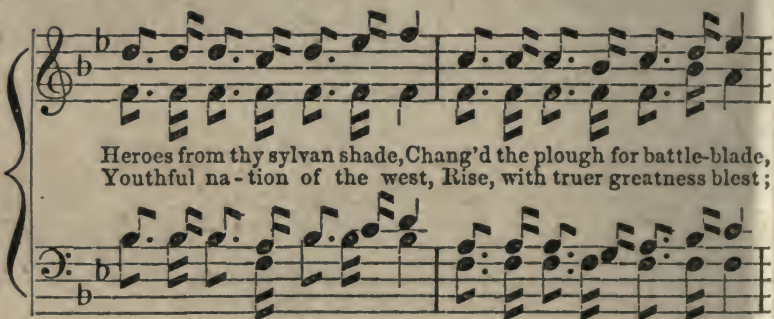
**Bold and Energetic. Expulsive breathing.**



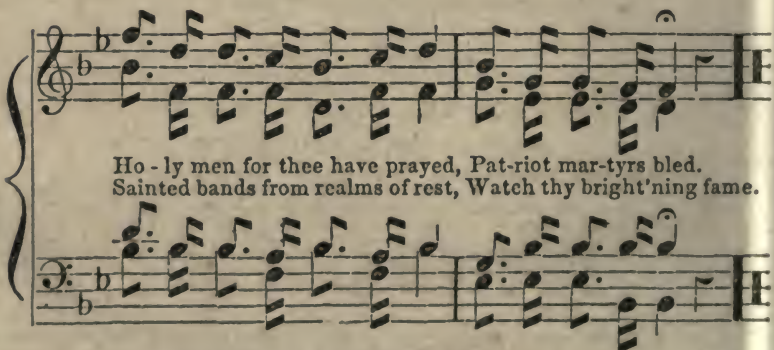
1. Clime, beneath whose genial sun, Kings were quelled, and freedom won,  
2. Crown-less Judah mourns in gloom, Greece lies slumbering in the tomb,



Where the dust of Washing-ton Sleeps in glo-ry's bed!  
Rome hath shorn her eagle-plume, Lost her conquering name!



Heroes from thy sylvan shade, Chang'd the plough for battle-blade,  
Youthful na-tion of the west, Rise, with truer greatness blest;

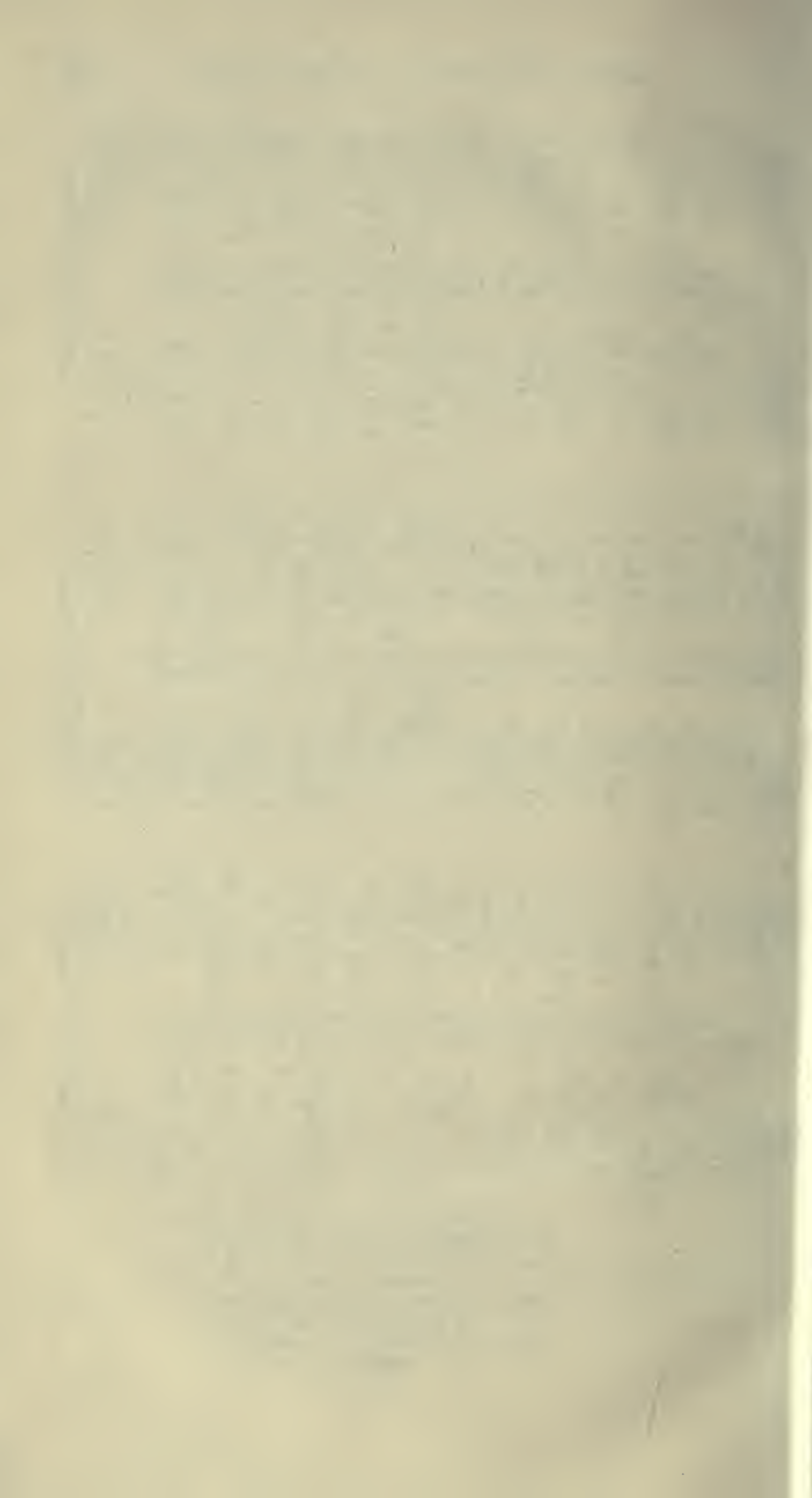


Ho-ly men for thee have prayed, Pat-riot mar-tyrs bled.  
Sainted bands from realms of rest, Watch thy bright'ning fame.

3. Empire of the brave and free,  
Stretch thy sway from sea to sea;  
Who shall bid thee bend the knee  
To a tyrant's throne?  
Knowledge is thine armor bright;  
Liberty thy beacon light;  
God himself thy shield of might,  
Bow to him alone!

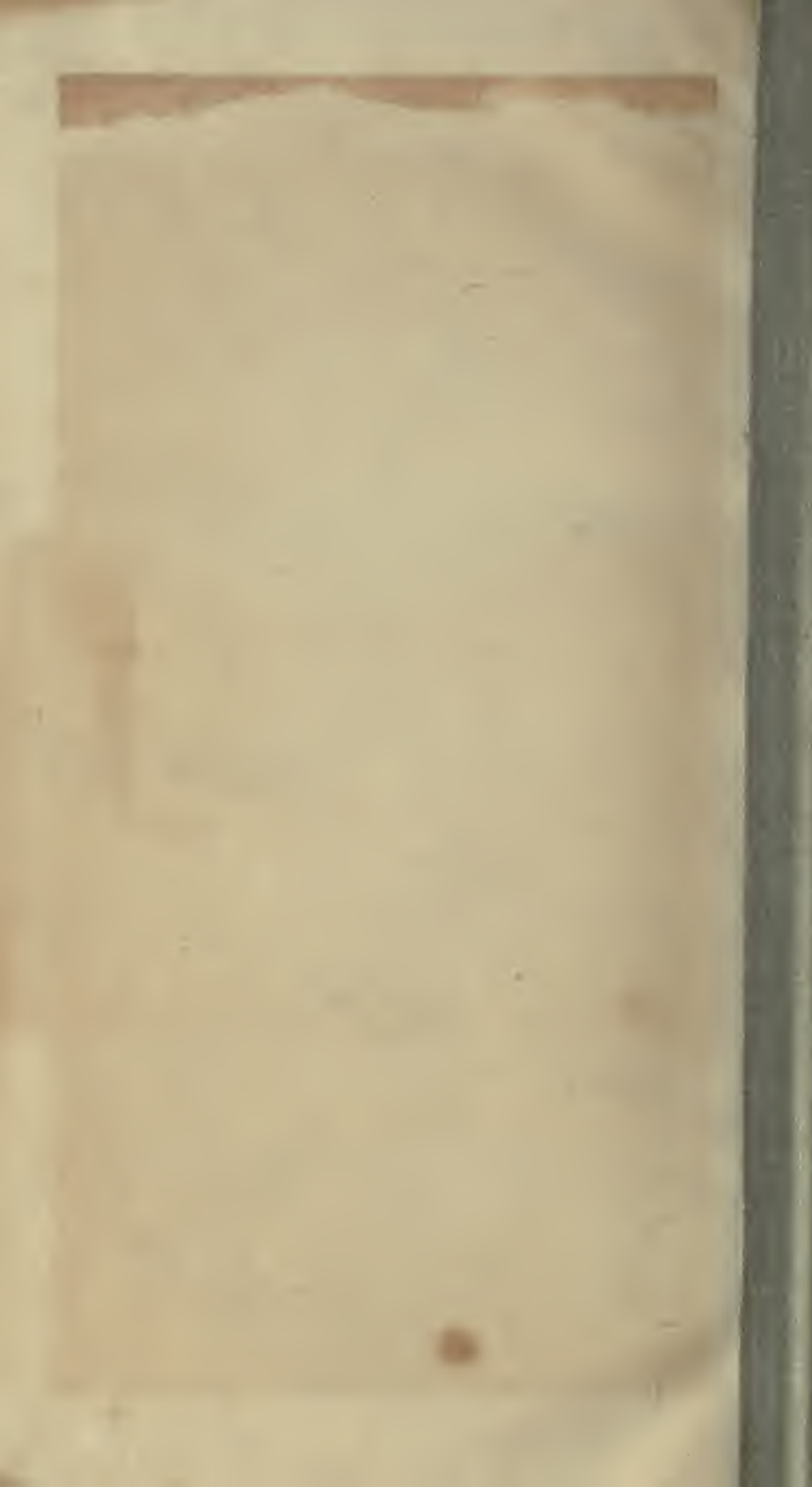












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